30 April 1983 35p US $1.95 (by air) ISSN 0028 6362

Malaysia $2.50 Spn 225pts IR 52p (inc. VAT)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

WOULD YOU SLEEP WITH A BOY LIKE THIS?

Boy George Interview by Kevin Martin

Always in vogue.

Boy George Kisses 'n' tells. Photo Anton Corbijn.

JOHN LE CARRÉ MILES DAVIS GIL SCOTT-HERON

GREGORY ISAACS ARREST ● DEXYS IN PARIS ● BOWIE FOR SCOTLAND ● SOLO FOXTON ● HINES DIES

DAVID BOWIE *may add yet another British date to his tour schedule — this one in Scotland. Original plans provided for at least one show in the North but, because of his heavy commitments in Europe, this appeared to have been abandoned in favour of his three open-air Milton Keynes concerts (July 1–3). But there has been such an outcry from those neglected areas that Bowie's promoters have bowed to public pressure.*

If certain logistical problems can be sorted out, it seems likely that the Scottish date will be slotted in a few days before the Milton Keynes gigs. The venue is not yet known, though NME *understands that Glasgow is not in the running, as Rod Stewart is playing an outdoor show there a week earlier. The obvious alternative is Edinburgh, where the most suitable venue would be the Royal Highland Exhibition Hall at Ingleton. And Bowie's Scottish date could well prove to be at Ingleton on Tuesday, June 28.*

Meanwhile, the promoters are still trying to decide who will support Bowie in his various concerts. Names like Madness, Eurythmics and The Belle Stars are being bandied about — and maybe one, or even two, of these could be in the running for the indoor shows. But it's learned that the strong favourites for the open-air concerts are Icehouse and The Psychedelic Furs.

BRUCE FOXTON, *clearly determined not to be overshadowed by his ex-Jam colleague Paul Weller, is about to launch a solo career of his own.* NME *understands that he is signing a long-term solo recording deal with Arista, and will shortly commence laying down tracks for that label.*

Arista themselves weren't prepared to confirm the deal officially this week, but it seems that the plan of campaign is for Foxton's debut single to be released in the early summer, possibly as early as June, followed by an album later in the year. He'll be recording initially with "friends" and session musicians but, by the time the LP comes out, he'll have got a band together — and that suggests live dates to tie in with the album's release.

HOWARD DEVOTO *makes his return to the London stage, forecast in* NME *two weeks ago, on Sunday, May 15 — when, in company with acclaimed French electronics artist Bernard Szajner, he plays Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (tickets on sale now priced £4 and £3.50).*

Szajner will be playing a number of self-designed electronic instruments, including a laser harp, with Devoto on vocals plus five other musicians. This, in fact, is the group currently playing a number of selected dates in France.

RULER IN THE COOLER

GREGORY ISAACS has been arrested, and is in jail awaiting trial under Jamaica's notorious Gun Law. His girlfriend June was arrested with him, but has since been bailed, and she told me what happened.

Gregory's home is in the cooler foothills surrounding Kingston, right across from the Reggae Sunsplash spread. It is open house to friends and other music people, and there is always someone staying over.

According to June, she and Gregory got home and went to bed after a stay away, and were raided at dawn the next day. They were both arrested, and Gregory has been charged with possession of a stolen gun. They have pleaded not guilty.

In Jamaica, since 1974, being found guilty of possession of firearms has meant automatic life imprisonment, with no appeal.

Kingston is Scam City. The facts are usually there to be had, but are lost in all the version and dub. I heard it variously around the town that Gregory's bust was due to a friend's (by name!) grievance, a cover for a cocaine bust, dissatisfaction with police payoffs, and more.

June is currently out on bail, and back running Gregory's record store in downtown Kingston. She dismisses the rumours and maintains their innocence, adding that as a public figure Gregory would have no trouble getting a licence for a gun if he needed one, which he doesn't. All kinds of people had been staying at their house, and she doesn't know what truly led to the bust.

Although there is to be a live album released of Gregory's last UK tour, the detention has disrupted plans for studio work in the near future. His last single, 'Night Nurse', has sold out.

Ronnie Burke, organiser of Reggae Sunsplash, sympathises with Gregory and scorns the 'stolen gun' shock-horror angle of the police, pointing out that most of Jamaica's huge number of guns had to be smuggled in the first place.

The Gun Law was a panic measure enacted almost overnight during the election-filled '70s, when guns poured into Jamaica amid allegations of a CIA plot, and gang warfare amounted almost to a civil war.

Things are quieter now, but there are still plenty of people who have to detour miles around "enemy" streets in order to travel a few blocks.

To ghetto youth, a gun is as crucial as a credit-card is to a businessman.

The Gun Law has still not been repealed, but it has been relaxed. The important change as far as Gregory is concerned is that sentences other than Life Imprisonment will be possible, perhaps as little as a fine; and this amendment will have become law while he has been inside on remand; and should apply in time for his trial.

STEVE MORSE

Gregory Isaacs. Pic Steve Wright

EARL HINES, 1905-1983

EARL KENNETH 'Fatha' Hines, who died last week aged 77, enjoyed a highly successful career that spanned almost the known history of jazz.

Pittsburg-born, Hines — acknowledged as the precursor of modern jazz piano playing: freeing the instrument from its subservient accompanying role by introducing right-hand single note improvisations — first gained recognition when, aged 21, he teamed up with Louis Armstrong for a series of now-classic recordings.

A year later (1928), Hines formed his own big band which he lead for the next 20 years before, again, teaming up with Satchmo.

During the '30s, nightly network broadcasts from Chicago's Grand Terrace were responsible for Hines' popularity with the Swing crowd. But, come the '40s, The Earl Hines Orchestra became recognised as the principal cradle for bebop with sidemen that included Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Wardell Gray, 'Little' Benny Harris and soon-to-become superstar vocalists, Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine.

Active right up until his death, Earl Hines remained at the forefront of his profession, with his prolific recordings still achieving both public and critical acclaim of the highest order.

ROY CARR

DEXEZ-VOUS?

Paolo Hewitt en Paris avec Les Couriers du Minuit (Eh?)

EVIDENTLY, somebody up there likes Kevin Rowland. Nine months ago, tired and frustrated by the singular lack of success and acceptance for his group, Dexys Midnight Runners, Rowland was on the verge of quitting performing altogether and finally calling a day on one of Britain's most provocative bands.

The first time round failure of 'Celtic Soul Brothers' had convinced him that Dexys stood no real chance of breaking out of their small devoted cult following to a larger, more diversified audience.

This week, 'Come On Eileen' (which has already sold over a million copies in Britain alone) stands proudly at the top of the American charts whilst the 'Too-Rye-Ay' LP looks a certain bet to follow suit.

Similarly, in countries as far afield as Japan and Australia, the reception has been just as phenomenal; whilst in Europe the highlight of their tour was undoubtedly the prestigious spot on the televised Rockpalast festival, a three hour spectacle which Dexys shared with Joe Jackson, that is beamed into an estimated 25 million European homes. (Except ours of course because the BBC are too square to pick up on it).

So, from rags to riches. But how will all this worldwide acclaim affect our dungareed hero as Dexys wrap up their European tour with two scintillating shows in Paris?

"Up until 'Too-Rye-Ay'," Kevin confesses apres-jig in a Paris restaurant, "everything was really depressing and hard for us. But now it's all been turned around and it would be far too easy to ignore the success, pretend it's not there and carry on as before. Obviously the success has affected my life and so I want to take certain elements of that and use it in a positive manner."

Certainly the Dexys Chief Plan Maker ("that's a title I could aspire to") seems more content and relaxed, here in Paris, than at any other time I've encountered him. That's not to say that the angst and challenging stance of the

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EDDY GRANT TOUR ● WYMAN FILM ● ZANY AFTERNOONS

EDDY GRANT follows his recent string of chart successes with a series of British concerts in June. It will be the first time he's performed here for three years, and the UK dates form part of a five-month world tour. His schedule includes two major London shows, one of them at the new Alexandra Palace Pavilion.

He visits Birmingham Odeon (June 8), Manchester Apollo (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Leeds Queens Hall (11), Liverpool Royal Court (12), Dublin Stadium (13-14), Poole Arts Centre (16), Brighton Conference Centre (17), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (19) and London Alexandra Palace Pavilion (20). Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, though prices vary from one venue to another.

Grant, whose latest single 'War Party' was issued recently on Ice Records (through RCA), is currently busy rehearsing his band The Front Line Orchestra in Barbados — where he now lives — in readiness for the tour. He is also in the process of recording a new album.

BILL WYMAN has emulated illustrious Stones colleague Mick Jagger by going into films. In fact, he's gone one stage further by forming his own company to make his movie debut — and producing it himself.

The full-length feature film is called *Digital Dreams* and it's now virtually complete. The story is part autobiographical, tracing Wyman's life from working class beginnings to his present star status — but the greater part involves fantasy and dream sequences, based around the complex 16-year relationship between Wyman and his wife Astrid. Animation sequences by Gerald Scarfe, of *The Wall* fame, are used as a transition between reality and fantasy scenes.

Such unlikely bedfellows as Hollywood star James Coburn, astronomer Patrick Moore, Jean Jacques Burnel of The Stranglers, comedian Stanley Unwin and Richard O'Brien (who also scripted) appear in the fantasies — which incorporate science fiction and time travel, Wild West shoot-outs with Wyman as a cowboy, bizarre Druid sequences and romance.

The real-life scenes contain both Stones-related and Wyman solo career material, and six Stones numbers are featured. Wyman himself describes the picture tongue-in-cheek as "a whimsical, psycho-dramatic peek into the private life of your average superstar couple".

It was made by Ripple Productions, the new film and TV company formed by Bill and Astrid Wyman, and directed by Academy Award nominee Robert Dornhelm — and in addition to the Wymans themselves, their son Stephen also appears in it. Plans are for the movie to be released in the autumn, when Wyman will have a new solo album issued by A&M to coincide.

group has, like some commodity, been shelved — just a realisation that, after all these years, Kevin is reaching the people he wants to, enjoying the benefits of all his hard graft and working with musicians who, alongside the main nucleus of the group of Steve Brennan, Helen O'Hara, Billy Adams and Seb Shelton, are amongst the finest to enter Dexys ranks.

The first night of their two shows at Paris' smart Casino theatre was well up to the high standards we've come to expect from Dexys live, their impressive 'Bridge' show as invigorating as ever, the minute attention to detail that they pay lending the performance its impressive high qualities.

As for all the accusations of 'plagiarism' and 'rip off merchants', people should first look at groups who have blatantly cribbed Kevin's ideas and flogged them off as their own. ABC, Wah! and Adam Ant are just three examples of those who have incorporated the Midnight Runners into their 'work'.

Still, what of the future? Well, apart from David Bowie asking specifically for Dexys to open his Paris summer shows, there's a three week American tour to fulfil before the group take a long summer break to rest up, write new material and start thinking about a new image.

Typically, Kevin is giving no clues to where he's next headed.

"All I can say is that these clothes don't feel right anymore," Rowland says about the Dexys dungaree look (stylists might care to note that the current de rigeur for Dexys are trousers turned inside out) and that musically, apart from listening to a lot of Al Green ("the best" remarks Kev), the only cryptic remark Rowland would give about his new music is "that I feel a wind of change afoot".

Wherever it blows, make sure you feel the breeze.

BRUCE McCALL, best known to devotees of *National Lampoon* magazine for carefully crafted magazine parodies such as *Popular Workbench* ("Written so even you can understand it") and *Soviet-Mechnod-Foto HELLO* ("The jolly friendship magazine of science in the modern USSR"), does for the America of the '20s-'40s what Palin and Jones' *Ripping Yarns* and Glen Baxter's surreal *Boys Own Paper* drawings do for the corresponding decades of British life.

Where their parodies draw on myths of English "reserve" and stiff upper lips, McCall's use contemporary adverts and catalogues, the most efficient barometers of a culture founded on commerce, to invent a world only slightly out of synch with our own, one in which the ideals of wealth, streamlining and Bucky Fuller futuristic fantasies hold sway.

Now, with the publication of *Zany Afternoons* (Picador £4.95), you too can stroll round the improbable exhibits of the 1936 Cairo World's Fair, peruse at your leisure the Official Ship's Guide to the RMS Tyrannic ("The biggest thing in all the world"), and indulge in such fogotten Jazz Age pursuits as Autogiro Jousts, Tank Polo and Wing dining. And when you need a little rest, choose your next coupé from the Bulgemobile catalogues of 1934, '46 and '58 ("The new cars that say, "Get out of my way!"'"). You *know* it makes nonsense.

In times like these, we need afternoons like this

ANDY GILL

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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster and send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	6	1
2	4	CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND	Culture Club (Virgin)	3	2
3	3	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)	3	3
4	4	WORDS	F. R. David (Carrere)	4	4
5	13	LOVE IS A STRANGER	Eurythmics (RCA)	3	5
6	16	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	2	6
7	21	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION	Human League (Virgin)	2	7
8	8	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	6	8
9	9	THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT	Tracie (Respond)	5	9
10	5	BREAKAWAY	Tracy Ullman (Stiff)		
11	17	WE ARE DETECTIVE	Thompson Twins (Arista)	2	11
12	18	TRUE LOVE WAYS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	12
13	10	BOXERBEAT	JoBoxers (RCA)	5	3
14	6	OOH TO BE AH	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	4	5
15	33	FLIGHT OF THE ICARUS	Iron Maiden (EMI)	2	15
16	19	TEMPTATION	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	2	16
17	37	ROSANNA	Toto (CBS)	2	17
18	7	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW	Duran Duran (EMI)	6	1
19	25	SHE'S IN PARTIES	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	3	19
20	26	YOUNG, FREE AND SINGLE	Sunfire (Warners)	2	20
21	42	DANCING TIGHT	Galaxy (Ensign)	2	21
22	11	FIELDS OF FIRE	Big Country (Mercury)	5	11
23	20	I AM ME (I'M ME)	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	5	20
24	34	OVERKILL	Men At Work (Epic)	2	24
25	15	WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND	Nick Heyward (Arista)	5	12
26	50	MISS THE GIRL	Creatures (Polydor)	2	26
27	12	SNOT RAP	Kenny Everett (RCA)	4	10
28	(—)	PRICE YOU PLAY	Questions (A&M)	1	28
29	31	LAST FILM	Kissing The Pink (Magnet)	2	29
30	24	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	9	1
31	27	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	9	2
32	47	MINEFIELD	I-Level (Virgin)	2	32
33	32	THE TWIST	Chill Factorr (Philly World)	2	32
34	23	THE CELTIC SOUL BROTHERS	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	4	20
35	44	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)	2	35
36	(—)	FRIDAY NIGHT	Kids From Fame (RCA)	1	36
37	(—)	PALE SHELTER	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	1	37
38	29	RIP IT UP	Orange Juice (Polydor)	7	4
39	14	SPEAK LIKE A CHILD	Style Council (Polydor)	7	3
40	40	CANDY GIRL	New Edition (London)	2	40
41	36	SWEET MEMORY	Belle Stars (Stiff)	2	36
42	22	TWO HEARTS BEAT AS ONE	U2 (Island)	4	13
43	(—)	THE STAND	The Alarm (I.R.S.)	1	43
44	28	BILLIE JEAN	Michael Jackson (Epic)	13	1
45	(—)	OUR LIPS ARE SEALED	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	1	45
46	38	I'M NEVER GIVING UP	Sweet Dreams (Ariola)	2	38
47	35	CRY ME A RIVER	Julie London (Edsel)	2	35
48	45	MARKET SQUARE HEROES	Marillion (EMI)	2	45
49	(—)	HEARTBREAKER	Musical Youth (MCA)	1	49
50	(—)	WAR PARTY	Eddy Grant (Ice)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	9	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	2	1
2	1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	19	1
3	3	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	2	3
4	2	THE FINAL CUT	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	5	1
5	4	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	9	1
6	7	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	7	5
7	6	WAR	U2 (Island)	8	3
8	5	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	7	2
9	8	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	9	2
10	13	MUSIC FROM LOCAL HERO	Mark Knopfler (Vertigo)	2	10
11	14	TOTO IV	Toto (CBS)	9	3
12	24	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	2	12
13	10	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	44	2
14	20	BUSINESS AS USUAL	Men At Work (Epic)	15	1
15	27	PRIDE	Robert Palmer (Island)	2	15
16	21	THE KIDS FROM FAME LIVE	Various (BBC)	3	16
17	(—)	WHITE FEATHERS	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	1	17
18	11	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR	Marillion (EMI)	5	4
19	12	THE KEY	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	7	7
20	(—)	CARGO	Men At Work (Epic)	1	20
21	19	HELLO I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins (Virgin)	24	2
22	23	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)	19	2
23	(—)	GRAPES OF WRATH	Spear Of Destiny (Epic)	1	23
24	15	CHARTBUSTERS	Various (Ronco)	6	7
25	16	DEEP SEA SKIVING	Bananarama (London)	7	6
26	44	STREET SOUNDS III	Various (Street Sounds)	2	26
27	17	DAZZLE SHIPS	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Telegraph)	7	6
28	18	INARTICULATE SPEECH OF THE HEART	Van Morrison (Mercury)	5	9
29	(—)	HIGHLY STRUNG	Steve Hackett (Cfarisma)	1	29
30	48	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (WEA)	2	30
31	50	JOURNEY THROUGH THE CLASSICS	Louis Clark And The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (K-Tel)	2	31
32	22	NIGHT AND DAY	Joe Jackson (A&M)	11	3
33	32	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)	16	9
34	31	POWER AND THE GLORY	Saxon (Carrere)	5	10
35	(—)	FASTWAY	Fastway (CBS)	1	35
36	46	ELIMINATOR	ZZ Top (WEA)	2	36
37	(—)	SUBTERRANEAN JUNGLE	Ramones (Sire)	1	37
38	49	RIP IT UP	Orange Juice (Polydor)	3	30
39	42	MONEY AND CIGARETTES	Eric Clapton (Duck)	6	15
40	(—)	THE PERFECT BEAT	Various (Polydor)	1	40
41	33	WAITING	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	7	7
42	(—)	THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST	David Bowie (RCA)	1	42
43	(—)	YELLOW MOON	Don Williams (MCA)	1	43
44	(—)	PRIMITIVE MAN	Icehouse (Chrysalis)	1	44
45	34	SURPRISE, SURPRISE	Mezzoforte (Steinar)	5	22
46	25	HEADHUNTER	Krokus (Arista)	2	25
47	26	THE HIGH ROAD	Roxy Music (EG)	6	19
48	28	HAND CUT	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	6	13
49	(—)	TRICK OF THE LIGHT	Modern Romance (WEA)	1	49
50	(—)	PORCUPINE	Echo And The Bunnymen (Korova)	7	2

DANCE FLOOR 45s

New Order challenge Bowie on the dance floor.

1	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
2	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
3	CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND	Culture Club (Virgin)
4	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION	Human League (Virgin)
5	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
6	TEMPTATION	Heaven 17 (BEF)
7	NATIVE LOVE	Divine (O)
8	BILLIE JEAN	Michael Jackson (Epic)
9	BEST PART OF BREAKING UP	Ronnie Griffith (Vanguard)
10	THE TWIST (ROUND & ROUND)	Chill Factorr (Philly World)
11	SHE HAS A WAY	Bobby O (O)
12	JOHNNY B. GOODE	Peter Tosh (EMI)
13	PASSION	Flirts (O)
14	I LIKE PLASTIC	Marcia Raven (Red Bus)
15	WORK FOR LOVE	Ministry (Arista)
16	YOU ARE IN MY SYSTEM	System (Polydor)
17	TEMPTATION	New Order (Factory)
18	SHOOT YOUR SHOT	Divine (O)
19	JOHANNESBURG	Gil Scott-Heron (Arista)
20	GARDEN PARTY	Mezzoforte (Steinar)

Chart courtesy of Record Shack, 12 Berwick St, London W1 (01-437 3655)

AFRICAN LPs

1	LOVE	Orchestre Jazira (UK/Ghana)
2	IDIE	Pablo Porthos (Zaire)
3	LE RETOUR DES EVADES DE PONTON LA BELLE	Lolo Loitto & Tchico (Ivory Coast)
4	AMI-OYOMIYA	Bebe Manga (Ivory Coast)
5	MOKOROKOTO	The 4 Brothers (Zimbabwe)
6	SAMANTHA	Pamelo Mounk'a (Zaire)
7	DOUBLE DOUBLE	Nyboma (Zaire)
8	MA COCO	Pablo Porthos (Zaire)
9	IYOLE MINZOLA	Kanda Bongo Man (Zaire)
10	BA CAMERADES	Kosmos (Congo)
11	4 GRANDES VEDETTES DE LA MUSIQUE AFRICAINE	(Zaire)
12	NALELI CONGO	Kosmos (Congo)
13	ETOILE DE DAKAR	(Senegal)
14	NO.1 AFRICAIN	Pamelo Mounk'a (Zaire)
15	LIVE IN ABIDJAN	Youssou Ndour Et Le Super Etoile De Dakar (Senegal)
16	BRIGITTE	Master Mwana Congo (Congo)
17	MANDJOU	Ambassadeur International (Mali)
18	L'ARGENT	Pamelo Mounk'a (Zaire)
19	PANARAMA DU SENEGAL	Various Artists (Senegal)
20	LE RETROUVAILLE HISTORIQUE	Papa Wemba & Mavuela (Zaire)
21	JOCKER	Asi Kapela (Congo/Zaire)
22	PROPULSION	Pamelo Mounk'a (Zaire)
23	KENDOU WERENTE	Orchestre Baobab De Dakar (Senegal)
24	MOURIDE	Youssou Ndour Et Le Super Etoile De Dakar (Senegal)
25	LIKINGA CHANTE OLEMI	(Zaire)

Compiled by Jumbo - Earthworks 162 Oxford Gardens, London W10

INDEPENDENT 45s

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)		
2	8	ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)		
3	2	PEPPERMINT PIG	Cocteau Twins (4AD)		
4	5	ANACONDA	Sisters of Mercy (Merciful Release)		
5	7	SEBASTIAN	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)		
6	3	WHITE RABBIT	Damned (Big Beat)		
7	4	ANGRY SONGS	Omega Tribe (Crass)		
8	14	CATTLE AND CANE	The Go Betweens (Rough Trade)		
9	23	MEGALOMANIA	Blood (No Future)		
10	21	HANGOVER	Serious Drinking (Upright)		
11	13	CRY ME A RIVER	Julie London (Edsel)		
12	11	BAD SEED	Birthday Party (4AD)		
13	19	LIFE ON THE RED LINE	Violators (Future)		
14	9	SOMEWHERE/HIDE	Danse Society (Society)		
15	10	GARDEN PARTY	Mezzoforte (Steinar)		
16	(—)	CROW BABY	March Violets (Rebirth)		
17	15	OBLIVIOUS	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)		
18	26	A GIRL CALLED JOHNNY	Water Boys (Chicken Jazz)		
19	17	IN NOMINI PATRI	Alternative (Crass)		
20	12	MONEY'S TOO TIGHT	Valentine Brothers (Energi)		
21	(—)	COUNTRY FIT FOR HEROES II	Various (No Future)		
22	29	CRAZY ABOUT LOVE	Wire (Rough Trade)		
23	(—)	NEW AGE	Blitz (Future)		
24	16	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	Joy Division (Factory)		
25	(25)	PUNK ROCKER	Special Duties (Expulsion)		
26	20	BREAKDOWN	Colour Box (4AD)		
27	22	LINED UP	Shriekback (Y)		
28	(—)	TEMPTATION	New Order (Factory)		
29	(—)	OCEANIC EXPLORERS EP	Expo Facto (Probe)		
30	18	LOVE UNDER WILL	Blood & Roses (Kamera)		

INDEPENDENT LPs

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	7	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)		
2	2	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)		
3	1	LAZY WAYS	Marine Girls (Cherry Red)		
4	3	SONG AND LEGEND	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)		
5	4	IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO	Conflict (Corpus Christi)		
6	12	1981-82 THE MINI ALBUM	New Order (Factory)		
7	5	BEFORE HOLLYWOOD	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)		
8	13	ENFLAME	Passage (Cherry Red)		
9	20	NORTH MARINE DRIVE	Ben Watt (Cherry Red)		
10	8	LET THE TRIBE INCREASE	The Mob (All The Madmen)		
11	11	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)		
12	15	SEDUCTION	Danse Society (Society)		
13	9	MACHINE	1919 (Red Rhino)		
14	6	CARE	Shriekback (Y)		
15	10	SURPRISE, SURPRISE	Mezzoforte (Steinar)		
16	17	GANG WARS	Prince Charles And The City Band (Solid Platinum)		
17	19	DIG THIS GROOVE BABY	Toy Dolls (Volume)		
18	18	TWICE UPON A TIME	Hawkwind, Friends And Relations (Flicknife)		
19	24	STRIVE TO SURVIVE	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)		
20	16	A DISTANT SHORE	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)		
21	27	ALL SYSTEMS GO	One Way System (Anagram)		
22	14	WRECKIN' CREW	Meteors (ID)		
23	23	CHAOS UK	Chaos UK (Riot City)		
24	26	NIPPED IN THE BUD	Various (Rough Trade)		
25	21	EARTH	Misty In Roots (People Unite)		
26	28	RANTING AT THE NATION	Atilla The Stockbroker (Cherry Red)		
27	(—)	GARLANDS	Cocteau Twins (Red Flame)		
28	(—)	FAME AND WEALTH	Loudon Wainwright (Demon)		
29	(—)	ONE AFTERNOON IN A HOT AIR BALLON	Artery (Red Flame)		
30	(—)	MOVEMENT	New Order (Factory)		

REGGAE 45s

1	PRAISE HIM HIGH	Barrington Levy (Powerhouse)
2	CAN'T STOP RIGHTEOUSNESS	Gladiators (Hitbound)
3	TRUE CONFESSIONS	Little John (Powerhouse)
4	SIT DOWN AND REASON	Meditations (Thompson Sounds)
5	KINARKY	Mighty Diamonds (Bad Gong)
6	CAN'T DUB	Chalice (Pipe Music)
7	PASS THE CHALICE	Ranking Devon (All Nations)
8	ROOTS WITH QUALITY	Third World (Observers)
9	EVERYWHERE I GO	Don Carlos (Youth Promotion)
10	YOUTH NEED PROMOTION	Yellowman (Thunderbolt)
11	CONQUEROR	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
12	MONEY	Cornell Campbell (Gorgon)
13	TIRED FE LICK WEED IN A BUSH	Patrick Andy (Hitbound)
14	SLICE OF THE CAKE	Sugar Minott (Germain)
15	STRANGER IN LOVE	Ruddy Thomas (Stars)

REGGAE LPs

1	PASS ME THE LAZER BEAM (Spread Out)	Don Carlos (Enterprise)
2	MEGATON DUB	Lee Perry (Seven Leaves)
3	LIVE AND DIRECT VOL II	Live DJs-Aces International (Intense)
4	DUB ME CRAZY PART III	Mad Professor (Ariwa)
5	CHECK IT	Mutabaruka (Alligator)
6	DANCE HALL STYLE	Horace Andy (Bullwackies)
7	JAH LOVE	Michael Prophet (Jah Life)
8	EVERYTHING CRASH	Ethiopians (Studio 1)
9	LOTS OF LOVE AND I	Bob Andy (Skynote)
10	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY	Yellowman (Sonic Sounds)

Courtesy of Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W1.

JAZZ LPs

1	PARIS CONCERT	Bill Evans (Elektra-Musician)
2	LA MENACE (Soundtrack)	Gerry Mulligan (DRG)
3	OUT TO LUNCH	Eric Dolphy (Blue Note)
4	PRIESTESS	Gil Evans (Antilles-Island)
5	TRADITIONALISM REVISITED	Bob Brookmeyer (Pacific Jazz)
6	NOW PLEASE DON'T YOU CRY, BEAUTIFUL EDITH	Roland Kirk (Verve)
7	LIVE AT HANRATTY'S	Blue 3 (Chaz Jazz)
8	CODONA	Codona 3 (ECM)
9	WHAT'S NEW	Marty Paich Orchestra (Discovery)
10	REMEMBER MINGUS	Fingers (Spotlite)
11	QUARTET IN PERSON	Jimmy Guiffre Quartet (Verve)
12	COMPLETE VOLUMES VII & VIII	Jelly Roll Morton (RCA)
13	PETER ERSKINE	Peter Erskine (Contemporary)
14	SOLAR MYTH VOLUME II	Sun Ra (Affinity)
15	COMPLETE COMMUNION	Don Cherry (Blue Note)
16	12 SHADES OF BLACK	Frank Foster (Leo)
17	THE MASTER	Stan Getz (CBS)
18	THE WEST COASTERS	The West Coasters (Bethlehem)
19	WESTLAKE	Bob Florence (Discovery)
20	THE JAZZ COURIERS (R. Scott/T. Hayes)	The Jazz Couriers (Jasmine-Tempo)

Chart compiled by Mole Jazz 374, Grays Inn Road, London WC1

COUNTRY LPs

1	THE CLOSER YOU GET	Alabama (RCA)
2	AMERICAN MADE	The Oak Ridge Boys (MCA)
3	MOUNTAIN MUSIC	Alabama (RCA)
4	PONCHO & LEFTY	Merle Haggard And Willie Nelson (Epic)
5	WILD AND BLUE	John Anderson (Warner Bros)
6	ALWAYS ON MY MIND	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
7	WE'VE GOT TONIGHT	Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
8	TOUGHER THAN LEATHER	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
9	STRONG STUFF	Hank Williams Jr (Elektra)
10	HIGHWAYS AND HEARTACHES	Ricky Skaggs (Epic)

Courtesy Billboard

Bowie's still dancing at No 1 spots across the boards.

USA 45s

1	COME ON EILEEN	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)
2	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	MR ROBOTO	Styx (A&M)
4	JEOPARDY	Greg Kihn Band (Beserkley)
5	BILLIE JEAN	Michael Jackson (Epic)
6	DER KOMMISSAR	After The Fire (Epic)
7	ONE ON ONE	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
8	SEPARATE WAYS	Journey (Columbia)
9	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
10	SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE	Thomas Dolby (Capitol)

Hall and Oates double up in the US charts.

SWEDEN 45s

1	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)
2	WORDS	F. R. David (Carrere)
3	YOUNG GUNS	Wham! (CBS)
4	SAVE YOUR LOVE	Renee and Renato (Hollywood)
5	UP WHERE WE BELONG	Joe Cocker/Jennifer Warnes (Island)
6	TOO SHY	Kajagoogoo (EMI)
7	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	Phil Collins (Atlantic)
8	OUR HOUSE	Madness (Stiff)
9	BILLIE JEAN	Michael Jackson (CBS)
10	MANEATER	Daryl Hall and John Oates (RCA)

VIDEOS 20

1	FALKLANDS TASK FORCE SOUTH	BBC/3M
2	ARLENE PHILLIPS — KEEP IN SHAPE SYSTEM	EMI
3	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	CBS/Fox
4	ELECTRIC BLUE II	Electric
5	ON GOLDEN POND	PRT
6	BATTLE FOR THE FALKLANDS	Granada/EMI
7	JANE FONDA	Warner Home
8	STAR WARS	CBS/Fox
9	ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST	Thorn/EMI
10	CAT PEOPLE	CIC
11	JACKIE GENOVA — WORK THAT BODY	Island Pictures
12	PELE	Thorn/EMI
13	CALIGULA	Electric Video
14	TOM & JERRY VOL I	MGM/UA
15	TOM & JERRY VOL II	MGM/UA
16	ROMEO AND JULIET	CIC
17	ESPANIA 82	JVC/EMI
18	MY FAIR LADY	CBS/Fox
19	APOCALYPSE NOW	CIC
20	THE SOUND OF MUSIC	CBS/Fox

Chart courtesy of HMV Shops Ltd

USA LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
3	H_2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4	BUSINESS AS USUAL	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	KILROY WAS HERE	Styx (A&M)
6	RIO	Duran Duran (Capitol)
7	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
8	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
9	THE FINAL CUT	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
10	TOTO IV	Toto (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard

FRED FACT

It's cheapo time in chart city, thanks to such previously failed singles as **Toto's** 'Rosanna', **Eurythmics'** 'Love is A Stranger' and **Dexys'** 'Celtic Soul Brothers' riding to success on the backs of recent hit releases by the outfits concerned. RCA are extremely happy that the expensive video made to originally promote 'Love Is A Stranger' is now paying its way, while CBS and Phonogram won't exactly be dismayed that their previous losers are currently gathering dibs instead of dust. It's a funny old way of things but, happily, *NME* won't be following the trend. And so **Chris Bohn's** recent hit article on **David Bowie** will not result in a repeat of his now forgotten piece, 'The Effect Of **The Bay City Rollers** On Latvian Culture'. This paper has always valued its integrity.

Fred Dellar

5 YEARS AGO

1	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)
2	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)
3	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
4	MATCHSTALK MEN AND MATCHSTALK CATS AND DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)
5	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
6	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)
7	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings (Parlophone)
8	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)
9	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	Sheila B Devotion (EMI)
0	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)

10 YEARS AGO

1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
2	HELLO! HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	I'M A CLOWN/SOME KIND OF SUMMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
5	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY	David Bowie (RCA)
6	TWEEDLE DEE	Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
7	PYJAMARAMA	Roxy Music (Island)
8	LOVE TRAIN	O'Jays (CBS)
9	ALL BECAUSE OF YOU	Geordie (EMI)
10	NEVER NEVER NEVER	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)

15 YEARS AGO

1	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
2	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int.)
4	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
5	JENNIFER ECCLES	Hollies (Parlophone)
6	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
7	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
8	LAZY SUNDAY	Small Faces (Immediate)
9	AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A HOUSE PARTY	Showstoppers (Beacon)
10	SOMETHING HERE IN MY HEART	Paper Dolls (Pye)

20 YEARS AGO

1	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry And The Pacemakers (Parlophone)
3	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
4	NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	SAY I WON'T BE THERE	Springfields (Philips)
6	BROWN EYED HANDSOME MAN	Buddy Holly (Coral)
7	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison (London)
7	I CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
7	THE FOLK SINGER	Tommy Roe (HMV)
10	FOOT TAPPER	Shadows (Columbia)

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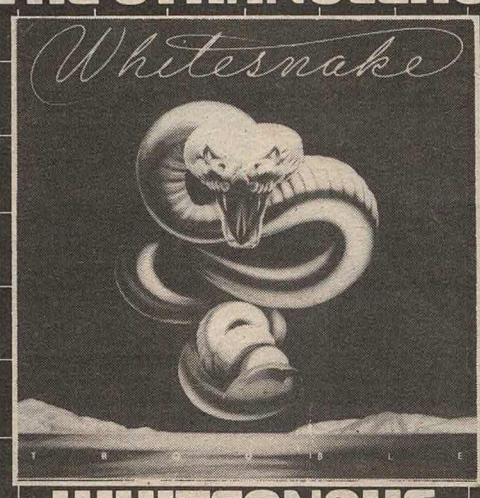

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GIL SCOTT-HERON

"Why should musicians concern themselves with anything, if not with the breadth of what they're experiencing? It should be no more interesting to anyone else what my affairs are with my wife, as it is to my affairs with the people who take my taxes. Those are both things I have to deal with every day, so I don't see any separation in terms of, well you should just sing about fucking, or dancing — because that's not all I do."

"HEY, LISTEN to this. What do you say to a one-legged hitch hiker?"

Er, I dunno. What?

"Hop in. Ha ha ha! *Hop in!"*

He tells jokes, Gil Scott-Heron. Well, that's no big surprise — serious as his message often is, there's always been a vein of humour running through his work. But *really dumb jokes* like that?

Apparently so: Gil Scott-Heron whiles away the flight from Washington DC to London England, not with a tome of radical poetry or a batch of Congressional reports, but with a slim volume of *The World's Most Tasteless Jokes*.

The thing is, there's more to Gil Scott-Heron than meets the old one-line summaries — the token spokesman of black anger and so forth. This time around, while nothing about him has been diluted, he's keen to see the stereotyped image given a couple of extra dimensions.

"I'm a poet," he says, "and I've been doing that for quite a while, and all the statements that I've made are statements that I stand by. But I'm also a father, I'm also a husband, I'm also a son, a grandson and a brother and all those things. And those are not things that I overlook in my pursuit of being radical, or militant or whatever else . . .

"You like to have people aware of *all* the things that you do, so they don't see you as one-dimensional. It happens anyway: we are constantly known as Gil Scott-Heron the radical-militant-extremist, pick any one of those. And that doesn't add up in any way to *my* self-image. Fortunately I have my self image to carry round with me to disrupt any of that, so it doesn't have that much effect on me what people see me as. I feel as though they are looking at whatever aspect of our work they are most often exposed to."

RATHER THAN expose you to any more of his jokes, let's backtrack a moment.

Born in Chicago, raised in Tennessee then New York City, and a resident of Washington for the last decade; published a novel at the age of 19, followed by a book of verse and another novel. Over the years he's released a stream of acclaimed records, many of them in collaboration with musician Brian Jackson.

The albums run from 'Small Talk At 125th And Lennox', a collection of verse, through to last year's 'Moving Target' LP, a mellower blend of soul and funk, with jazz and blues traces never too far from the surface. Along with his band The Amnesia Express (successors to the pre-1980 Midnight Band), Scott-Heron has just completed one of his periodic trips to England, playing a series of dates that suggested his UK following is healthy and growing — even if the Comonwealth Institute shows were spoiled by the venue's pathetically bad visibility (you couldn't see him) and poor sound (you couldn't make out the words).

Undeniably, the man's reputation rests mainly on his gift for eloquent polemic. Describing himself as "as interpreter of the black experience", his songs and poems can pour scorn in a beautiful way. Whether it's cold outrage against injustice ('Jose Campos Torres'), or stirring affirmation of belief ('Johannesburg', newly re-released as a single by Arista), or the withering satire of 'H20 Gate Blues', 'The Revolution Will Not Be Televised' and 'B Movie' (featured on the *NME* 'Jive Wire' tape) . . . when Gil Scott-Heron attacks something, it stays attacked.

He's not a ranter. Much of the power in his performance comes out of its discipline — the certain dignity of controlled indignation. Match that with his warn sense of community, and his elegant and economic use of irony *and* the sheer strength of his presence, and the results can be funny and bitter in equally devasting measure. I'm tempted to think that if the British Labour Party could use him as the other lot use Saatchi and Saatchi, then they'd romp the election.

After the explosion of American black consciousness in the '60s, Scott-Heron voice sounded like a lonelier one through the decade which followed. To a casual observer, at least, the dominant strain of US black music in the '70s

EDUCATE, AGITATE AND

PAUL DU NOYER MEETS AN ANGRY BLACK POET WHO HAS A RADICAL CONSCIENCE AND A BIZARRE SENSE OF HUMOUR

appeared more escapist, full of bland platitudes about love and good-times, coupled with endless exhortations to dance. Did he, I wondered, ever feel like a man out of time?

"No, I have never taken myself that seriously. I did what I wanted to do. I assumed that other artists could not, and therefore did what they did. It never occurred to me to stop and think about why other artists were doing what they were doing. I assumed someone would ask them and find out.

"I had an opportunity to work in some circumstances where I could independently organise the sorts of things that I wanted to be responsible for. You see, you have to live with these things for the rest of your life, and I was pretty well convinced that since many factors that weren't on records in general were dominating our lifestyles, there needed to be some comment made on them.

"But I think that people become fairly selective when they decide to establish an identity for me as an artist. They take 'The Revolution Will Not Be Televised' for example, but not the song that comes right after it, 'God Save The Children'. And if you want to be selective in choosing the tunes from the various albums, then you could paint a picture in almost any direction that you care to, because we've done that many different kinds of songs. I'd rather look at myself in terms of *all* the things that I've done. I'm responsible for all of them and take an equal amount of pride in all of them."

I HAPPEN to mention to him the New York rappers, and suggest that the recent burst of harder, more political records (Grandmaster Flash, Valentine Brothers, Brother D And The Collective Effort) might be a development he'd welcome, as more akin to his own work. How wrong I was . . .

"Oh gee, I'm insulted. I don't see much substance or expertise being applied there. It seems as though they make it up as they go along. Well, you know I'm always looking for substance. And I've been doing what I do now for 15 years, and it seems as if most of these were put together in 15 minutes. Maybe I'm not insulted, maybe I'm just shocked and amazed that there would be any comparison whatsoever."

The rappers' stuff "impresses those it's meant to impress", he says, dismissively. It seems like I've stumbled on to a topic that rankles. But surely this music has parallels with some of his own. At least it's a move away from the clichéd get-down-and-boogie syndrome?

"Well that's what most of those evolved from. See, when they started to replace bands with disc jockeys in the clubs, then the DJs seemed to feel called upon to do more than play records, but to also entertain and be the life of the party. So a lot of them came up with little slogans and rhymes to go along with the good times they were about to induce, allegedly . . .

"I've found it constantly astonishing that what I've seen of these particular artists indicates a sort of Columbus attitude. Columbus 'discovered' the Indians, yet he's given credit for having discovered America. Which is to say that, like, if you had a car parked outside and I went out there and got in it, I could say I'd 'discovered' it and drive off!

"So their having discovered the possibilities of doing that indicates to them that they've discovered this particular art-form — when I'm certain that *I* didn't discover it, and I came along 15 years before anybody discovered *them*. At the very most, it's sort of amusing. At the very least *(laughs)*, it's something else altogether. It's insulting."

How about English music. Does he hear much of that?

"Oh year, they insist on it in the States. They continually bombard you with English artists — anything to keep from playing *our* stuff! Ha ha!"

A new LP is due some time later in the year, he tells me. "But I'm never in a hurry. That's what's wrong with most of the stuff I hear. It sounds as though they did it in a hurry, like they stopped off at the studio on the way to somewhere else . . . I enjoy looseness when I'm working. I don't like to say, Alright, we're gonna meet here at eight o'clock and we're going to *create*! *(Laughs)* Y'know, nobody put those kind of restrictions on God, the original creator. He took as long as he had to, to get it right."

And he still made a mess of it.

"Yeah! We still got this! So understanding that, when we go into the studio we say, Right, we're gonna work at it but let's face it, it's not going to be perfect."

WHILE I take his point about preferring to be known for the diverse aspects of his work, it seems worth asking a couple more things about the frequent political content. For one thing, there's a constant debate goes on over here, not least in *NME*, about mixing music with social concerns. Some say that musicians should stick to smaller topics . . .

"What *I'm* saying is, why should musicians concern themselves with *anything*, if not with the breadth of what they're experiencing? It should be no more interesting to anyone else what my affairs are with my wife, as it is to my affairs with the people who take my taxes.

"Those are both things I have to deal with every day, so I don't see any separation in terms of, well you should just sing about fucking, or dancing — because that's not all I do. I also pay taxes to get my ass kicked if I'm on the wrong corner at the wrong time. I see those as parts of life, and I see artists as interpreters of life, and life's experiences.

"In other words, if a nuclear power plant goes up, it doesn't just take the people out who are not artists, it takes the artists out too. So the artists should damn well concern themselves with that in the same way that he concerns himself with how he should keep his household together. I think that's one of the biggest bullshit cop-outs I've ever heard — and I've heard it often enough by now to know it for that.

"Why should artists be confined to describing their sex life, and other people be free to describe what they care to? Like newspaper men — what the hell, they work at the newspaper, why should *they* have any editoral opinion about anything?"

Does music ever change anything?

"I think so. I think it helps to change people's minds, and I think that changing people's minds helps to change things. The three steps to change are information, organisation and action. And none of them work without the other. In other words, people who are not informed cannot be organised, and people who are not organised cannot do anything effectively because their energy is dispersed.

"I feel as though music has the opportunity to help inform people, and so naturally I believe that it has an effect. I have letters, I have *proof (laughs)*. But I do believe that before you change anything you have to change people's minds."

Suddenly, time runs out. Getting up to leave, I thank him for what sounds to me like a useful contribution to a discussion that's far from over.

"Hopefully. It's been given with all the honesty I can muster. I usually manage that — if I lie, I have to remember what I used! *(Laughs)* So I prefer not to. This way, I can always come up with the same answers!

"No problem."

By the way, he's got another joke — about three brothers chasing an elephant. But I forget the punchline.

ORGANISE

"I've had a heady love affair with most of their recorded work and at last to see and hear those songs live brought instant aural orgasm. If that sounds over the top, take it from me that the current Opposition set is superb."

Paul Strange
Melody Maker 9th April '83

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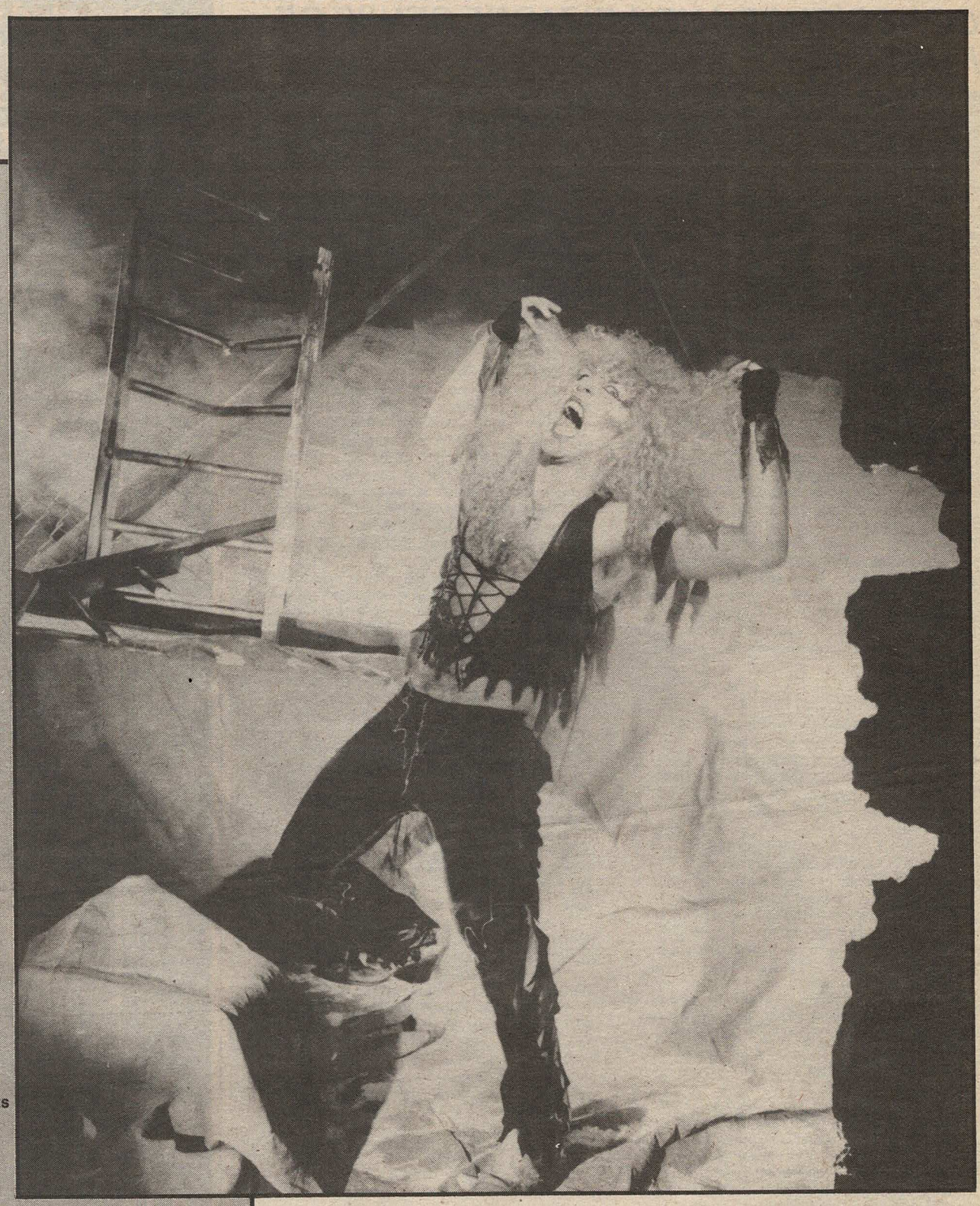


HOBBIES or 'What I Do In Between Touring and Recording'

Weight training (lifting heavy metal)
Songwriting (writing heavy metal)
Record playing (listening to heavy metal)
Hot rod driving (driving heavy metal)
Working on my hot rod (fixing heavy metal)
Hanging out with my wife Suzette and my son Jesse
Watching TV or videos
Jogging
Verbally tearing people apart

RECORDS

Original Alice Cooper
Slade
AC/DC
Mott The Hoople
Beatles
Early Led Zeppelin
Queen (the first six albums)
Bowie (Spiders period)
Bette Midler
Sex Pistols 'Never Mind The Bollocks'
Rainbow 'Rising'
Motorhead 'No Sleep Till Hammersmith'

HEROES

Alice Cooper
Bill Murray
Bon Scott (R.I.P.)
Rocky Balboa
Bing Crosby
Groucho Marx
Mad Max
Bugs Bunny
Derek and Clive
Prince Charles

ASSHOLES

J R Ewing
Alexis Carrington
Moonies
Most A&R people

MOVIES

ET
Mad Max I and II
Clint Eastwood films
Python films
Pink Panther films
Marx Brothers films
The Exorcist

TELEVISION

M*A*S*H
The Adams Family
Hill Street Blues
The Honeymooners
The Odd Couple
Not The Nine O'Clock News
Monty Python
The Young Ones

LIKES

All ethnic jokes
My hair
Italian food
S.M.F's
Good fitting genes

HATES

People with no sense of humour
Overly drunk or drugged out idiots
Computerised musix
Phoney 'hippies'
Customs lines
Wimps

WORDS TO LIVE BY

"Don't *try* to be a great man, *be* a great asshole"

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

DEE SNIDER (TWISTED SISTER)

A long standing battle between police and drug pushers came to a head when Liverpool's popular city centre venue, the Masonic pub was closed last month.

Tenant, Mr Brian Gallagher was refused a licence renewal when police decided that he allowed the sale of cannabis and assorted tablets to take place on the premises.

Mr Tony Ensor, solicitor for brewers Tetley Walker criticised the police for "apparently" taking no action against offenders, whilst expecting Mr Gallagher to do so. After posting written warnings of prosecution inside the pub, Mr Gallagher says that short of checking each customer individually, he could do no more.

Live music at the Masonic took off in the early '70s when Paul Du Noyer had six pairs of split-knee loons, and its closure now means that until a solution can be worked out between the brewers and the police, many new and untried bands will miss the opportunity of playing to small responsive audiences.

BILLY MANN

The BPI — the mouthpiece of the recording industry — has issued a warning to the public, prompted by the wave of pirate cassette tapes now on the market.

Currently you can buy unofficial pre-recorded tapes of almost anyone from Culture Club to Michael Jackson to Duran Duran. The cassettes are packaged to *look* like the genuine article, but often the sound quality is diabolical. What's more, they're usually sold from street stalls rather than shops, so your chances of getting a refund are practically nil. The BPI has even heard of pirates selling a supposed Bucks Fizz album with no music on it at all! (An aesthetic improvement, perhaps, but highly illegal all the same.)

The BPI is now bringing prosecutions against some alleged pirates. But in the meanwhile, the organisation passes on these tips to consumers...Buy only from *bona fide* or well-established outlets. Check inlay cards for their print quality and copyright and trademarks. Examine the label: phoney tapes often carry little information. And beware of unfamiliar company names: "Athena" and "Pyramid" are two such examples.

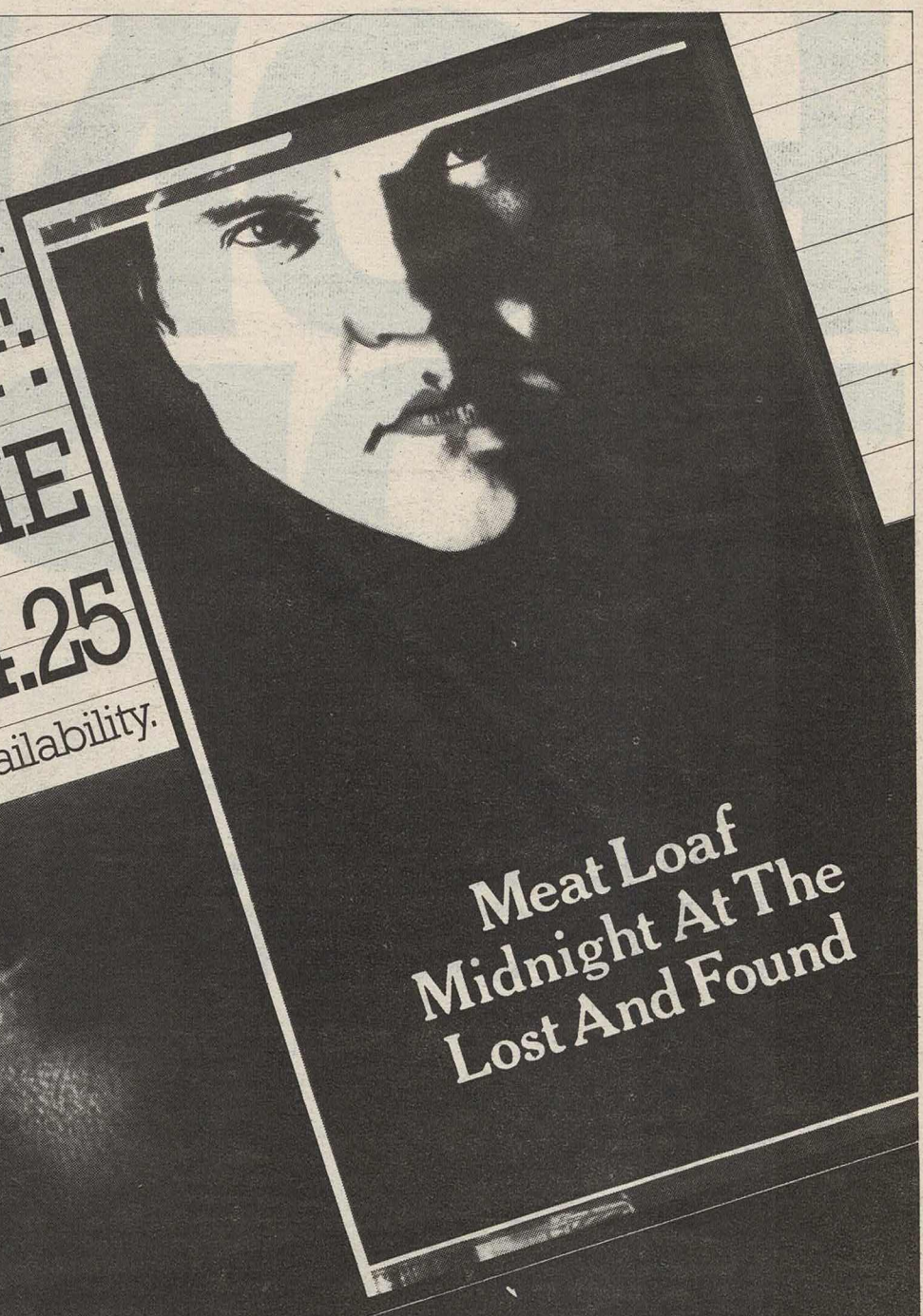
lowry

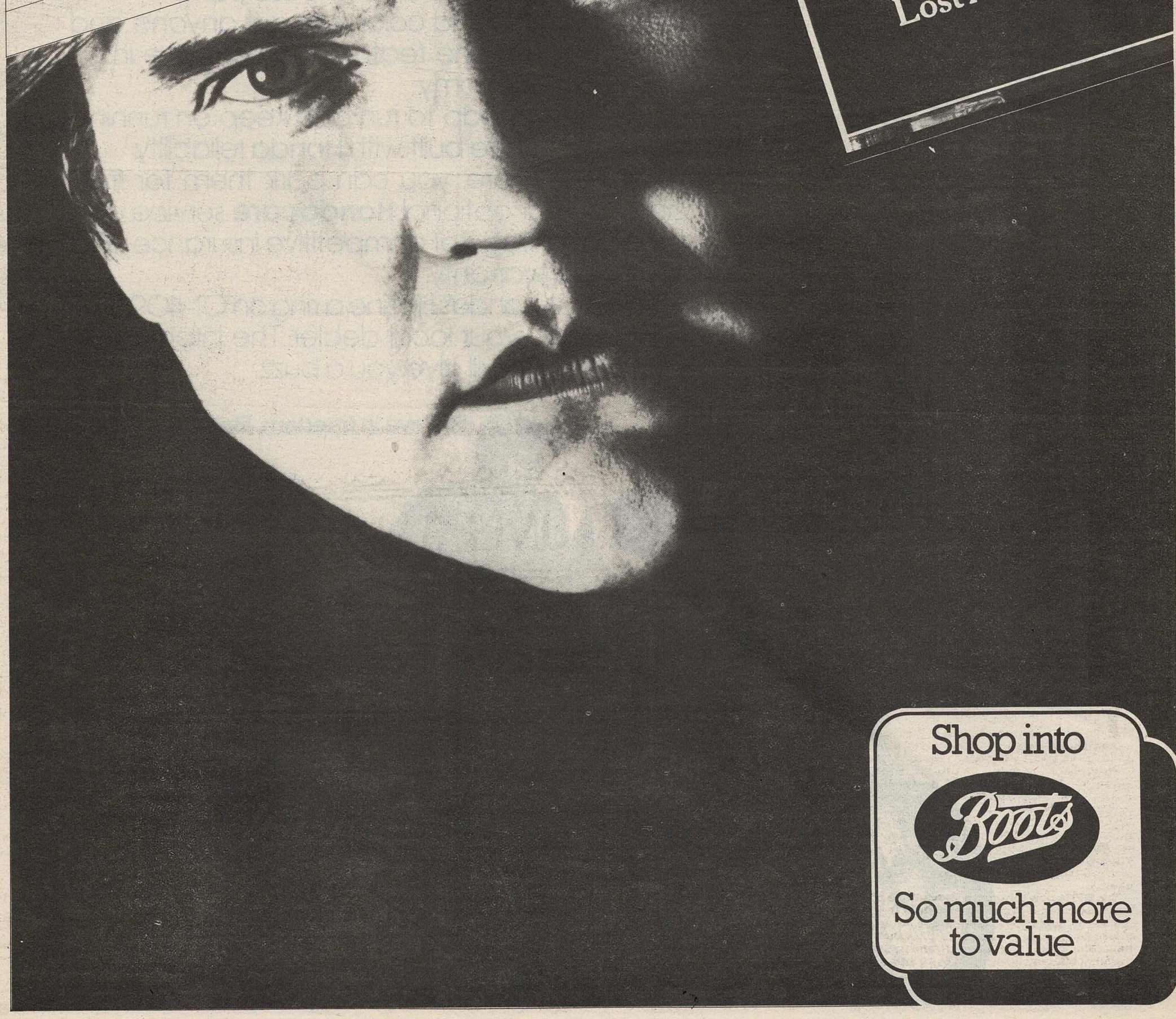
"I hope that we're not in for another exhibition of guitar-hero posturings and rock'n'roll histrionics from you tonight, Simpkins."

Another example of the value you'll find on records and tapes at Boots Record Departments. Call in now for a great selection of music from your favourite artists.

MEATLOAF: MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND £4.25

For album or cassette. Subject to stock availability.





Shop into Boots

So much more to value

HONDA'S TOP TEN.

THE HONDA 125 CHART

1	XL125R
2	CH125
3	NH125
4	CD125T
5	CG125
6	CT125
7	CB125RS
8	CB125T
9	CM125C
10	MTX125RW

Honda's range of 125's are well worth making a song and dance about.

There are ten in all to choose from. Different styles and colours to suit anyone and everyone. But one feature they all have in common: economy.

They're cheap to run and keep on running because they're built with Honda reliability.

What's more, you can park them for free, and with our optional **Hondacare** service can take advantage of competitive insurance and extended warranty.

So give Honda's Hotline a ring on 01-409 3189 or drop into your local dealer. The information you get back will give you a buzz.

Believe in freedom. Believe in HONDA

HEY! HONEY SUCKERS ●

BLACK SHEEP FINDS ITS WAY HOME ●

Pics Rowan Main

Ready for the camera — (left to right) Shez, Barry, Sam and Giles.

TRIVIA AT FULL STRETCH

IT SEEMS that every time I meet Hey! Elastica they're in a state of undress. This unhurried afternoon in the rustic comfort of Virgin's Manor House is no exception — it's two hours before this fearsome foursome are ready for the beady eye of the lens.

When they do arrive, their vivacity is overwhelming. Hey! Elastica have a bright and brassy sound to match their personalities. The motto *"Stop, Look, Listen and Dance"* sticks with a slick and sliding guitar battling with bass to produce a barely controlled desperate funk. With Barry's laconic lead vocals and guitar, Shez on guitar and mean mohawk, and the vigorous bop-she-doos of svelte and sexy Sam and Giles, they teeter precariously on the edge of dance, thrills and spills with never a serious word or thought disturbing an irrepressible bounce. Hey! Elastica are the last thing you could want if looking for gloom laden hopeless youth, but if it's a tonic for a two-foot shuffle they have the honey in abundance.

Hailing from Edinburgh, the first time I saw Hey! Elastica was a year ago supporting The Bluebells. They had the good fortune to be taken under the wing of Scotland's most successful promoters, Regular Music, and from there things picked up with surprising speed. A tour with Simple Minds at the peak of their 'Promised You A Miracle' success; another support slot with Bauhaus — a strange and strained mixture; an album and single deal with an unmentionably large advance from Virgin; a slight distraction for Sam and Giles in the shape of backing vocals for Edinburgh contemporary Paul Haig, and then, last October, the release of their first single, the blithely catchy 'Eat Your Heart Out', followed by their first headline tour.

And then a period of silence until the release of their second single last month. 'Suck A Little Honey' has managed to go further into trivia than 'Eat Your Heart Out' and so, unfortunately, detracts from the meaty dance tunes that they are so capable of producing. They are now in the final stages of mixing their first album, 'In On The Off Beat', which promises to be typically bold, beginning and ending with the ecstatic Hey! Elastica chant with 12 tracks jammed in between.

Having lost their drummer and bassist over Christmas, the group are now looking for replacements. All being well, they'll be touring again very soon.

ANDREA MILLER

THE HOUSES THAT

PUNKS REBUILT!

THE BLACK Sheep Housing Co-op: "for those who have been made homeless as a result of prejudice against appearance, lifestyle or racial origin".

To understand how Islington Council came to hand over (admittedly derelict) houses to a group of punks squatting in their district, we must set the time machine dials back to the summer of '81 . . .

A new vitality was brewing up beneath London's streets. At word of mouth gigs and parties a lot of punks were coming together under a bright, rainbow-coloured flag of anarchy. Some saw this wide-eyed awareness as an outlet for cheap gigs, fanzines and tape releases, and thus came the notorious East London gigs at Wapping Anarchy Centre and Stratford church hall. However, forming a worrying background to all the musical and verbal chaos were the incessant evictions from the squats — the squats occupied by the majority of those in or around this new found anarchy scene.

As autumn turned into a snow coated winter some lengthy grubbing around local reference libraries produced interesting news. Councils, it was discovered, *give* run down property to you if you call yourself a 'Housing Co-op'. To be a housing co-op meant to have a minimum of seven people and registration as a Friendly Society.

So Black Sheep was born.

"When a council recognises you as a housing co-op they put you on one of their lists, and when they have a hard-to-let (usually badly deteriorated) house they will offer it to the co-ops on that list. If you accept a house you also agree to renovate and keep it occupied until the council take it back for their own use. That could be anything from three months to five years," explained a member at one of the houses currently being worked upon.

After the £160 registration fee was raised, through a Mob/Blood And Roses/Universal Adhesion Theatre Company benefit held in May, the problem was to get Islington Council to recognise them as a valid organisation. This proved to be a long and winding six month wade through bureaucratic red tape and postponed decisions.

It took one dismal, rainy November evening, when the Black Sheepers turned up in force at one of the council's meetings, for them to finally be given acknowledgement of their existence. It was almost one struggling year since they began.

"Next day the media screamed about Islington being some 'Punk Paradise," recalls one amused Sheep, "as if we'd just turned up out of nowhere. Not one mentioned the fact we've been in this area for years. It just means we have more security now, a base for us to continue our new ventures and ideas. No more fear of the illegal eviction!"

Since that grey November evening four houses have been handed over — one being lived in, the others in various states of renovation. The problem they face now is fitting compatible people, out of the 35 members, into the available space. It's an important consideration for a co-op formed from society's outcasts — they say they're reluctant now to admit new members as already they feel bogged down in paperwork rather than activity.

"We'd rather people followed our example and start their own co-op instead of expecting us to look after them. We're nobody's parents, if you know what I mean."

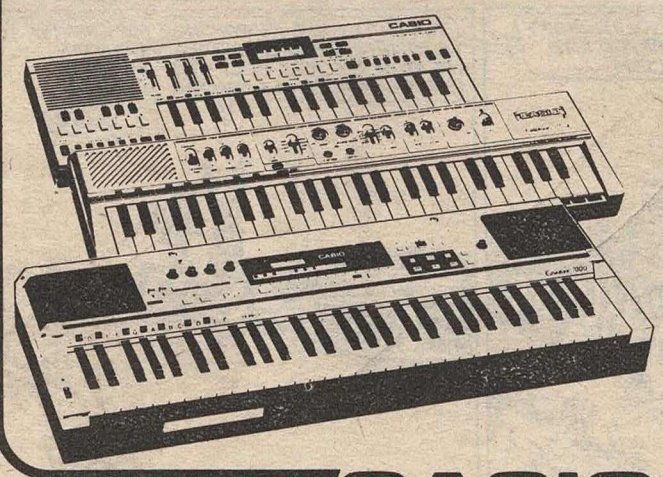
Perhaps a sign that punk is *still* not just another musical trend, but a way of life.

TONY D

CasioMagic at IMS

If you think you've seen it all, come and see the internationally famous keyboard player Hans Dreyer performing on the Casio sound stage at the International Music Show at Alexandra Palace this weekend – and you'll see *real* magic.

Everything from the famous VL1, to the CT7000 – on public show for the first time, featuring 'on-board' multi-track stereo digital recording. All available for you to play and see why Casio has rapidly become the largest manufacturer of keyboards in the world.



IMS See you there

The International Music Show runs from Friday April 29th to Tuesday May 3rd at Alexandra Palace which is situated within easy reach of Central London, off the N. Circular Road. There are ample parking facilities as well as British Rail and London Transport connections.

Times: Friday – 7.00pm-10.30pm
Saturday/Sunday – 10.30am-10.30pm
Monday – 10.30am-9pm
Tuesday – 10.30am-1pm

Admission: Friday only £1.00. Other days – Adults £2.00
Children under 12 £1.00.

CASIOMAGIC!

MAFIA MOB ● LEADMILL LANDMARK? ● MUSIC SKILLSWOPS ●

Pic E Battaglia

Brando and Sinatra, Luciano and Capone — both as fact and fiction the Sicilian Mafia has fed the fevered imaginations of FBI men, script and pulp authors and large hotel proprietors for over a century. Grounded in the poverty of Palermo, *The Sicilian Mafia* is a new exhibition of photographs put together for Camerawork by the Centro Siciliano di Documentazione which claims to "put the Mafia in its historical / social context whilst stripping it of its glamourous image". With tailors like the Mob had access to, the latter may prove difficult.

At Camerawork, 121 Roman Rd, London E2 till Saturday May 28 (Tues 1-6 pm; Wed-Sats 11-6 pm) after which it sets off round the UK.

CYNTHIA ROSE

TAKING NOTHING FOR GRANTED

***"Combining the thrift and intimacy of a working men's club with the leisure process of a Hacienda, Sheffield's Leadmill Centre could become an important landmark in pop culture. Have you written to your council yet?"* NME, 9.10.82**

THE LEADMILL Centre opened its doors six months ago with a simple but ambitious manifesto: to champion the young unemployed of South Yorkshire with more than just words by providing a comprehensive and accessible entertainments complex. Since then that declaration of intent has been meticulously executed and whether it's to see Culture Club or Slim Gaillard, *Oi For England* or Anti Pasti, the turnstile entrances have been clocking up 6000 admissions a week.

'Not only has the Leadmill become the cheapest venue in the country, it has, in their own modest words, proved to be a "marvel of social integration: West Indians and Rastafarians, punks and skinheads, working and middle-class youngsters striving to survive with as much dignity as is possible on the dole". Apart from education classes in drama, dance and stage lighting, the centre now hosts well-attended courses in silk-screen and textile printing, pottery, wood-turning and car mechanics. The Leadmill has also been instrumental in the production of four local singles, and the Sheffield Video Co-op, who've produced two videos at the centre.

And aside from the enthusiastic local reception, the national repercussions forecast by *NME* are now taking shape, with a number of local authorities realising the political ammunition to be gained from adopting similar schemes.

Due largely to the success of the Leadmill, the Department of the Environment has provided a cool £120,000 for a group of unemployed youngsters in Newcastle to develop a comparable centre. Leicester City Council have done likewise and the White Cloth Hall project, in Leeds, also seems set to follow in the footsteps of the Leadmill. Elsewhere, the London based National Council for Voluntary Organisations is using the Leadmill as a case study of what unemployed people, with the financial backing of their respective local authorities, can do for themselves and the community at large.

And yet, despite growing interest throughout the country, the Leadmill itself is facing some opposition from the Sheffield City Council (a Labour controlled outfit to boot). The problem of course is money.

While the original intention of the Leadmill was to achieve its goals without constant reliance on public funds, the commitment to exploit deficiencies in private sector entertainment has resulted in a need for annual revenue support. This, say the centre's co-ordinators, will be an important factor in the establishment of a 'Leadmill' in every city. By opening seven days a week for up to 17 hours a day and by employing some 40 staff, the overheads of such a centre are inevitably high.

Arguing that their need is but a fraction of the subsidies dished out to conventional Arts Centres and Theatres, and countering with MSC reports that unemployment in South Yorkshire has risen by 270% since the Leadmill project began three years ago, the centre is applying for a grant of £30,000 pa.

If, for whatever reason, the Leadmill fails to secure this support, it will revert to just another extortionate venue. And many of the staff will be back on the dole queue, which would cost the Government (not the council unfortunately) approximately three times as much as it would to keep the centre going running as it is. Tragic? I suggest you write to your council again.

AMRIK RAI

If you've got a load of time on your hands and you'd like to put an instrument there instead, then Nottingham's Centre for the Unemployed might be able to help. The Centre has started what they call "Music Skillswops" for jobless would-be musicians — and for others who may be able to teach what they know already.

The Nottingham Music Co-op, who've organised the sessions, say they "hope to work with people who want to involve themselves with music. By pooling resources like information on venues, rehearsal space and skills, etc, we hope to promote music in Nottingham in general, and help individuals / bands get off the ground".

The Skillswops are held on Tuesday evenings, 7 till 9, at the Centre for the Unemployed, 66-72 Houndsgate. Further info from Dave Fell on Nott'm 413881.

note oilskin base — lowry

REUNITED AFTER ANY NUMBER (18) OF HAIR-RAISING (SEE AUBERON WAUGH) SCRAPES, MONTY AND HIS BAND OF GOOD OL' PERSONS ARE DEMYSTIFYING AND RESTRUCTURING THE TRADITIONAL, STIFLING 'ROCK' CONCEPTS...
PROTEST AND JOG!
ROLL AND ROCK EVERYBODY!!
GUARDIAN ARTS
FACE IT, MONTY. DEMYSTIFYING AND RESTRUCTURING THE TRADITIONAL 'ROCK' CONCEPTS IN DRAG, IS LAST YEAR'S THING!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BERYL
BOY
NORMAN
TEX
ZAP!!
JOG AND SURVIVE
I'LL ATTEMPT TO PROJECT A COUNTRY AND WESTERN CONCERT TO AN AUDIENCE OF SELECTED HARD-CORE PUNKS WAITING IN A DESERTED AIRCRAFT HANGER NEAR STAINES...
HARD THINK..
BY FORCE OF WILL!
SOCIALIST SPORTS RESULTS WEST HAM 2 SPURS 0 CAPITAL V. LABOUR POSTPONED. UNITED 6
BUT MONTY'S CONCENTRATED COUNTRY THINKS ZAPS A PASSING AEROFLOT SOCIAL-REALIST FLIGHT...
PLEASE DON'T PANIC-UNDER YOUR SEATS PLEASE FIND YOUR COPY OF 'THE EIGHTEENTH BRUMAIRE OF LOUIS BONAPARTE'
WILL YOU JOIN ME IN SINGING VERSE THREE OF GENESIS OF CAPITAL?.
STAND BY YOUR PERSON!!.
THE (BY NOW) POST-PUNKS WAIT ANXIOUSLY
QUIET!
FULL TIME SOCIALIST SCORES — UNITED 1. CITY 1. LIVERPOOL 1. SPURS 1. EVERTON 1. ARSENAL 1. BRIGHTON 1. STOKE 1. BURNLEY 1. Q.P.R. 1. WEST HAM 1. NOTTS F. 1.
WHILE MONTS OUT-OF-CONTROL BRAIN WAVES FLY ROUND THE WORLD..
THE SHADOWS ON THE BLIND...
TELL ME IT'S MEMBERS ONLY NIGHT!
CLUB..
NEXT WEEK - THE INEVITABILITY OF GRADUALNESS (GABBY JOHNSON IS ON HOLIDAY)

the lone groover — benyon

IT SEEMS THIS DUDE MARX IS GETTIN' A LOT OF NAME CHECKS
NME
IT'S RILLY SAD, HIS REVOLUTIONARY IDEAS HAVE BEEN WARPED INTO NEW WAVE IMPERIALISM.....
INDIRECTLY HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR CREATIN' A POWER BLOCK OF SENILE PARENTAL DEADBEATS WHO ONLY GIVE TH' PEOPLE WHAT THEY THINK IS GOOD FOR THEM...
YEAH?
CANNED DIM
WHICH RECORD COMPANY DID HE START?

LA'S NEW ADDITION ● GLASGOW SHOWCASE ●

There are so many bands in Glasgow it seems that every second person is a musician of some sort. This brings its own problems, mostly for the head-sore managers of venues pestered by new, small outfits for live spots already bursting at the seams. With so many acts already established as 'Glasgow Scene' bands, and an ever increasing population of new talent, the problem of slotting them all in is being tackled by one venue, at least.

Willie Potts of Night Moves in Sauchiehall Street is promoting a new evening on Wednesday nights specifically to showcase bands on their first or second live performance in a major venue, and he's trying to make it as attractive to local audiences as possible. The plan is to have three new acts on every Wednesday with as low a door price as he can manage, thus paying the band a reasonable amount for their performance and keeping the club open an extra night.

The first in this series is on May 4th featuring a 'Loudon Furious Music' package of Yeah Yeah, Let's Get Dressed and The Magic Box for the bargain price of £1.50 or 75p for club members. Any young hopefuls should send a demo (if possible) and contact number to Willie Potts at Night Moves, 92 Sauchiehall Street.

ANDREA MILLER

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR

With Michael Jackson registering twice in America's Top Ten singles chart and still at the top of the LP listings, record companies are casting around for a group of bright youngsters who may be able to duplicate the success of The Jackson 5. Britain has Musical Youth, New York has New Edition and at Motown Records in Los Angeles they have DeBarge.

DeBarge are five of Mr and Mrs DeBarge's ten children. Originally from Detroit they moved to California in 1979 and for the past ten years Eldra, Bunny, Marty and Randy have been playing together — first in church and then in various highschool dates. When two elder brothers Bobby and Tommy helped form Motown group Switch, no less a personage than Jermaine Jackson (Switch manager, Berry Gordy's son-in-law and a man who probably knows a buncha J5 clones better than most) auditioned and duly signed the budding prodigies.

Speaking on the transatlantic blower, vocalist and pianist Eldra, who is being touted as the new MJ, admitted he came from a musical family.

"Sure did, Gav, father plays piano and ma sings beautiful gospel. I was born with a drum in each ear and even our sewing machine's a Singer."

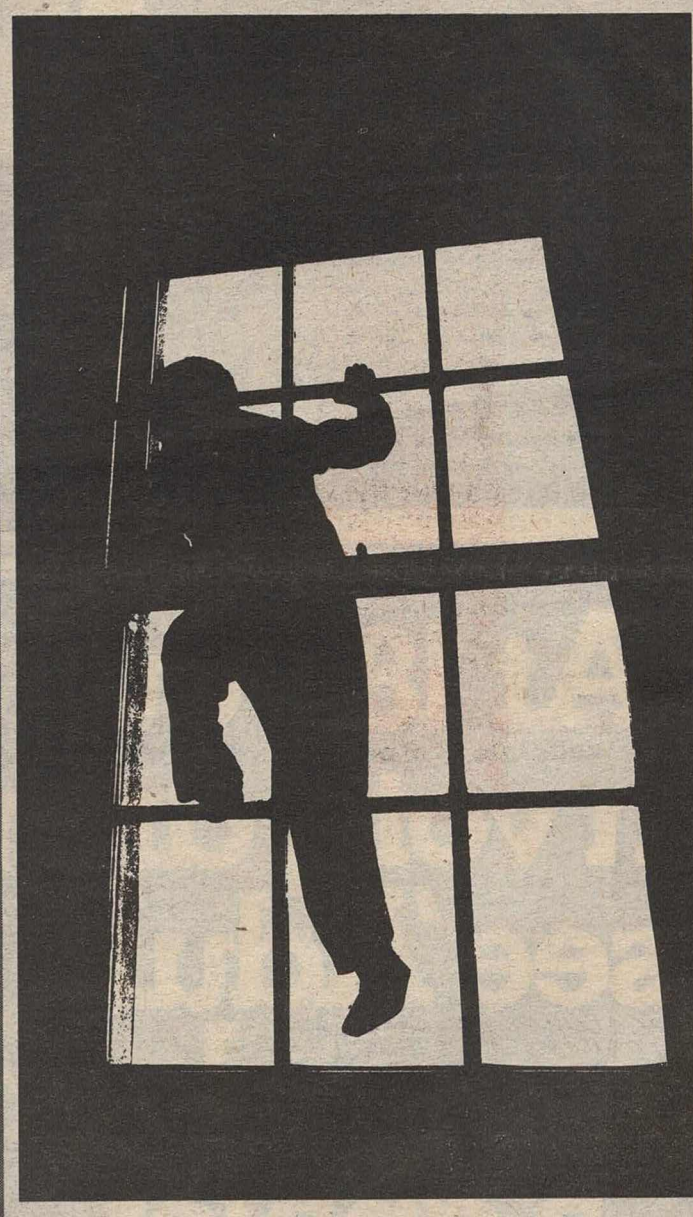
How does he feel about being compared to Jackson? "It's a real honour, something to live up to" etc. Asked how things were with the Motown artist training and personality development classes, El (he likes to be called 'El' folks!) said that they still took place but were optional these days.

On the strength of their mild sweet single 'I Like It,' former Motown veteran Marvin Gaye offered DeBarge the support slot on his first tour since leaving the label which has just commenced, and their first LP will shortly be available in this country.

GAVIN MARTIN

Tears For Fears

Pale Shelter



New single

available on 7" + 12"

mercury

FOUR OUT OF FIVE HIGH SCOUSERS ● STOMPIN' AT THE PALACE ●

PACKING A PUNCH

THE HIGH Five group are four regular scousers (average age 22) who don't look remotely like pop stars — they can't even muster one silly haircut between them.

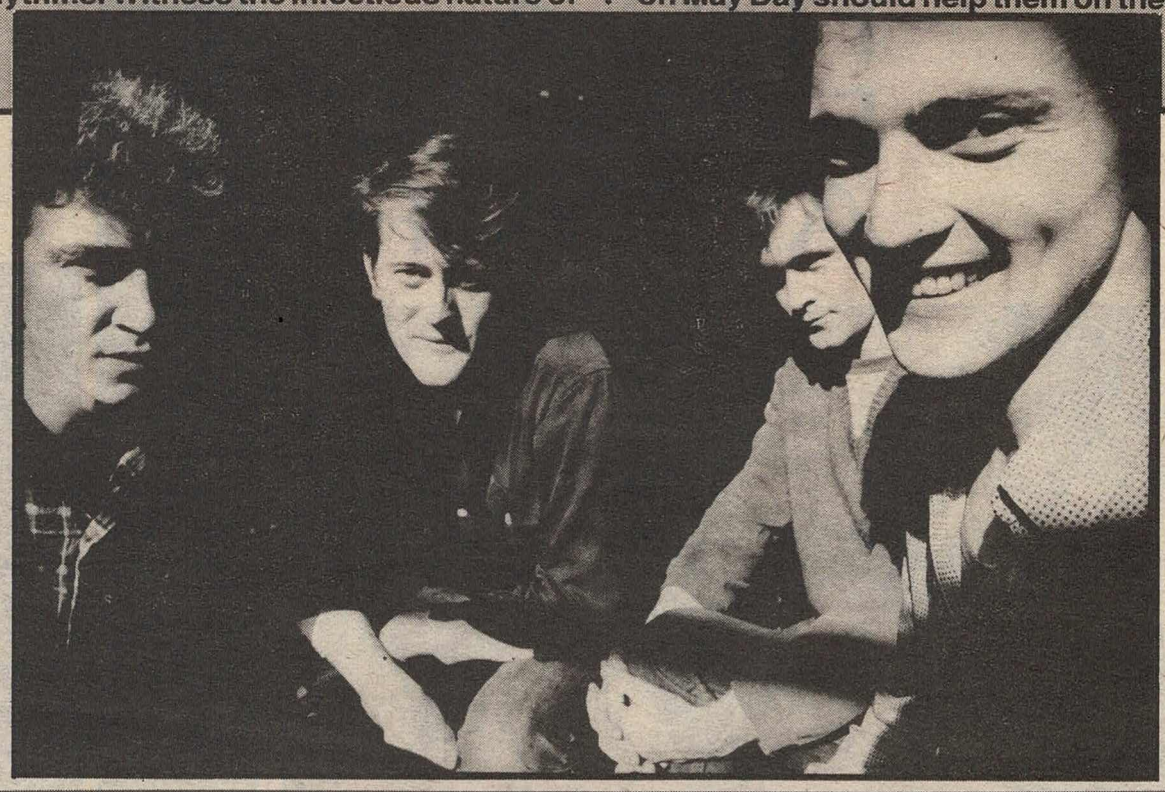
Haircuts aside they represent the brightest star on a very full Liverpool horizon. Drummer Rob Jones (ex Wah!) likens the group to a middleweight boxer: "...punchy and hard, but not heavy". And while I don't think I could get away with a metaphor like that, it seems to capture the spirit of the thing.

This is positive, very '80s pop played with controlled power plus the invaluable asset of Asa Hayes' rough, but naturally soulful vocals, and pounding accoustic rhythms. Witness the infectious nature of a live set where every song is a potential hit, and you can understand why Peely made them one of his top five sessions of last year.

Phil Jones (bass), who along with guitarist Mark Braben completes the foursome, tells me they're not too worried about the lack of reaction to the Peel acolade and gigs around the country. They're happy to build slowly and wait for the record companies to come to them. It's hard not to share Rob's conviction that in about a year's time people will be well and truly sick of the electro-boppers and only too eager to welcome bands like themselves and Ellery Bop.

A tour with Aztec Camera in May and a prestige local gig with The Style Council on May Day should help them on their way.

KEV MC



Pic John Stoddart

COOLSVILLE CALLING

50 PENCE

NME — the paper that puts its feet where its mouth is — invites readers to dance the night away at The Camden Palace for six solid hours STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY in celebration of the era of Honkers, Screamers, Shouters, Be-Boppers and Jazz Babes. An evening's entertainment inspired by the success of the *NME*-Arista cassette 'Stompin' At The Savoy'.

So flip flop and fly from 9 pm until 3 am on Wednesday May 4, 1983 with *NME* and the flat foot floogie with the floy floy.

Admission £3. But there's a special 50p discount to *NME* readers who bring along the special coupon provided.

At 18 you can vote, drink, see 'Adult' films and rent a chalet at Pontin's.

If you've come of age, you can come to Tower Beach in Prestatyn for an inexpensive self-catering holiday.

Once you're here, there's a whole programme of events for you, ranging from sports coaching to nightly discos.

The whole holiday can cost less than £18 per person per week.

And with our free holiday offers, all summer, five people can go for the price of four. Ring us now for full details.

☎ 07456 2244
PONTIN'S
TOWER BEACH

NO!

THE NEW WEEKLY POP MAGAZINE

FROM NEXT THURSDAY

These remarkable Sony offers have to be seen and heard to be believed.

Many people would like you to believe Sony's highest grade video tape should cost a high price.

At W. H. Smith we wouldn't hear of it.

We're offering an exclusive double Betamax pack of a Sony L750 Dynamicron and a L750 High Grade Dynamicron video tape for a surprisingly low £14.49, which means a saving of over £2.50, based on the price of two normal L750 Dynamicron video tapes bought separately.

But with this double pack you get a better quality video tape into the bargain.

So if you're a video buyer with your sights set on superb picture quality and true to life colour, an offer of extra quality at less cost is probably the best news you've heard all day.

But should you be on the lookout for audio tapes, we have a range of Sony tapes at prices that are so low you can barely hear them. For instance, a triple pack of CHF C90 cassettes for £2.69 – save £1.06* or a triple pack of CHF C60 for £1.99, save 68p.*

Remarkable. But that's what W. H. Smith's Sony Audio and Video ranges are about – giving more for less.

WHSMITH

*Based on the price of tapes bought separately. Prices correct at time of going to press. Subject to availability. Offer whilst stocks last.

THE RONALD SEARLE drawing above comes from *War Heads* (Sphere, £2.50), a collection of anti-nuke cartoons from Europe and the USA. The 72 contributors, who have donated their royalties to CND, include well-known names like Sue Coe, R. Crumb, Jules Feiffer, Gerald Scarfe and Ralph Steadman, who's represented by his *NME* 'Guide To 1984' cover. As you'd expect, the humour tends towards the bleak, and the macho aspects of nuclear brinkmanship are singled out for particularly bitter satire. It's a scream — one way or the other.

GRAHAM LOCK

PRINT

CARRÉ ON SPYING

"From a man of le Carre's intelligence, experience, empathy and proven skill, this crap is an insult."

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY sees the master spywriter come unstuck without Smiley

THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL
by John le Carre *(Hodder & Stoughton, £8.95)*

From long habit, Smiley had taken off his spectacles and was absently polishing them on the fat end of his tie, even though he had to delve for it among the folds of his tweed coat.

'George, you won,' said Guillam as they walked slowly towards the car.

'Did I?' said Smiley. 'Yes. Yes, I suppose I did.'

IT IS hardly surprising that John le Carre should wish to abandon his froggy little spymaster for a while: after three massive instalments of George Smiley's *pas de deux* with the dread Karla and Alec Guinness' scintillating performance in two television adaptations, the whole apparatus of housekeepers, headhunters and lamplighters was becoming something of a cliche.

In the warm, fetid darkness of the exploitation publishers' potting sheds, things with titles like *Eeny Meeny Miney Mole* ('in the tradition of...') began to sprout, and in the popular press (if one may use such a term with a relatively straight face) any news item connected with certain sorts of international political skulduggery carried a Smiley reference where once there would have been an 007 joke.

Clearly, the dominant popular image of Britain's dirty tricks department had become that of a plump old ex-don with bags under his eyes and big specs in front of them, rather than a sybaritic brute in a Saville Row suit.

Smiley has dominated le Carre's career: appearing as the protagonist of *Call For The Dead* (a remarkably short book by his current standards, filmed as *The Deadly Affair* with James Mason and Simone Signoret) before quitting the spy game to reappear in a classically English detective-story-of-manners entitled *A Murder Of Quality*. In *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold* and its immediate successor *The Looking Glass War*, his roles are crucial even though he spends most of the time off-stage. In the undistinguished spy thriller *A Small Town In Germany* and the equally unremarkable agony-of-modern-relationships novel *The Naive And Sentimental Lover*, Smiley and his troupe were set aside to return for their finest hours in the Karla trilogy *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*, *The Honourable Schoolboy* and *Smiley's People*.

And after 1200 pages, even the most devoted moleophile would like a break, not just from the world of Oliver Lacon, Peter Guillam, Bill Haydon and Lady Ann, but from those endless rainswept streets and villages, from the taste of fear hither and yon in Northern Europe, from Paris and Berlin and Smiley's flat in Chelsea, from The Circus and from the whole Ruskies v. Brits waltz

The Little Drummer Girl is set in a very different scenario, a harsh sun-baked book where the struggle in which a hapless protagonist becomes entangled operates according to an entirely different set of imperatives. The title character — a brainless, spoiled left-wing actress — becomes a catspaw in a singularly convoluted plot by Israeli intelligence to eliminate a ranking Palestinian guerilla.

According to a little squib in the *Mirror*, the title character is based on le Carre's sister, actress Charlotte Cornwell. She is even named "Charlie" in the book, an act of filial affection unrivalled since the days of the Cleopatras.

Despite the fact that she is based on a living person (who'll get the movie role? Julie Christie? Vanessa Redgrave?), Charlie comes across as remarkably inauthentic. The artsy young radicals among whom she moves seem similarly unlike any persons of that ilk whom I have personally encountered, though her drunken Scots actor boyfriend Long Al is a fairly amusing character. A more appropriate term would be 'caricature': very few of *The Little Drummer Girl*'s people seem to possess any independent life of their own. With very few exceptions, they seem like clay figures, puppets shuffled around at the behest of their author.

It would be more than a trifle crass to extrapolate that le Carre has a genuine contempt for both women and the left, but Charlie is depicted as being so weak, dim and disloyal as to invite the reader's incredulity. Her loudly professed sympathies are entirely with the Palestinians, but because the Israeli agent who picks her up is so damn cute and Byronically dashing and his warm, wise and paternally stern chief is so damn logical, she ends up infiltrating a guerilla group to set up their leader. It apparently takes her quite a while before she realises that she is actually in a situation where people are going to get killed all around her whatever she does.

The book comes to a typical le Carre climax, which reveals once again that in any situation where people's politics are expressed through the medium of deadly weapons, the individual psyche or the individual human life are matters of extremely low priority and people are going to get wiped out or fucked up as a matter of course. This is the most important point that le Carre makes, and it is a vital one: most contemporary thrillers (you know, the ones whose titles invariably consist of a definite article, a name and a noun, Robert Ludlum style) use death and injury purely as a means of getting the reader to hiss the villains and cheer the heroes. What le Carre has always emphasised — most memorably in *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold* — is that any political system will be willing to do anything to anybody in order to further its aims and ensure its survival.

The ending itself is as atypical as the moral is typical: Charlie and her demon lover of an Israeli agent stumble off into the sunset with few spiritual wounds that a bit of cuddling won't cure. The dread hand of the author looms into shot more and more often as the book goes on, but at the end he even dispenses with strings to move the puppets by hand. It is as if the task of creating an entire environment filled with characters fairly dissimilar from his standard repertory company has proved too much of a strain: he has not had the opportunity to warm up his characters over a decade and a half and they are appallingly stiff.

Le Carre's formidable skills have not entirely let him down in *The Little Drummer Girl:* his prose is as calmly taut and evocative as ever, and the section of the book which Charlie spends with the Palestinians and their European allies is the most powerful in the book, as gripping and illuminating as the Vietnam sequences in *Schoolboy*. The combination of flawlessly brilliant descriptive and narrative prose and leaden, stereotyped characters is an odd one: a real landscape with cardboard people in it.

As one with the characterisations are the attitudes: both are far more reminiscent of the stock content of the sub-Forsyth modern political thriller than the lapidary delicacy of the Smiley books. For some reason, sexism and Monday Club views are conventions of the genre, and this one is no exception: Charlie is the most insulting caricature imaginable. She is loudly and incoherently pro-PLO, but is prepared to live alongside them, fight alongside them and then betray them on behalf of the Israelis, whom she loathes. She is working for them because they have given her a dream lover-figure and a daddy-figure, and she remains thus schizophrenic throughout the book, having an intellectual loyalty to the idea of the Palestinian struggle and an emotional loyalty to two wonderful men. She experiences little difficulty maintaining these two contradictory loyalties, and is shielded by the author from most of the consequences of her actions.

Translation: lefties are dumb and hypocritical (invariably) and women are shallow, disloyal creatures who can be led anywhere by the promise of a bunkup with Mr Wonderful (ditto). From a man of le Carre's intelligence, experience, empathy and proven skill, this crap is an insult.

It would be ludicrously simplistic to complain specifically on behalf of women or the Left — there are, after all, all kinds of women and all kinds of lefties — but characterisation this crass should be left to the potboilers, where it belongs, and where SAS and CIA groupies can get their rocks off without disturbing the neighbours.

The Little Drummer Girl has had some stick in radical papers (particularly in *City Limits*) for being on the wrong side. They see it as entirely pro-Israeli; certain members of my family would regard it as being positively anti-Semitic. On a variety of levels, this point is irrelevent: the rightish politics are an occupational hazard of the spy novel; only the early Deightons, with their '60s cheekiness and sceptical working-class protagonist challenged that. The most damning indictment possible of *The Little Drummer Girl* is simply that its characters will not get up and walk.

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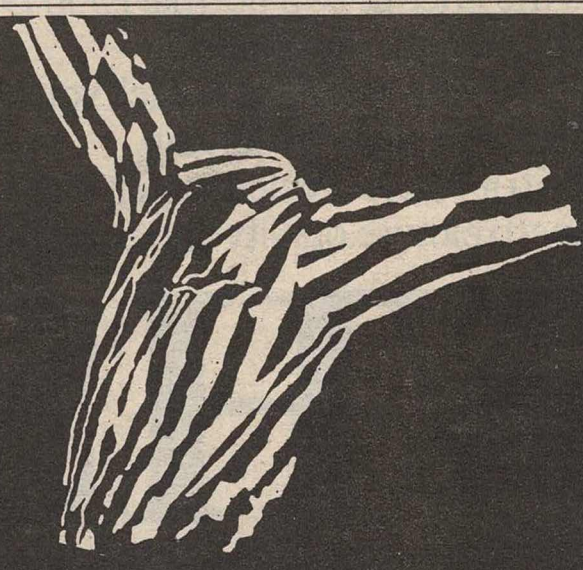

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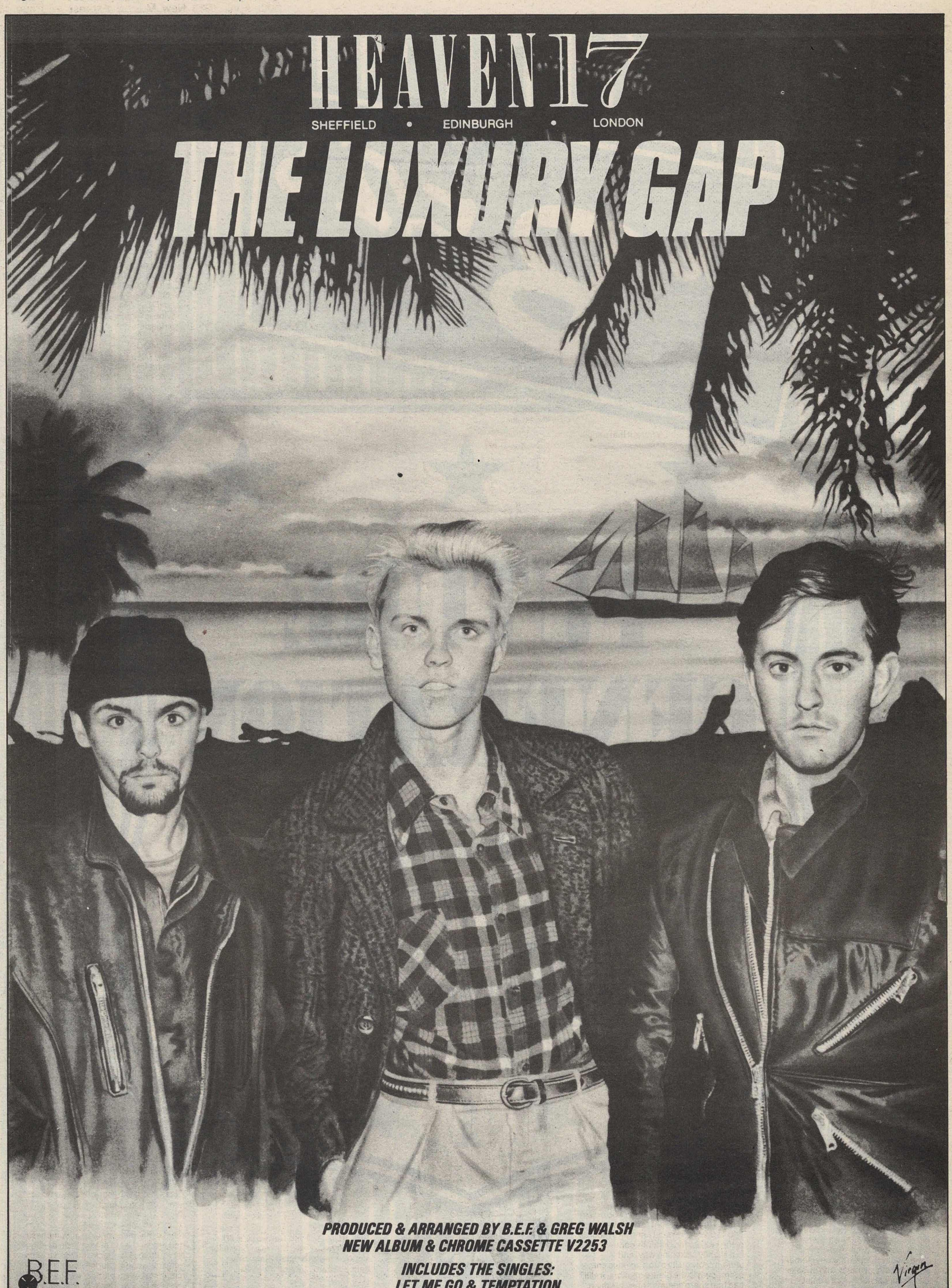

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SINGLES

BY DON WATSON

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

THE SISTERS OF MERCY: Anaconda *(Merciful Release)*
THE MARCH VIOLETS: Crow Baby *(Rebirth)*
The one thing that connects these two, apart from the fact that they're both very good is that they're both, well, ROCK singles. That's right, screaming, raving, unashamed *rock*, which seems nowadays to send 50 percent of critics, if not an equivalent proportion of the record buying public, screaming for the hills.

Meanwhile there is a fragile regrouping of support for the genre that dare not speak its name. Rock rock rock rock (Hah! that feels good).

What unifies the wildly varying world-views of we rock renegades is that the format itself is not necessarily as clod-hopping and unsophisticated as its simplistic critics would have you believe. Something like The Birthday Party's 'Deep In The Woods' consciously places itself within a musical format that could superficially be defined as rock, but achieves a level of invention and sensitivity undreamt of by most synth riff-bearing anti-rock crusaders.

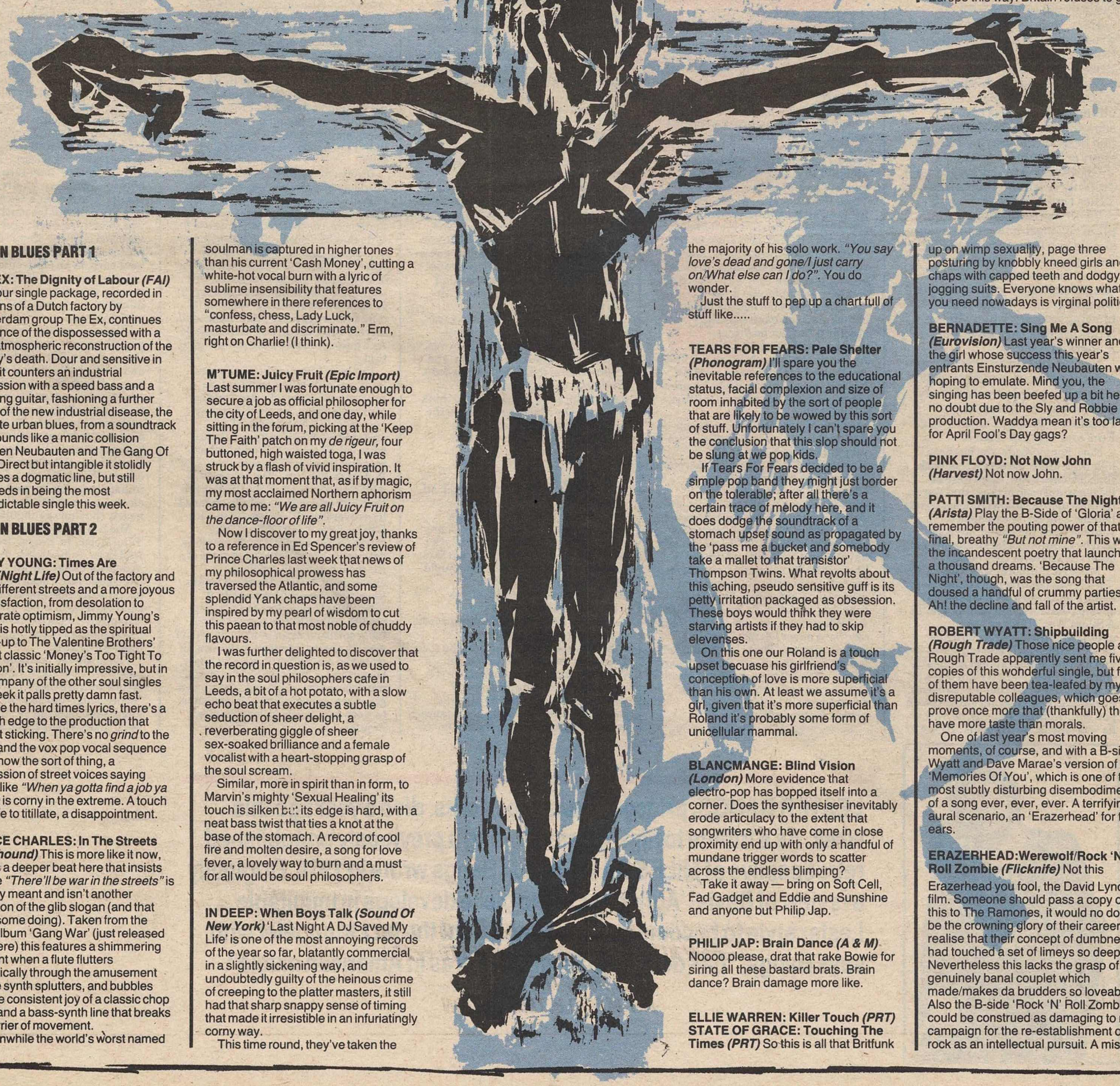
What distinguishes The Birthday Party or a more conventional outfit like Black Flag, or indeed any representative of the middle ground occupied by the two bands under consideration here, is their ability to transcend the ritual, which if you remember was the enemy in the first place. The fact is the anti-rockist brigade (and the term, remember, was first coined by a man with more than a few power chords in his system) has mutated from healthy perimeter expansion into a frantic witch hunt against the electric guitar, a phenomenally silly occupation.

Beware of people who bandy the word Rock as an ultimate insult, usually they are brandishing a half-baked version of an outdated theory. Be perverse, begin by buying these singles.

The Sisters of Mercy's 'Anaconda', which has been hovering at the top of the independent charts for the last few weeks but remained hitherto unreviewed in these pages, plays their usual dark humour game, falling deeper into the realms of self-parody and suffering from a duller sparkle than we are accustomed to from this motley crew. Nevertheless its silly reptilian tale uncoils around an awesome bass and a guitar that strikes a powerful chord for the reclamation of heavy metal from the ritual. It will be shunned by purists for its ironic revelling in the delight of the electronic drum machine, set against the controlled power of its crashing, quavering riffs, but that contradiction proves an important part of its humour.

While we're on the subject of humour, allow me another rant. Why is it that people capable of spotting the irony in pop fail to realise the possibility of its existence in singles such as these? Yes, The March Violets lyrics are extremely *funny*.

After the vaguely disappointing grind of 'Grooving In Green', The March Violets have come to terms with their wild spirit of pop and produced their finest single so far. This one spits, the guitar corrodes and Rosie Garland's clinical precision pierces to perfection. A grotesquely hilarious masterpiece.



URBAN BLUES PART 1

THE EX: The Dignity of Labour *(FAI)* This four single package, recorded in the ruins of a Dutch factory by Amsterdam group The Ex, continues the dance of the dispossessed with a thick atmospheric reconstruction of the factory's death. Dour and sensitive in turns, it counters an industrial percussion with a speed bass and a crashing guitar, fashioning a further brand of the new industrial disease, the ultimate urban blues, from a soundtrack that sounds like a manic collision between Neubauten and The Gang Of Four. Direct but intangible it stolidly pursues a dogmatic line, but still succeeds in being the most unpredictable single this week.

URBAN BLUES PART 2

JIMMY YOUNG: Times Are Tight *(Night Life)* Out of the factory and onto different streets and a more joyous dissatisfaction, from desolation to desperate optimism, Jimmy Young's single is hotly tipped as the spiritual follow-up to The Valentine Brothers' instant classic 'Money's Too Tight To Mention'. It's initially impressive, but in the company of the other soul singles this week it palls pretty damn fast. Despite the hard times lyrics, there's a smooth edge to the production that stops it sticking. There's no *grind* to the bass, and the vox pop vocal sequence (you know the sort of thing, a succession of street voices saying things like *"When ya gotta find a job ya can't")* is corny in the extreme. A touch too safe to titillate, a disappointment.

PRINCE CHARLES: In The Streets *(Greyhound)* This is more like it now, there's a deeper beat here that insists the line *"There'll be war in the streets"* is actually meant and isn't another recitation of the glib slogan (and that takes some doing). Taken from the 1981 album 'Gang War' (just released over here) this features a shimmering moment when a flute flutters majestically through the amusement arcade synth splutters, and bubbles with the consistent joy of a classic chop guitar and a bass-synth line that breaks the barrier of movement.

Meanwhile the world's worst named soulman is captured in higher tones than his current 'Cash Money', cutting a white-hot vocal burn with a lyric of sublime insensibility that features somewhere in there references to "confess, chess, Lady Luck, masturbate and discriminate." Erm, right on Charlie! (I think).

M'TUME: Juicy Fruit *(Epic Import)* Last summer I was fortunate enough to secure a job as official philosopher for the city of Leeds, and one day, while sitting in the forum, picking at the 'Keep The Faith' patch on my *de rigeur,* four buttoned, high waisted toga, I was struck by a flash of vivid inspiration. It was at that moment that, as if by magic, my most acclaimed Northern aphorism came to me: *"We are all Juicy Fruit on the dance-floor of life"*.

Now I discover to my great joy, thanks to a reference in Ed Spencer's review of Prince Charles last week that news of my philosophical prowess has traversed the Atlantic, and some splendid Yank chaps have been inspired by my pearl of wisdom to cut this paean to that most noble of chuddy flavours.

I was further delighted to discover that the record in question is, as we used to say in the soul philosophers cafe in Leeds, a bit of a hot potato, with a slow echo beat that executes a subtle seduction of sheer delight, a reverberating giggle of sheer sex-soaked brilliance and a female vocalist with a heart-stopping grasp of the soul scream.

Similar, more in spirit than in form, to Marvin's mighty 'Sexual Healing' its touch is silken but its edge is hard, with a neat bass twist that ties a knot at the base of the stomach. A record of cool fire and molten desire, a song for love fever, a lovely way to burn and a must for all would be soul philosophers.

IN DEEP: When Boys Talk *(Sound Of New York)* 'Last Night A DJ Saved My Life' is one of the most annoying records of the year so far, blatantly commercial in a slightly sickening way, and undoubtedly guilty of the heinous crime of creeping to the platter masters, it still had that sharp snappy sense of timing that made it irresistible in an infuriatingly corny way.

This time round, they've taken the timing, added a further whit of wit and emerged with a sound you can like without the shamefaced expression. *"You shot your mout' off boy,"* begins the outraged date, somewhat miffed about being the talk of the town for all the wrong reasons. *"I shoulda known that,"* she continues, *"when boys talk, they don't talk politics"*. Which, while rather a good line, is not altogether accurate. Why just the other day, X Moore and myself had a lengthy conversation about the validity of the Marxist economic analysis in post-industrial society. So there! Buy this all the same.

THE UNDERTONES: Chain of Love *(Ardeck)* Sadly the weakest track from the excellent 'Sin of Pride' album, which means it will probably be the next single hit they've been searching for. While no-one has noticed, though, The Undertones, like Madness, have turned from a hit single and greatest hits albums band, to one whose albums are coherent wholes and whose singles sound a little adrift.

In The Undertones' case, the theme of their albums seems to be the constant attempt to transcend the leaden qualities of their rhythm section. On 'The Sin of Pride' this was one of the failures.

The B-side of 'Window Shopping For New Clothes' on the other hand is a superbly timed, harmonic '60s pastiche with the classic line *"Intuition tells me/The kind of clothes to wear/But intuition can't help me/Become a self made millionaire"*. Brilliant! Besides which, the title is the most loveable since The Distractions' 'You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That'.

PETE SHELLEY: No One Like You *(Genetic)* Persistent little git isn't he? Just as I was glibly plotting the direct relationship between the tiresomeness of his songwriting (viz 'Telephone Operator') and his distance from the cruel beauty of Devoto's influence, he comes up with possibly his strongest moment since 'Paradise' on 'A Different Kind of Tension'!

'No One Like You' re-establishes the abrasive brilliance of Shelley's guitar playing, but begins with an inauspicious vocal line of that tremulous variety he seems to have developed since Buzzcocks days. As it progresses there's a creeping note of desperation that's been missing from the majority of his solo work. *"You say love's dead and gone/I just carry on/What else can I do?"*. You do wonder.

Just the stuff to pep up a chart full of stuff like.....

TEARS FOR FEARS: Pale Shelter *(Phonogram)* I'll spare you the inevitable references to the educational status, facial complexion and size of room inhabited by the sort of people that are likely to be wowed by this sort of stuff. Unfortunately I can't spare you the conclusion that this slop should not be slung at we pop kids.

If Tears For Fears decided to be a simple pop band they might just border on the tolerable; after all there's a certain trace of melody here, and it does dodge the soundtrack of a stomach upset sound as propagated by the 'pass me a bucket and somebody take a mallet to that transistor' Thompson Twins. What revolts about this aching, pseudo sensitive guff is its petty irritation packaged as obsession. These boys would think they were starving artists if they had to skip elevenses.

On this one our Roland is a touch upset becuase his girlfriend's conception of love is more superficial than his own. At least we assume it's a girl, given that it's more superficial than Roland it's probably some form of unicellular mammal.

BLANCMANGE: Blind Vision *(London)* More evidence that electro-pop has bopped itself into a corner. Does the synthesiser inevitably erode articulacy to the extent that songwriters who have come in close proximity end up with only a handful of mundane trigger words to scatter across the endless blimping?

Take it away — bring on Soft Cell, Fad Gadget and Eddie and Sunshine and anyone but Philip Jap.

PHILIP JAP: Brain Dance *(A & M)* Noooo please, drat that rake Bowie for siring all these bastard brats. Brain dance? Brain damage more like.

ELLIE WARREN: Killer Touch *(PRT)*
STATE OF GRACE: Touching The Times *(PRT)* So this is all that Britfunk has to offer nowadays. *"You got something . . . whatever it is I'm ready for more."* Ellie Warren pronounces with a lack of enthusiasm that suggests that whatever it is, it's probably about as exciting as a home game at Chelsea.

State Of Grace, meanwhile, look like they've had it tough. Scraping their way to the top via a gruelling succession of Young Conservative's Benefits but now close to their ambition of appearing on *Stars On Sunday*. Really, my dears, fireside scenes do not on covers of funk records fit.

Would David Grant kindly take off that Colonel Pop outfit and start acting serious, things are getting desperate.

THE FLIRTS: Passion *(O)* The Flirts are the new prodigies of Bobby Orlando, the man who's responsible for the idea of getting Divine to sing, which explains the resemblance between this and the fat one's 'Shoot Your Shot'. Divine is funnier, and if you're looking for passion look to M'tume.

THE MOODISTS: The Disciples Know *(Red Flame)* After The Ex, the second fresh surprise attack of the week; deranged discordant brilliance from an Australian band with a rare grasp of anger in noise, and guitar playing of resplendent irregularity and wonderful ugliness. 'The Disciples Know' is The Fall's shuffle regurgitated with a fast hustle while the B-side is a delightful counterpoint of melody and chaos. More please.

SWEET DREAMS: I'm Never Giving Up *(Ariola)* Rise and protest my countrymen, we will never conquer Europe this way. Britain refuses to give up on wimp sexuality, page three posturing by knobbly kneed girls and chaps with capped teeth and dodgy jogging suits. Everyone knows what you need nowadays is virginal politics...

BERNADETTE: Sing Me A Song *(Eurovision)* Last year's winner and the girl whose success this year's entrants Einsturzende Neubauten will be hoping to emulate. Mind you, the singing has been beefed up a bit here, no doubt due to the Sly and Robbie production. Waddya mean it's too late for April Fool's Day gags?

PINK FLOYD: Not Now John *(Harvest)* Not now John.

PATTI SMITH: Because The Night *(Arista)* Play the B-Side of 'Gloria' and remember the pouting power of that final, breathy *"But not mine"*. This was the incandescent poetry that launched a thousand dreams. 'Because The Night', though, was the song that doused a handful of crummy parties. Ah! the decline and fall of the artist.

ROBERT WYATT: Shipbuilding *(Rough Trade)* Those nice people at Rough Trade apparently sent me five copies of this wonderful single, but four of them have been tea-leafed by my disreputable colleagues, which goes to prove once more that (thankfully) they have more taste than morals.

One of last year's most moving moments, of course, and with a B-side, Wyatt and Dave Marae's version of 'Memories Of You', which is one of the most subtly disturbing disembodiments of a song ever, ever, ever. A terrifying aural scenario, an 'Erazerhead' for the ears.

ERAZERHEAD: Werewolf/Rock 'N' Roll Zombie *(Flicknife)* Not this Erazerhead you fool, the David Lynch film. Someone should pass a copy of this to The Ramones, it would no doubt be the crowning glory of their career to realise that their concept of dumbness had touched a set of limeys so deeply. Nevertheless this lacks the grasp of the genuinely banal couplet which made/makes da brudders so loveable. Also the B-side 'Rock 'N' Roll Zombie' could be construed as damaging to my campaign for the re-establishment of rock as an intellectual pursuit. A miss.

The Resurrection Of Rock. Illustration by Ian Wright

KIND OF GRIM

I HAVE been wrestling with this Miles Davis thing for what has amounted to years now, and even though I still haven't gotten it figured out, perhaps an expository dissection of my confusion can be instructive to you, if *you* care.

Certainly Miles has been leading quite a few of us along by the nose, tying our tympanics and our standards up in knots (especially reviewers) as we try to figure out whether the relative non-impact of all this shit boils down to us or him.

Here, then, is the problem, with a roster of alternative solutions (take your pick, if you pick): ever since 'Jack Johnson', which came out in 1971 and was his last incontrovertibly masterful album, Miles has become something whose antithesis he had been for the previous 20-odd years of his career: erratic.

Critics particularly had trouble deciding whether albums like 'Miles Davis In Concert' were difficult, dense masterworks or plain old dogshit: it wasn't even as simple as a figure traditionally deemed above criticism, but rather that nobody wants to be caught sitting on yesterday's curb whacking their doodle to old blowing sessions when Miles is sculpting new thruways and monorails.

Briefly, he laid on us such bones of great contention (although not very many people wanted to say so in public) as 'Miles At Fillmore', 'On The Corner', 'Big Fun' and 'Get Up With It'.

Now. For anybody who has been following Miles' career farther back than 'Bitches Brew' there were at least parts of each of these that were a bit difficult to swallow. At least if your listener's integrity extended to yourself (fuck the public; anybody that buys Stanley Clarke albums deserves whatever they get).

'Miles At Fillmore', way back in '70-'71, was the first one I remember being a bit thrown by: it was simply obvious that he was extending the 'In A Silent Way'/'Bitches Brew' approach (which Joe Zawinul has never gotten nearly enough credit for, and may have been almost wholesale ripped off when you get right down to it, if not for the fact that he has been ploughing his own avant-MOR row of pap with Weather Report), no, rather he was *reiterating* the leaps of those albums in a way that not only added nothing, but was literally not up to Miles' traditionally Mandarin-impeccable standards.

I wrote it off as an off note unaccountably put on record, but then he followed the brilliance of 'Jack Johnson' and the relative comeback of 'Live-Evil' with 'On The Corner', which still reigns supreme as the absolute worst album this man ever put out.

An experiment in percussion and electronics, what little actual trumpet you could pluck out of the buzz-wizz and chockablocka was so distorted as to be almost beyond recognition. And this from the man who made a good deal of his rep on the devastating, transcendent depths of pure human emotion he could find in his soul and axe. It seemed almost to amount to a form of suicide, or at least an artistically perverse act of the highest order.

THERE WERE, of course, the Faithful who declared four-square like Jann Wenner of John & Yoko's 'Wedding Album' that Miles Knows What He's Doing Even If I Don't — Ralph J. Gleason, a man whose penchant for glib preachments and name dropping could be eternally excused by his boundless passion for musical art, devoted a lead tandem review in *Rolling Stone* to 'On The Corner' and the then-current Santana album. They were, he said, a new genre of "street music" with heavy Third World (or at least American Ethno-Cultural Minority Group) ramifications, directed to audience of same, with the review's obvious though unstated implication being that if we the (presumably) white jass-buffs couldn't get with it maybe it was only meant for the bros.

I have in my time heard similar claims made, in more stridently specific terms, for mediocre-to-ghastly albums by people like Archie Shepp, Joseph Jarman & The Art Ensemble Of Chicago, and Sun Ra, and they were every bit as much a platter of horseshit in those instances as with Miles.

Gleason once told me that Shepp was working in an area where it was very difficult indeed to tell "good" playing from "bad", and that therefore 'Three For A Quarter, One For A Dime' was one of those then-proliferating albums which were simply immune to critical arbitration. I mean, if "free" playing's tenets *are* adhered to to the letter, then we really have no business telling Archie Shepp, for instance, that he has been exploiting the ethnocentricity and oppression-bred anger of his own people for about half a decade now, do we? Who are we, a bunch of white boys who have never felt Mr. Charlie's boot, to say that 'Three For A Quarter' is nothing more nor less than a crappy album of jackoff squacksquawk tenor blowing slung out by an artist who doesn't seem to have very much respect for his audience?

No, we must admit that we, or our forefathers, or *somebody*, stands guilty of *four hundred years* of YOU KNOW WHAT. But I will also go on record as saying that I have been listening to all kinds of jazz, including more "free" rambles than most sane people (I used to listen to 'Ascension' and Albert Ayler's 'Spiritual Unity' while eating breakfast), and even though I don't know the first thing about the technical aspects of music I can tell good jazz, "free" or otherwise, from bad, and Archie Shepp has put out a whole lot of albums that are either gibberish ('Three For A Quarter') or blaxploitation bullshit ('Attica Blues'). Ask just about any musician and he'll tell you that with certain very minor exceptions, isolated tracks and such, Pharoah Sanders has been totally uninspired and unforgiveably gimmicky since Trane died; and I had the laff riot of seeing Sun Ra live in Berkeley a few years back, the old wack-dome himself along with full troupe of dancers, percussionists etc, two sax players chasing each other through the audience staging a mock cockfight with their horns SQUEEKA SWANKASQUOOONKRRRRRONK ARGGHHH etc, much to the delight naturally of the 99.999% white audience.

Best part was pinning this one black guy sitting on a rail watching all this tomfoolery, his white hiphuggin' coed date next to him leaning over said rail jaw agape at this mystico-sonic revelatory presentation, meanwhilst the spade dude just perching back cool thinking about that sweet tight white pussy the latter mello-rolls of the eve portend, his lips curled in a slight wry smile at how the dumb bitch was such a sucker as to lap all the hoodoo-carny jive up! I mean, do you think this cat woulda copped that piece of poontang with *Lou Donaldson?*

There are uses for the avant-garde in all its forms which have at best extracultural significance. This was merely one of the most common (and traditional) of them. Until somebody declares fucking a form of performance art, which come to think of it would be a bit of a relief from the likes of Chris Burden anyway.

THE CONNECTION between all this and Miles' *ouevre* is a connection, precisely. Even though he still doesn't move as many units as the prodigal Stanley Clarke or blear-orbs McLaughlin, it's safe to assume that in 1976 at least a couple of double-disc meisterplats of murk-mung elekro-Miles are as essential a component of the cokespoon swinger's pad as the proper brand of aromatic candles.

So Miles is not just background music but an essential part of the conspicuous consumption mores of a certain current subculture, and perhaps should not be criticised as music at all, but rather in accordance with their rise or fall on the barometer of college student and pimp-chic Hip. So maybe Tom Wolfe should start reviewing his records instead of me.

On the other hand, Miles has meant a lot to me ever since I first heard 'Birth Of The Cool' when I was too young to understand it, and while I still think I can tell good Miles from bad (the latter being something never experienced on wax, at least till this decade), I'm still not ready to write him off as so many others have done whether they pay lip service or not.

This in spite of the fact that the one time I finally got a chance to see him live, in 1973, he was such an asshole that his cooking (and, of course, unidentified) backup band put him to shame, while the titan himself settled for stalking sullenly around the stage, pausing his pre-mature curmudgeon's sulk every few minutes to lift his horn and blow three to six random careless and totally irrelvant notes, or find himself wandering behind an electric organ on which he randomly essayed two-finger off-notes more suitable to in-store demonstration than what was going on around him.

The highlight of the concert was when some smart-aleck in the audience threw a frisbee, it hit him in his black badass dog-mean S&M choker, which fell off. His entire performance, from music to personal bearing, was a giant fuck-you to everybody present (including his fellow musicians?) and I hated his guts.

If you wanted to rationalize this shit academically you could see it as the logical extension of his legendary proclivity for turning his back on his audiences, except that when he *used* to do that he was playing music that could snap your soul in two at the same time, besides which it's a matter of simple convenience (after all, why should *we* extend *him* any courtesy ?) to reject all such notions which can only encourage more infantilism, and merely write the guy off as an asshole. And quite probably a burnt-out one at that.

But here I sit, nearly three years later, and this man and his music refuse to ease their stranglehold on my tastes, more, my emotions. I am *obsessed* with Miles Davis; I am obsessed with him because he once released 'Sketches Of Spain', which contains an *adagio* passage in Rodrigo's 'Concierto De Aranjuez' which may hold more distilled sorrow than any other single solo by anyone I have ever heard; I am obsessed with him because 'Kind Of Blue', like 'Birth Of The Cool' a decade previous, defined an era and produced some of the most beautiful, spacious, expansively inspired music it was to know; I'm obsessed because 'In A Silent Way' came close to changing my life, reinstilling a respect for the truly spiritual aspects of music when I was otherwise intent on wallowing in grits and metal; I'm obsessed, simply, because he is Miles, one of the greatest musicians who ever lived, and when a giant gets cancer of the soul you have to weep or at least ask for a medical inquiry.

WHICH IS why I have been studying Miles' work, from all eras, for the past year or so, trying to figure out where (if?) he went wrong. Think about the fact that this guy has been making "jazz" records *since the late '40s*, and that many of them, way more than any single musician's share, have become (to borrow the title of one) milestones.

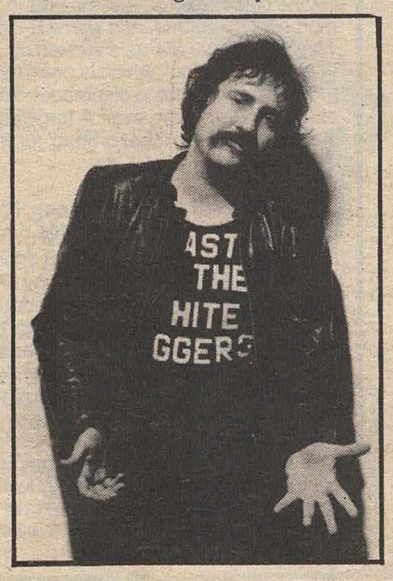
The man has defined at least three eras in American music — can Dylan say the same? Never mind that when 'In A Silent Way' came out it had the same effect as Charlie Parker's naissance and influence on his followers — ie, ruined a whole generation of musicians who were so swept by its brilliant departure that they could do nothing but slavishly imitate so every goddam album you heard dribbled the same watered-down-kitsch-copy of Mile's electric cathedral — it remains that now, seven years later, 'In A Silent Way' not only has not dated but stands with 'Sketches Of Spain' and a few other Miles albums as one of the sonic monuments of our time. And that's neither hype nor hyperbole..

But since then, the years, private problems, celebrityhood, hipper-than-thous — *something, whatever,* has taken its toll. 'On The Corner' was garbage. So was, with the possible exception of one bit I have been told about but unable to find in its four unbanded 30-minute sides, 'Miles Davis In Concert'. 'Big Fun' and 'Get Up With It' were largely leftovers, with expectably erratic results. The former's 'Go Ahead John' was a cooker, but too much of the rest was something never previously expected of Miles: simple ideas repeated for whole sides, up to a half hour each, in an electronicized repetitiveness and distortion-for-its-own-sake that may have been intended as hypnotic but ended up merely static.

What was perhaps even more disturbing was that once you got past the predictability and disappointment and analyzed the actual content of the music, it took Miles past his traditional (and traditionally heart-wrenching) penchant for sustained moods of deep sadness into a new area redolent more of a by turns muzzy and metallic unhappiness. He should have called one of these albums 'Kind Of Grim'. And mere unhappiness, elaborated at whatever electro-technocratic prolixity, is not nearly the same as anguish.

Much of Miles' finest music, from 'Blue Moods' to 'Prayer' from 'Porgy And Bess', to 'Sketches' to 'My Funny Valentine', has been about inner pain translated into a deep mourning poetry so intense and distilled that there have been times when I (and others have reported similar reactions) have been almost literally unable to take it.

I have always been offended when people will ask you to take off any jazz record because they find it "depressing," but secretly I always knew what they meant. Because there were times when *I* found Miles'



LESTER BANGS, prince of gonzo rock crits, died a year ago this week. As a tribute to him, we are printing a previously unpublished retrospective of MILES DAVIS which Bangs wrote in 1976. Originally a review of Davis' 'Agharta' LP, the piece develops in inimitable Lester style to become a major overview of the jazz trumpeter who, says Bangs, "has defined at least three eras in American music".

anguish not purgative but depressing, when I had to yank 'Jack Johnson' out of the 8-track deck because I could not drive to the laundromat with such a weight in my heart; but I also knew the reason why I (and, if I may be so presumptuous, the nebulous anti-jazz people I just mentioned) was depressed: *because at that moment there was something wrong with me,* of a severity that could reach by degrees from my consciousness to my heart to my soul; because I was sweeping some deep latent anguish under the emotional carpet, or not confronting myself on some primal level — *and Miles cut through to that level.*

His music was that powerful: it exposed me to myself, to my own falsity, to my own cowardice in the face of dread or staved-off pain. Because make no mistake, Miles understands pain — and he will pry it out of your soul's very core when he hits his supreme note and you happen, coincidentally, to be a bit of an open emotional wound at that moment yourself. It is this gift for open-heart surgery that makes him the supreme artist that he is.

SO, OBVIOUSLY, I am damned if I am going to shrug him off at this point. I am going to tear these fucking records apart and find out what the source of the cancer running through them is, praying for cure.

There are various theories being bantered about the grapevine concerning Miles' present state, many of them having to do with his personal problems (health, personal relationships, etc), and they are undoubtedly a major contributing factor in his decline, but to write a fade of this magnitude off to gossip fodder would be cheap, and since he hasn't incorporated his personal problems into his hype/legend like certain other artists, they remain nobody else's business.

It's too easy to concoct chemical or sexual demonologies. What emerges from 'Big Fun' and 'Get Up With It' is a sense of depression so deep and unconsolable as to be cold as the floor of a morgue. When you think of the cokespoon set that buys these albums because it's *Miles*, man, because of some stupid image, it's impossible to imagine them actually sitting there and *listening* to the *entire half hour* of 'He Loved Him Madly', 'Get Up' 's opener and one of the most truly *bereaved* pieces of music ever put on record.

It didn't sound like Duke Ellington, to whom it was ostensibly dedicated, at all; but it sure did sound like death. Like a grief beyond all wails, darkness, darkness and loneliness that became positively clammy, like a lifetime prison sentence in a diving bell in the blackest depths on the bottom of the ocean. How many people could even *take* music like that, especially at such length?

What it all added up to was a good bit more than the standard eccentric-avantgarde artist schtick

●*continues page 33*

SELECT DISCOGRAPHY

Charlie Parker

The Savoy Recordings (Savoy)

Miles Davis

The Birth Of The Cool (Capitol)

Kind Of Blue (CBS)

In A Silent Way (CBS)

Sketches Of Spain (CBS)

A Tribute To Jack Johnson

Lester Bangs' and Michael Ochs' book, Rock Gomorrah, *will be published shortly. Work is also underway in the States on a Lester Bangs anthology, which will include some of his contributions to the* NME *as well as representing his vast critical legacy in America.*

Miles in the late '40s. Pic Berk Costello.

SILVER SCREEN

Darling Dustin, the All-American she-male.

DUSTIN OUT THE CLOSET

Tootsie

DIRECTOR: Sydney Pollack
STARRING: Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, Charles Durning, Bill Murray (Columbia)

ALTHOUGH, LIKE its central character, *Tootsie* is very sweetly stitched and powdered it is really a little film — a little film made big by stars, energy and an eagerness to please. It's funny (frequently) and pertinent (occasionally) during the course of an overstretched two hours; but the fact of its ten nominations and heavyweight atmosphere is misleading. At heart, it's a modest enterprise.

The first we see of Dorothy Michaels is a slow close-up of an expertly combed brunette head, eyes studiedly a-twinkle behind glasses like skyscraper windows, a complexion like custard and a smile strained to a wince by the exigencies of stiletto heels. Halfway into the shot the audience murmurs "*It's him!*"; and it is indeed Michael Dorsey, alias Dustin Hoffman, temperamental thespian betrothed to a short fuse on tolerance that keeps him off the books of New York's casting directors.

The lead-up to Hoffman's transformation actually turns out to be the best part of the film. Director Sydney Pollack (who also takes the role of Dorsey's harassed agent) does an excellent lightning sketch of the pratfalls of the unemployed actor's life, a perspiring round of flunked auditions, improvised masterclasses and plain hustling, supported by part-time dishwashing and the encouragement of mutual scufflers.

Everything clicks perfectly here. Hoffman's eyes dart electrically and his hands flip around like karate weapons as the sour line of his mouth is prepared for a perennial retort — to flatmate Jeff (Bill Murray), a playwright fatigued by the weight of his own greatness, or to friend-turned-lover Sandy (Teri Garr), a nervously frayed blonde pitched somewhere between Diane Keaton and Valerie Harper.

When Dorsey takes her to an audition for administrator in a hospital soap and she fails without a trial, the breaks lead to Michael dragging himself over there as the spinsterly Dorothy with a surprise streak of hardass manners. (S)He gets the job, and a star is unwittingly born. And the movie slips.

The remainder is played out at the level of a sitcom furnished by Bloomingdale's. Dorothy/Michael becomes increasingly agitated by the growing success of his liberated characterisation, measured by *Time* and *Newsweek* cover stories and nationwide approbation from fellow sufferers. Worse, he has to detour Sandy from his secret double life and finds himself hungering for the attentions of nurse co-star Julie (the ubiquitous Jessica Lange). It's enough to make a man want to hang up his curlers.

Working to a script purposely short on straight verbal gags, Pollack inveigles a very strong cast into flip cameos that gently mock the dual pretensions of soap and actorly primping. There's amusing business from Charles Durning as Julie's homesteader pop, registering Dorothy with the porky, expectant eyes of a lonely widower; George Gaynes as the show's elderly doctor and house lecher, squinting at every line from distant cue cards; and Dabney Coleman as the director, a paragon of chauvinism and brother to his *Nine To Five* boss.

To his credit, Hoffman works harder than all of them. In many ways he's too good for a film that could've been slept through, matching the nervy adrenalin of Michael with the proper outrages of Dorothy to perfectly blend two clear and complementary portraits. The playing of Dorothy operates as a slow, continuous sight gag: each time a mannerism escapes it has a humorous edge. Comedic irony enlivens a very familiar stock of jokes.

The 'serious' point of the film is that by becoming Dorothy, Michael brings out the better person within himself, babysitting for Julie and tapping a vein of comradely kindness that his adopted femininity brought forth. It lends an unpleasantly smug and facile taste of 'finding yourself' — a slow-witted preoccupation of social Hollywood for too long now — to an otherwise entertaining show.

Resources have been underused, because this very soft product *could* have been made a lot crunchier if Hoffman had had a sharper script to work from. But it is, after all, a little picture made big, and my only serious regret is the eclipse of Bill Murray by the others — his frantic tidy-up scene with Hoffman is the funniest routine in the whole movie.

And, until we get *Revenge Of The Jedi*, this is the one all your friends will want to go and see. Let *Tootsie* roll!

Richard Cook

ONE PSYCHO IN SEARCH OF AN AUDIENCE

10 to Midnight

DIRECTOR: J. Lee Thompson
STARRING: Charles Bronson, Lisa Eilbacher, Gene Davis, Wilford Brimley (Cannon)

CHARLES BRONSON films are made for Charles Bronson fans, so in light of *10 To Midnight* (a title which is never illuminated) perhaps we should consider what species of animal these might be.

Right away you can rule out those of homosexual preference, although this determinedly homophobic film also confusedly courts them as ticket buyers. (It pits Bronson against a compulsive woman-hating Slasher who hoards the odd gay sex mag in his flat and, though he dresses real nice, feels the need to be naked whenever he's about to strike. At these points he's always photographed from the rear, in a sort of Royal Ballet-style sleepwalk towards his victim.) Richard Speck, the Chicago student nurse-murderer whose *modus operandi* provides much of this film with its plot, could probably sue for defamation of character.

Other ethnic groups to get the elbow include Hispanics (the psycho makes his obscene phone calls in *español*) and blacks (it's a black desk sergeant who, for no discernible reason, gives Bronson's daughter a hard time). But then the Golan and Globus production team *were* the force behind *Lepke*, the film which proved that the Mafia was primarily Jewish and served bagels at important meetings!

Mind you, Bronson's own character is hardly unsuspect if we're talking cod Freud. Early on he 'explains' the case to his novice partner ("His knife has gotta be his penis"), before continuing to lecture the new cop about smoking, then reciting homey stories about he decline of the old neighbourhoods in town — you know, that boarded-up building was a chemist's but the chemist got hooked on morphine and killed his wife, the liberal law let him out and sure enough he wasted no time 'paying back' his parole officer.

This brings up Bronson's natural enemy: the 'bleeding heart liberal' Public Defender, here pictured as a seedy wop (whoops, there went the *Italian* sector of the audience). The idea of checks and balances (or even 'human rights') is far too abstract for a Bronson pic: lotsa tits and blood will do just fine, thanks, we can even dispense with a plot. Just let Bronson loose and watch him as he happily plants evidence, harasses the guy he just KNOWS committed the crimes, and presses his lieutenant to perjure himself. ("You go into that court-room; forget about what's legal and do what's right!")

Of course you can capitalise that 'R' but to say a Bronson film is right-wing is to get on a bus that left six or seven years ago. Besides, this is director Thompson's 40th film, and as those gems like *Conquest Of The Planet Of The Apes* and *Happy Birthday To Me* sped by you can see how his finer perception of moral questions might have er, blurred a bit. Anyway, to save you untold agonies I'll reveal that it all finishes with imperilled student nurse Laurie shivering in Daddy Bronson's arms in her pyjamas, as his pistol holds the comely naked nutcase at bay.

And if that sounds 'Oedipal', think again. It's more than 'Oedipal', IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!!!!

Cynthia Rose

That Championship Season

DIRECTOR: Jason Miller
STARRING: Robert Mitchum, Bruce Dern, Stacy Keach, Martin Sheen, Paul Sorvino (Cannon)

Mitchum: a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

GOALLESS BORE?

FROM THE beginning, you know something's going to break up. American manhood, the spoils of pride, the hunger of ambition — in every class reunion there's a secret stain that won't be wiped away, and in *That Championship Season* memories turn out to be infested.

Jason Miller's film huddles around its five principals like a time-out conference. Its protagonists josh and backslap and kid each other around with the hungry intimacy of boys fearful of growing old. Election time in Scranton, Pennysylvania: Bruce Dern is Mayor George Sitkowski, a hopeless political hack strung along by friends and his fatuous self-belief, giving away mining rights to his financier Phil (Paul Sorvino) like a swap in the playground.

Stacy Keach's James is the campaign manager and school principal, roaring to be loved, a ring on his collar and a fifty-dollar suit sitting tight on his shoulders; Martin Sheen plays his juicehead brother Tom, returning home for the reunion. 24 years before they were all in the cupwinning college basketball team.

As the mountainous Coach Delaney, the boys' longstanding paterfamilias, Robert Mitchum is the stony centre of the film. The Coach is unshakable; he watches the reunion crumble into revelations of deceit, ancient sores scratched open and heads cracked on the block of bitterness, and demands an order based on God-fearing and hearts of oak. He ignores his own secret because that is weakness.

It's a strange characterisation in a stranger ensemble. The film is powered by star quality to the point of overload and the paradox of Mitchum's bluff and oddly featureless figure is its huge imbalance with the four overblown performances which surround it. Both Dern and Keach have their repressed lunatic caps on, Keach in particular bulging emotion like a man about to retch cotton wool, and Sheen's drunk act is all tears and sarcasm. Sorvino is solid bad guy — seducer, snorter and legit hood — and we've seen this man of straw in every drama of Smalltown, USA.

The failing lies primarily with Jason Miller. His directing debut has all the first feature flaws — wrongly-timed shots aligned with meaningless ones in an atmosphere of hard labour — within a framework that cannot shake its theatricality. Miller wrote it for Broadway ten years ago and as an American stage piece it sits squarely in the tradition of Williams and Arthur Miller, hefty humanitarianism goosed by a snook at masculine values.

Whatever its virtues — and the first section dealing with the seemingly slick mayor's position of unease is canny enough — the static and utterly predictable yakyakyak of the second half bogs everything down in a mire of self-indulgence. Robert Altman has explored this guilt complex far more sharply and compellingly in *Come Back To The Five And Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean,* using an ensemble of women; the men of *That Championship Season* are as sad and hopeless but never as touching or resilient. "Even the closing ambiguity is so clumsy it casts an empty doubt on the authorial intentions. It is, finally, ludicrous.

Richard Cook

The Young Ladies Of Wilko

DIRECTOR: Andrzej Wajda
STARRING: Daniel Olbrychski, Christine Pascal, Anna Seniuk, Maja Komorowska. (Artificial Eye)

WAJDA IS best known in the West for movies of the individual versus the state, truth-searching and the conflict of loyalties, such as *Rough Treatment, Man Of Iron* and *Man Of Marble*. These pictures are rightly interpreted as commentaries on Wajda's native Poland, hence he is pigeon-holed as primarily a *political* film-maker to the detriment of other aspects of his talent. Made about four years ago but only now released in Britain, *The Young Ladies Of Wilko* should correct that imbalance.

Behind the unappetisingly demure title lurks a film of eerie beauty and brooding power. Grieving at the death of his best friend, Victor (Daniel Olbrychski), embittered and emotionally drained yet still only in his mid-30s, returns to the place where he last knew true happiness. 15 years previously, just before the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, he had spent an idyllic summer with his country cousins, a family of sisters. His unexpected reappearance after so many years' absence reawakens dormant passions in the sisters, amongst whom unhappy marriage, divorce and spinsterhood have taken their toll.

The memory of Fela, the sister to whom Victor had been closest in 1914 but who had subsequently died (it is hinted of a broken heart) haunts his return, and her place is taken by Tunia (Christine Pascal), the youngest of the family, now grown to obsessive adolescence.

Reminiscent in mood of Losey's *The Go-Between,* but at once more subtle and intense, *The Young Ladies Of Wilko* is a moving and strangely dream-like account of lost opportunites, blighted lives and the withering of love and hope. The evocative hues and tones of a Polish summer, full of sunlight shimmering through lace-curtains but inexorably lengthening shadows, is beautifully photographed by Edward Klosinski, and the air of restrained tragedy is enhanced by Karol Szymanowski's bleakly romantic score.

The Russian writers Chekhov and Turgenev would seem to have influenced Jaroslaw Iwaszkiewicz who wrote the original story. If the film has a fault, it is over-reverence to its source, which means the sort of meditative dialogue about happiness and morality that looks fine in print but somewhat stilted on celluloid.

But don't let *The Young Ladies Of Wilko* be swept aside by the grander gesture of his forthcoming *Danton's Death*. The chord Wajda strikes in his quietly elegaic moods may be minor rather than major, but it is no less resonant.

Mat Snow

Faye: should she be Dunaway with?

The Wicked Lady

DIRECTOR: Michael Winner
STARRING: Faye Dunaway, Alan Bates, John Gielgud (Columbia)

SO MICHAEL Winner continues his one-man vigilante campaign against tasteful cinema.

Finally prised away from his favourite hunk Charles Bronson after the all-time low of last year's most appalling film, *Death Wish II,* he continues with a remake of Gainsborough's 1945 Restoration drama debacle *The Wicked Lady,* chosen by our spurious censor-bater no doubt because it includes a rape — reasons to be prurient, oh yeah! Once more, what he comes up with is not so much soft as positively gooey porn, stuff for the slightly stained mac brigade.

Faye Dunaway, who must be pretty short of funds these days to go for dreck like this and *Mommie Dearest* plays the title role as Lady Barbara Skelton, the opportunist London society lady who for no apparent reason seduces the fiance of her best friend and ends up as a wealthy wife incarcerated in the country. Unable to lure hubby Ralph (Denholm Eliot) into the high life, Lady Barbara takes to donning stand-and-deliver chic gear and dragging and pillaging her way round the immediate area in imitation of local highwayman celebrity Jerry Jackson.

Mr Jackson, played by archetypal grunter Alan Bates, is understandably a touch upset about this and sets off to track down the imposter only to find himself in a fifty-fifty on the loot and back to the bawdy inn for a bunk-up situation with Lady Barbara.

As if in an attempt to keep people awake through this turgid drama, every interior scene features the continuing gag (and believe me I nearly did) of doors being flung open to reveal people in various stages of undress, Ooops! Hah, Hah (excuse my approaching hysteria).

The one saving grace of the entire bawdy botch-up is Sir John Gielgud, who wanders around displaying a superb and languid cynicism which, given the standard of the script, is more than a little understandable. Unfortunately Gielgud's sardonic puritan butler is done away with half-way through and we're left with a turgid affair that can't decide whether it wants to be a dramatic historical saga or an adult rated *Carry On,* barbed with precious and pathetic visual effects and spurious stabs at historical realism.

Don Watson

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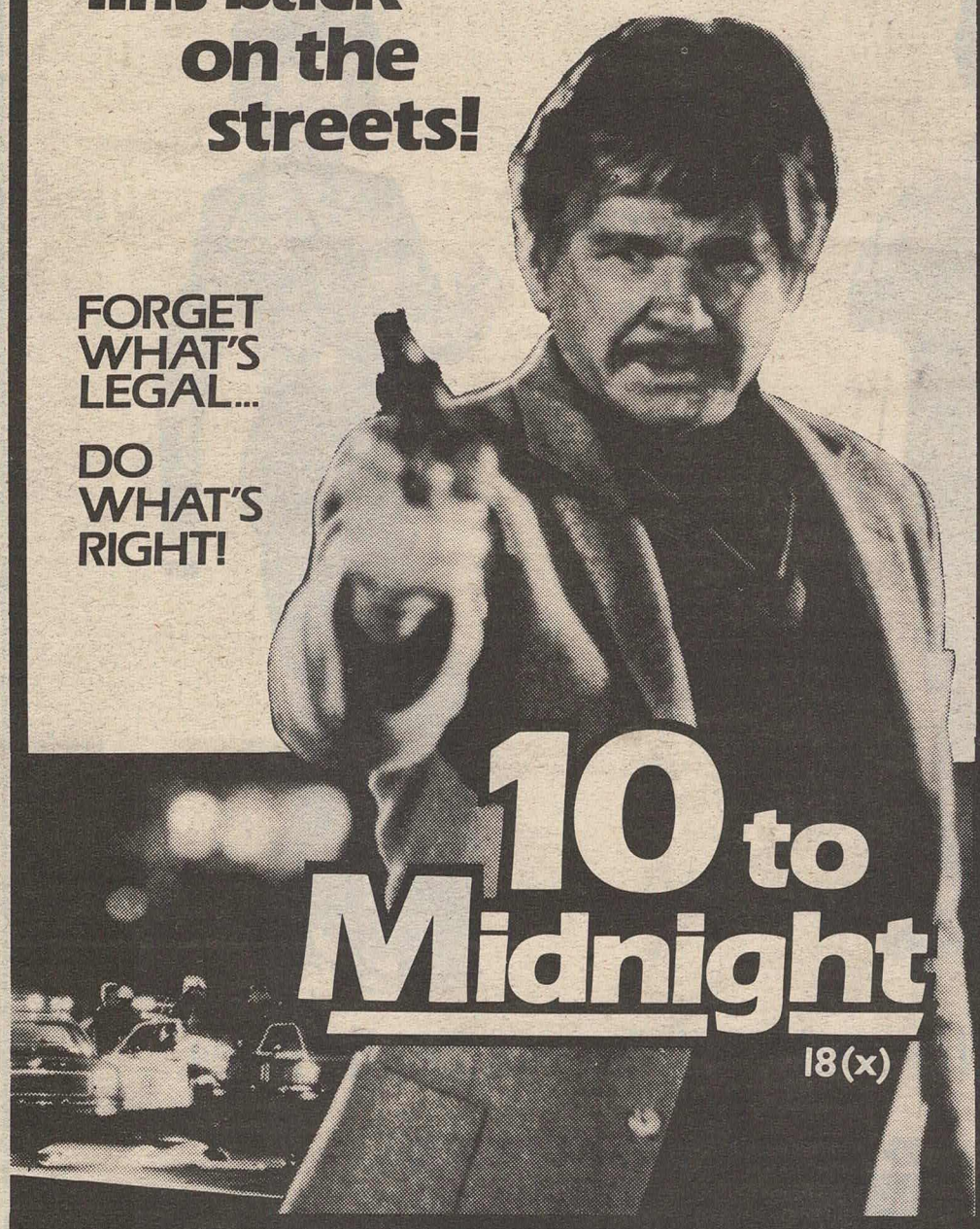

10 to Midnight
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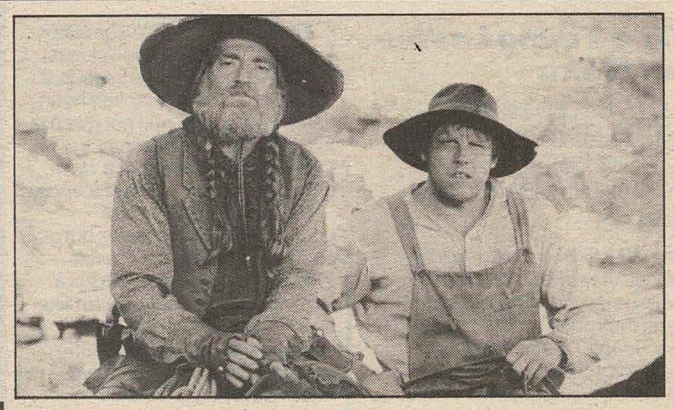

***Willie Nelson, Gary Busey* (Barbarosa)**

Gandhi (Directed by Richard Attenborough). The success of this portentous and cheerless epic is beginning to seem like a mandatory cross of guilt which we all have to carry. The plain fact of the matter is that *Gandhi* is not an enjoyable film, nor a particularly revealing and provocative one. *Veronika Voss* isn't a tub of laughs either, but you catch my drift: a long, sad and deceitful story is dressed as entertainment (no matter what scruples Sir Dickie — soon Lord Dickie? — claims) which is singularly unentertaining. How many of you stayed awake through all three hours? **(Columbia)**

Best Friends (Norman Jewison). The idea of teaming Burt and Goldie, two of the most irresistibly watchable stars Hollywood can muster, seems to have bewitched Norman Jewison so much that he forgot to actually make the film funny. Two very deft performances sustain a surprisingly callow script that offers a certain wry insight into marital trouble while letting all the jokes misfire. A fair night out, all the same. **(Warner Bros)**

Fanny Hill (Gerry O'Hara). Unaccountably missed in our proper reviews, so here's the verdict on this 'erotic masterpiece': disagreeable. Oliver Reed and Shelley Winters finally blow their careers to hell and Lisa Raines gets out of the bath a lot. An exhausting night in. **(Brent Walker)**

Barbarosa (Fred Schepisi). Finally released this week, Schepisi's splendidly idiosyncratic slant on a displaced Old West, with Willie Nelson and Gary Busey both in great form as the unlikely outlaws in kinfolk trouble. A romantic essay in family loyalties and growing pains seen through a prism of lightning composition and startling colours. Very fine. **(Blue Dolphin)**

The Dark Crystal (Jim Henson & Frank Oz). Although Henson's story lets him down, the fantastical range of creatures devised for this fairytale is so enchanting the watery plot can be overlooked in favour of visual appeal. Would do excellently paired with *The Secret of NIMH*, which sadly flopped last year. **(UIP)**

The Missionary (Richard Loncraine). Peter Hannan's photography is periodically so breathtaking — the shot of Palin glancing back at a couple on a sunset bridge is worth the price of admission alone — it almost overwhelms a gentle and rather too sentimental story which the bizarre stitching and the weak central character don't entirely make up for. A promising start but not much more, even though Loncraine continues to look askance at England (as he did in *Brimstone And Treacle)* with considerable imagination. **(Hand Made)**

Victor Victoria (Blake Edwards). There surely can't be a more erratic director in the Hollwood mainstream than Edwards. How he can manufacture garbage like *10* and the posthumous *Pink Panther* films in between undervalued gems like *SOB* and this dashing update of Lubitsch is a mystery. Anyway, take this chance to see one of last year's more neglected entries while it's currently being reactivated.

Richard Cook

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY APRIL 28

Fame. Confucius he say: Person who choose to watch *Fame* when *Minder* on other channel have large inflexible muscle between ears. Confucius right, as ever. **(BBC1** and **ITV)**
Lou Grant. That Billie gets all the luck: this week she investigates a murder in which the accused claims supernatural forces are responsible. **(ITV)**
The Guardian/NFT Lectures. First of five movie-maker talk-ins. Iain Johnstone talks to Meryl Streep about her career. **(BBC2)**
Dear Heart. A new series of the teen comedy magazine starts with *Fail,* a spoof on *Fame.* Ho hum. **(BBC2)**
Britain In The Thirties. First of an 11-part docu-history series dealing with one of the more interesting decades of the 20th century; this one covers the mutiny of Britain's Atlantic Fleet in September 1931. **(BBC2)**
Get Smart. *Back To The Old Drawing Board:* Max mistakes a Kaos robot for a fellow Control agent. **(C4)**
Alter Image. Bruce Lacey, George Rousse, custom cars and two decades of fashion in half an hour. Scheduled opposite *Fame* and *Minder;* does anybody watch it? **(C4)**
Soap. Danny discovers stepdad Burt killed his real father. **(C4)**
Angel (Directed by Neil Jordan 1982). The second season of specially-commissioned C4 films (which includes Peter Greenaway's *The Draughtsman's Contract* and, next week, Jerzy Skolimowski's *Moonlighting)* gets off to a cracking start with this tale of violence and vengeance in modern-day Ireland. Though a trifle heavy-handed with the symbolism in places, Chris Menges' photography and Stephen Rea's rivetting performance as the avenging angel saxophonist Danny make this one of the week's few unmissable films. **(C4)**

FRIDAY APRIL 29

Old Grey Whistle Test. Studio guests this week are about-town tough guys Spandau Ballet and Springsteen cast-offs Little Steven And The Disciples Of Soul, who you may remember were the subject of the worst location interview junket ever to be foisted on the dumb, despised *OGWT* audience. Hardly worth altering your plans to fit this one in, on the face of it. **(BBC2)**
Entertainment USA. From New Orleans. Jonathan King eats cajun and creole chow, interviews Fats Domino and Kiss (what they doing there?), checks out the local jazz and Mardi Gras. If only VCRs had an automatic "Edit Out Jonathan King" button. **(BBC2)**
Queimada! (Gillo Pontecorvo 1969). 19th century political drama by Pontecorvo, whose classic *Battle Of Algiers* was recently revived to overwhelming critical acclaim. Marlon Brando plays a British dirty-trickster sent to a Portuguese colony in the Caribbean to instigate a slave revolt, but does his job a bit too well — you could say he overplays both his hand and his part (suits me fine). Also known as *Burn!* **(BBC1)**
Switch. From the unmissable (last week's show) to the almost unwatchable: Blancmange, Tears For Fears, Galaxy and The Apollinaires live in the studio, Spandau (twice in one evening — good grief!), Fun Boys, New Edition and The Beatles on video. **(C4)**
Jazz On Four. Lionel Hampton live at Knebworth. **(C4)**
The Big Clock (John Farrow 1947). Crime hack Ray Milland gets framed by mistress-murdering press baron Charles Laughton and finds himself forced out on a lam; this stylish *noir* outing by Australian Farrow comes heavily laced with comic touches courtesy of Elsa Lanchester as an eccentric artist. **(C4)**

SATURDAY APRIL 30

Shaft (Gordon Parks 1971). The only truly memorable thing about this trashy genre-originating blaxploitation flick remains Isaac Hayes' score. Remember wah-wah pedals? **(BBC1)**
The Halfway House (Basil Dearden 1943). Low-key British comedy about a group of characters who meet at a country inn run by Mervyn Johns. Not vital. **(BBC2)**
Love Me Tonight (Rouben Mamoulian 1932). Ground-breaking soft-centred musical starring Maurice Chevalier as a poor Parisian tailor who wins the heart of Ruritanian princess Jeannette MacDonald. Rogers and Hart score includes 'Mimi' and 'Lover'. **(C4)**
Naked City. Guest appearances by Claude Rains and Telly Savalas. **(C4)**

SUNDAY MAY 1

Alfresco. First of a new comedy series aimed at the *NTNOCN/Comic Strip/Young Ones* audience — ie, you — boasts the sizeable presence of Robbie Coltrane (The lodger in *Kevin Turvey: The Man Behind The Green Door,* and Lug, son of Mel in The Comic Strip's *Summer School)* and the less noticeable person of Ben Elton, Rik Mayall's writing partner. Though scripted by Elton, this first batch of lengthy sketches falls a bit flat: the gags are simply not funny enough to justify the over-enthusiastic laugh-track, A pity. **(ITV)**
The Road To Bali (Hal Walker 1952). Where there's laughs, there's Hope. And Crosby. The only *Road* film in colour. Miss at your peril. *Toujours Lamour,* as they say. **(BBC1)**
House Calls (Howard Zieff 1978). Recently-widowed doctor Walter Matthau tries to woo headstrong, independent divorcee Glenda Jackson; Richard Benjamin and Art Carney give able support in this contemporary comedy (which sparked a spinoff TV series). Big yoks all round. **(BBC1)**
A Woman Of Paris (Charles Chaplin 1923). Chaplin's first non-starring vehicle (his long-time leading lady Edna Purviance took the honours) was also his first serious film, a tale of a young country gel who gets corrupted by the big city and becomes Adolphe Menjou's mistress. Withdrawn from circulation (after a brief initial run) for 50 years by Chaplin, the film was reissued to ecstatic acclaim in 1980. **(C4)**
The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty (Norman Z McLeod 1947). One of the few films to coin a character cliche, Goldwyn's big-budget treatment of the Thurber short story provided Danny Kaye with plenty of opportunities to exercise his gift of mimicry. As Mitty, he daydreams his way adroitly through a selection of heroic fantasies whilst real-life adventure erupts all round him. **(C4)**

MONDAY MAY 2

Loose Talk. Chat show. **(C4)**
In The Forest. (Phil Mulloy 1978). A "picaresque adventure in the history of a nation" which takes three characters through four centuries of English history whilst two narrators give contradictory commentaries (drawn from contemporary documents), in order to demonstrate the impossibility — or variability — of historical representation. Sounds a bit like Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *One Hundred Years Of Solitude,* which is fine by me. **(C4)**
The Early Bird (Robert Asher 1965). A Norman Wisdom movie, for those that like that kind of thing. **(BBC1)**
Rooster Cogburn (Stuart Millar 1975). Inferior sequel to *True Grit* which pairs the Dook with Kate Hepburn in an attempt to come up with another *African Queen.* It failed, of course, but there's still enough sparks there to merit a viewing. **(BBC1)**

TUESDAY MAY 3

River Of No Return (Otto Preminger 1954). Early CinemaScope western in which Mitchum helps Monroe look for her husband. Damn philanthropic of the chap, eh? Highly recommended by well-known encyclopaedia Richard Cook. **(BBC2)**

WEDNESDAY MAY 4

Voices. Leftie lit crit Terry Eagleton posits the argument that literature is in crisis because it's isolated from society's major concerns. Must be talking about Brit lit — in which case he's barmy: the reason British writing's in such a parlous state is that the Angry Young Chaps of the '50s and '60s could only react to the prevailing "bourgeois" fiction with dour, polemical social realism. In times like these, you can rely on Marxist aesthetes to jump back in the kitchen sink. **(C4)**

***Stephen Rea* (Angel)**

JIVE

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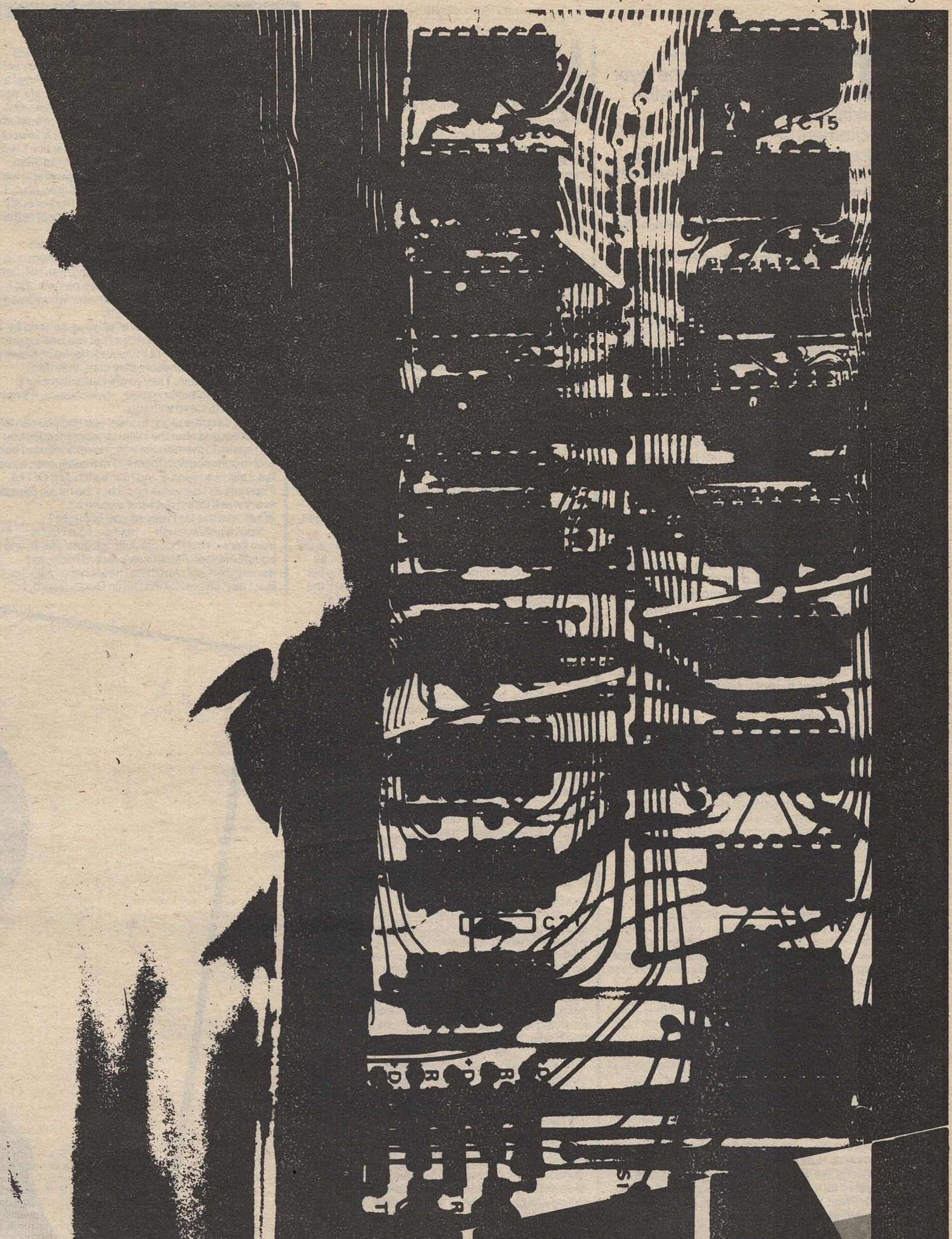


LISTEN

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

APRIL MAY
EXETER UNIVERSITY 3
POOLE ARTS CENTRE 2
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL 1
CRAWLEY LEISURE CENTRE 29
PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL 28

THE CULTURE VULTU

THE YOUNG girl walks hesitantly through the foyer of the Dominion Theatre; amidst all the colour and excitement she strikes an uncertain, rather nervous figure.

Tonight is the night she's been planning and anticipating, and she wants everything to fall into place just the way it should, the way it does in that dream she's been having for weeks.

At the end of the evening, when all the excitement has died away, George will step to the foreground and bathed in white light he'll sing just for her... "*Give me time to-ooooh realise my crime/ Let me love and steal/ I have danced inside your eyes/ How can I be real.*"

She will look into his champagne eyes, the only sound will be his sweet voice ringing clear and true and in a sort of mystical rapture, and her heart will fly away.

Back home in her bedroom she'd been practising the look every night: her mum's crimper and some old ribbons for the hair; she checked the back issues of her favourite glossy colour mag to make sure the make-up was just right — not too garish, trying not to smudge it. Then she swathed herself in dad's shirt, a wraparound poncho, a smock — anything that was loose and baggy. She liked that bit of it because she was little overweight and it was a relief to encounter a fashion that gave her dumpy frame a reprieve.

So now she was walking into the foyer of the Dominion Theatre — a 13-year-old girl at her first concert — dressed up to look like a 22-year-old Boy who looks more like a girl than a boy (figure that out Mr Freud). And she wasn't alone. There were swarms of them — some with their parents, some in packs of three or four, posing coquettishly for photographers.

Stand back, Carruthers, I think we've just stumbled on what they used to call a Pop Phenomena.

The strange thing about the ascension of Boy George to the centre of teenybop affections is that, unlike previous outbreaks of teenybop mania, this relationship doesn't have the whiff of lewd sexual undertones. Despite, maybe because of, the fact that George has been through a wider variety of sexual experiences than he'd care to mention, it doesn't look or feel that he is causing the first stirrings of lust in these pubescent loins, nor that he wants too.

The crowd feel a warmth and security in the magnificent pop music of Culture Club. They scream and shout because they admire his bottle and flamboyance. The affair has a fair dash of the Adam Ant pantomime, only this is the celebration of a piece of Real Life burlesque.

But Culture Club are a hell of a lot more than a transient teenybop trend. Very soon after they come onstage at the Dominion it's obvious that in the eight months they've been together the group have developed into one of the top pop bands in the world.

Augmenting George's vocals with the blues wail of Helen Terry, they now move more fluently through emotional depth and musical richness. They have fleshed out the blueprint of the 'Kissing To Be Clever' LP so that as well as sparkle and colour their music has a resonance and mobility that has this listener stunned and hungry for the new LP. They are living up to all the initial promise and potential — new songs like 'Black Money' and 'It's a Miracle' illustrate that the magical glow of 'Time' and 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me' is still central to their many-sided pop splendour.

Boy George, it must be said, is not a charismatic performer. He's not the sort of mover who has them gasping or going manic in the aisles. Rather he presents the absorption of outlandish fashion in one larger than life figure. He sings songs of insecurity, loss and deceit; he's lovelorn, lost and a little awkward, and the girls like that because they can identify with him and feel protective towards him. Perhaps they see him as the ET of pop; untouchable, romantic, from a place where dreams are made.

The crowd screams and George gazes down on his people. He receives their cheers and they bring gifts to him. They shower him with flowers, dolls, easter eggs... and he smiles and holds them aloft. And each time he raises his hand to show new gifts to them they cheer, each time louder than the other.

A young girl throws a small brassiere onto the stage and runs back quickly, fearful that the man-boy will see where it came from. But his eyes miss nothing, and he turns that incident into a soft gender mocking gesture — as he trys on the bra and struts around the stage. He discards it and laughs; the audience, following his cue, begin to laugh too.

Sometimes George ventures to the precipice, to the place where myth and reality blur and a thousand small, soft sweaty hands reach out begging to be touched. Sometimes he reaches out and touches them and, just like in the dream, they begin to melt.

I'D BEEN trying to get an interview with Boy George and Culture Club for weeks, but it seemed they were playing hard to get. They hadn't liked the idea that Adrian Thrills (not the group's most fervent admirer) was to do the live review.

I had an image of George sitting in his lair as his press officer read out the review over the phone and he decided whether or not we were fit to send a representative to meet him. It was all a long way from last year when the ex-model was easily accessible; you could walk into any London nightclub and find him dancing to ska or bluebeat and giving forth his opinions on anything and everything at the bar.

A long way too from when he used to come round to the *NME* offices (sans make-up, mind you) to see if anyone was interested in a pre-Palace Visage pic of Rusty Egan when he had flowing locks. A long way from when he would go round to *The Face* to try and get someone interested in writing about his then close friend Kirk Brandon, who was in an aspiring gaggle of noise merchants called The Pack.

It seemed that with the amazingly quick success of his band in Britain and America, George didn't need any interference from this quarter of the media... until one afternoon I was told to be round at Virgin Records to meet The Boy and drummer Jon Moss.

Before I meet either characters, their manager Tony Gordon (stout, balding, pleasant middle-aged businessman) asks me to be sure and not include any "unpleasant stuff".

"If I had my way I wouldn't have them doing any music press. But the press office has assured me you're a fine honest chap, so let's have a good clean write up."

I'm knocked back by this and have the option to tell Mr Gordon to mind his own or let it ride, taking it as just the sort of comment to expect from a man in his position. I opt for the latter but begin to wonder if the ensuring interview is going to be something of a whitewash.

But there are no such problems. Both Moss and Boy George are lively, thoughtful and honest. The latter is particularly garrulous and obsessive; spilling out views and thoughts in excited torrents, snowballing ideas and observations, bursting into song to better illustrate what he wants to say and, in one instance, he talks uninterrupted and unprompted for 20 minutes.

Recently described as a veteran punk drummer ("I thought that was really funny, it gives you a picture of a 50-year-old guy with spiky hair and a safety pin through his cheek"), John Moss is the most musically experienced member of the group and, at 27, the oldest. Before joining Culture Club he'd taken two years away from a musical career which had led him from a succession of jazz-funk bands to stints with the likes of The Clash, The Damned and Adam And The Ants during the punk age.

"I remember when I played with The Clash I thought Bernard Rhodes was brilliant, he had a lot to say. But I got pissed off with it because they had such strong political attitudes. I told them they couldn't do what they wanted and have their attitudes. I said if you make a million pounds, you aren't going to give it to the kids on the street.

"If I make a million pounds with Culture Club and I want to give some money to Greenpeace or build a hospital wing, I can do it, but I'm not going to say now I'm doing this so I can make everybody's life better. I don't believe it and to be in The Clash you had to believe it, so I left.

"It was all too serious, too desperate. I like freedom in music. Like, when I was with The Damned for six months, I went on to a bottle of beer on the head and a bottle of vodka every night and it's just nowhere. The thing about hedonism is, you just die, you end up in a rut."

Just then George — who has been waylaid, first by a group of 15 or so fans who beseiged his West Hampstead home and then by several more who have gathered outside the office (and can be heard calling and giggling every now and then during the interview) — arrives and joins in with the conversation.

Any preconceptions you have about him are dispelled after four or five minutes chat — he's not in the slightest bit fey or precocious; he's brash and straightforward.

SO WHY all the fuss about the interview?

I get people tugging on my coat-tails, people who try to understand you, but it's all crap really. I hate all that — I like the music side of it and I like writing songs but I don't like the journalists having opinions about you. Like this whole *NME* thing, everyone was saying, oh they won't do the *NME*; but it's got nothing to do with the *NME*. I think each band gets to the stage where they start getting successful and then get pushed down again, it's the same old tactics and everybody gets bored by that.

Like when I want to America, everyone said the crowds were really going to freak out. But when I got there the people that freak out are the people that write for the newspapers, they're the ones that freak out, that tell you you're disgusting. Ordinary people don't give a damn. My mother doesn't care what Marc Almond looks like and my father doesn't care what the fuckin' Sweet look like. It doesn't affect ordinary people.

What does affect them is that one of the great things about this band is that it's a working class phenomenon. No one is trying to assume they are anything else, and I think that's one of the things that happens to a lot of bands and I find it very ugly, the way that they follow a routine. They're successful, they get an image, they buy Anthony Price suits and everything gets more offensive and their followers think that they've deserted them. People don't like that, they don't want you to get bigger than them.

I don't think we'll ever get to the stage where we're worried what Adrian Thrills/ whatnot thinks of us. I don't think we'll ever take ourselves that seriously because it's so obvious, you learn to accept certain things from certain people.

Like, I love arguments, I love debate, I love conversation but I'd rather have an argument on a sensible level than somebody saying, heh heh heh — you're ugly and I'm pretty. That's pathetic. So I react just the same way I do if someone punches you on the nose or steals your drink.

What about the invasion of privacy caused by 15 kids outside your flat, does that not bother you?

No, because I go out there and they're very sweet, they register an emotion, they care, they think, they've got brains. They're obviously there for a reason; it's something pretty, it's attractive. It's not like I want to sleep with you.

They've come along to meet you and you can talk with them and after the initial excitement goes you can speak to them on the same level because I have a lot in common with them — I'm a consumer, a pop fan. I still buy records and I still watch *Top Of The Pops* just as I did years ago. I buy the music papers every week to find out what's going on.

What was the last record you brought?

You're gonna laugh — hold on, I got Heaven 17 from here — but I bought Julio Iglesias' album and I bought Hayzee Fantayzee's record because I wanted to hear it. Anything I hear on the radio that I like, I buy. I even like the Duran Duran record. I thought I wouldn't but you hear it a second time and it's got those harmonies that they use and it's good. I think to turn around and say you don't like something for the sake of being alternative is a waste of time.

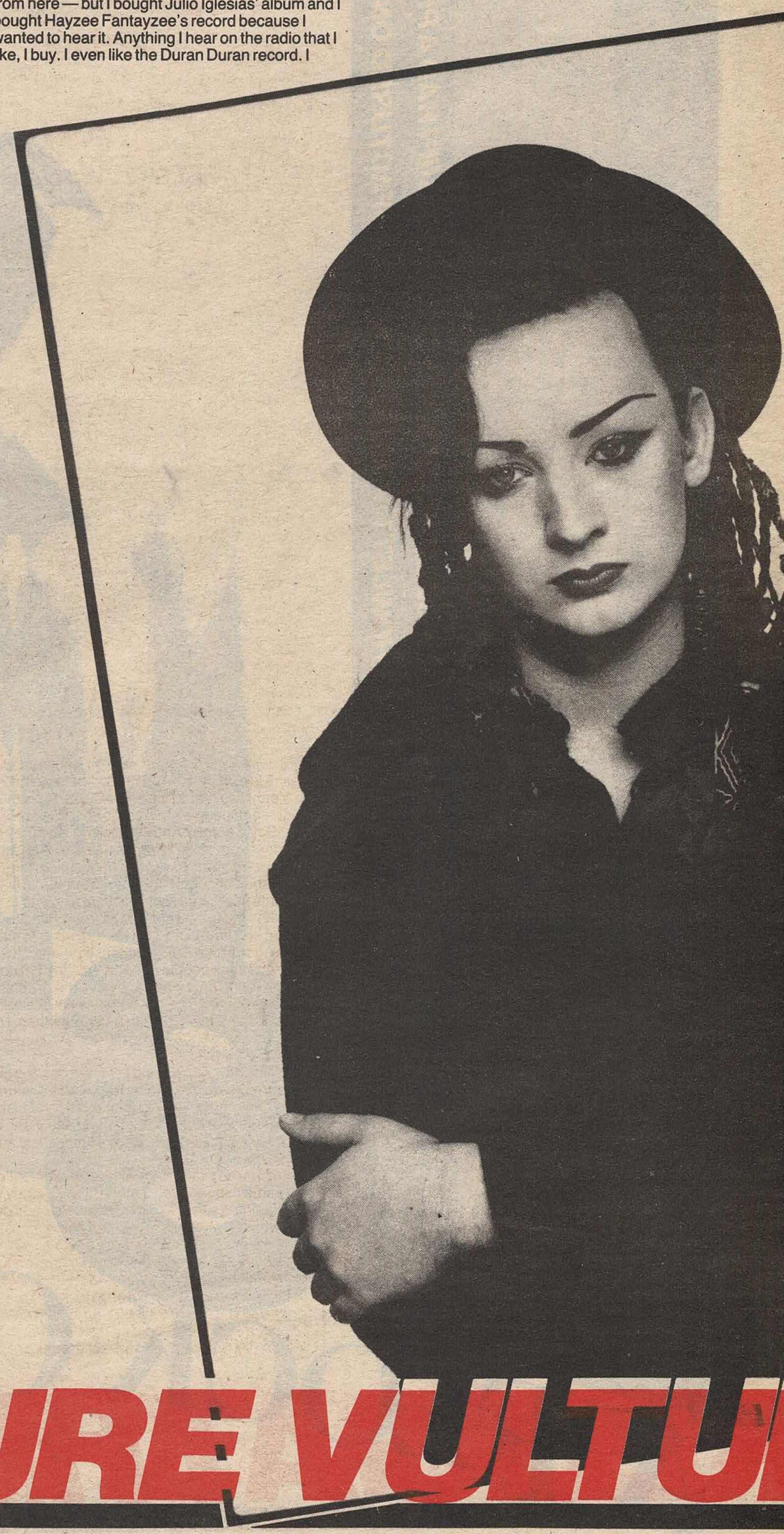
It's like with Kajagoogoo — everyone says they hate them. Well, I woke this morning to that record and I like it. I don't particularly like the way they look, but it's a good record, it's pop isn't it?

I never analysed The Sweet or Slade, I just bought their records and enjoyed listening to them. I buy Julio Iglesias' album because he's got a good voice, I don't buy them because I want people to come round to my home and say isn't it weird, you've got such a strange record collection. I think that's where we're different to a lot of musicians because most of them don't like music or other bands. They're jealous of everything and bitch about everything.

YOU USED to be quite a big face around town and then you disappeared for a while. The next thing I knew, 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me' was Number One. Had it all been a prolonged publicity campaign? Was it always your intention to be in a band?

No, when Jon came along it was a real shambles, my songs were like artschool poems — though I've never been to artschool, believe me — but they were sort of 20 paragraphs, pages and pages of words. I'm really lyrical, but Jon said, where's the chorus, where's the beginning, where's the ending? And that was something we learned together.

Also we went to a lot of record companies and got ourselves studio time, which was easy to get because of the way I looked. A lot of people had seen



From fly-by-night London club celebrity to International pop star in under a year—this is how Boy George and Culture Club silenced their critics by putting some magic back into pop music, and charm back into romance by conducting a harmless love affair with a million teenagers.

INTERVIEW: GAVIN MARTIN
PHOTOS: ANTON CORBIJN

me with Bow Wow Wow at The Rainbow but weren't sure what to make of us, so Jon's attitude was to get them to pay for as many demos as possible.

What do you most enjoy about Culture Club?

My favourite part about being in this band is writing songs and rehearsing. I don't really like the rest — the stage shows and everything. I really want to write songs, I hate it when I feel I'm not doing anything.

There's certain gigs that I've really enjoyed but basically I feel I've got to the stage where I want to write new songs, and if I don't get the chance to write them then I get worried. I just feel I should be working and there's several songs that I've written on tour which still haven't been worked out and I get frustrated about that.

I went to see Van Morrison at the Dominion a week or so before seeing Culture Club and I was dismayed because the audience was for the most part reaching middle age. When I saw Culture Club I got the opposite feeling. Do you ever worry your music isn't reaching an audience outside of teenybop confines.

I don't think so, I have parents and kids turn up at my house all the time. I have all sorts of people writing to me. It's unbelievable. I've had really beautiful poems from Grannies and 52-year-old women. I've got a letter in my pocket from a really old woman who wants a T-shirt because she can't afford one on her widow's pension.

In America, it was even more diverse and in Paris a lot of Greek Orthodox type women turned up at the front. At the Dominion there was a woman up at the front with her little daughter and she was looking at me as much as to say, you cheeky little sod. I really acknowledge the audience, I look carefully to see who they are. It is a lot of girls which I think is fun.

Does that not seem strange, crowds of 11 to 16-year-olds dressed up to look like you?

It's not the look, it's my attitude that's the main thing they respond to.

One of the nicest things said about Culture Club was that a concert was like a celebration of our success and I think that when people come to see us, I'd much rather they'd join in. I'm much more into being round the piano with 50 people than being like a demi-God, sort of *up there,* because I haven't really got much confidence in myself.

I don't look at myself in the mirror and think, God I'm attractive. I just realise I can do certain things with myself and I think my look is very personal. I think I do make myself look more attractive. I don't like the way I look without make-up, and I do it for that reason.

I've been doing it for years, I didn't suddenly discover Culture Club and think, whoooooah let's get a whacky image. I've always dressed up, I've been doing it for years and it's the way I've always got what I wanted. I've always had a great life, I've enjoyed myself and I'm sure my life would have been a lot different if I hadn't had some sort of image or attraction.

I think the main thing is my character, I don't think it's my look because most people think I'm going to be a prize prannet who doesn't say anything. The Japanese interviewers always say to me, gosh you're really loud. They analyse me as a quiet sort of David Sylvian character and I'm not like that at all.

I'm quite masculine in my own way. I don't consider myself to be particularly feminine, I never have done. I think that's one of the things people find discomforting and that's a good thing. It keeps them guessing.

People come up to me and say, why don't you change your image? I don't want to because I don't think I have an image. I feel the same way as a woman does about the way she looks, that she's making herself look pretty, and that's what I want to look like.

I remember you came into the *NME* without any make-up. Would you still go out like that?

Yeah, I do that all time. I've walked down Oxford Street and people have come up to me and said, are you Boy George? And I've said no, and they said, you are, you fuckin' lying bastard, and ran after me.

But long before I was in a band and worked in a cake shop or printers I still wore make-up. My parents used to say, why do you do it, and I told them it makes me feel good and that's why I fuckin' do it, and at that time in my life I had no one to impress, nothing to prove. I did it because I wanted to do it.

I don't think people understand that. I'm not going to turn round next week and have the Arabian look, if I wear something it's not because I'm changing my look, it's because I'm changing my clothes. I do it for the same reason I change my underpants — because they get dirty.

I enjoy dressing up and I enjoy collecting clothes, I enjoy make-up and I enjoy the way it transforms me and I think I am a transformation. I think it's amazing, sometimes I get up in the morning and think, God, you look so fuckin' ugly, and I do myself up and I feel great.

But if I was sitting here without make-up, I'd say the same things to you. I mean, it's like a guy working on a building site in a pair of jeans. He goes out with his girlfriend and puts on a clean pair of trousers and perfume or something. Is there anything more pretentious or less pretentious than that? It's exactly the same — everybody wants to be attractive to other people and that's why I do it.

That whole sort of dressing-up syndrome is crap. Of course, you get people up the Camden Palace weirdo'd out of their head just for the sake of going to

CONTINUES OVER

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the Palace. But those sort of people don't pull it off. I do and I do it well and always have done. Some people always pull it off better than others and some people just look ham — even if they wear jeans and T-shirt they look ham. It's just the way people apply themselves and carry themselves.

WHEN YOU sing *"I'm the boy you made me"*, are you saying society has made you the way you are?

No, all the songs are love songs and it's like saying, if you're in a relationship where you're really insecure and someone's made you that way, it's their fault. It's like you twisted my head, twisted my emotions and now I'm really insecure.

A lot of my songs are based on insecurity — my own feelings — and things that I felt during childhood to do with relationships and situations I got myself into which have been really heavy. None of my relationships have been fickle, I've always had really long relationships with people. I never had a three-week job.

People have said to me, what about 'Do You Really'? Was it about S&M? And it makes me scream. They said that in America, I couldn't believe it. It made me laugh because I write about basic emotions, in my own way. Like, when we did the video for 'Do You Really', I didn't want a wineglass, a wedding ring, a girl and a boy because it's too obvious.

I don't write songs for hetereosexuals and I don't write songs for homosexuals. I just write songs for everyone. I think the value of a love song is that applies to everyone — not straights or gays because I hate all that thing anyway, I think it's crap.

I've had so many experiences with people in my life and they're turned out to be the opposite of what they assummed they are.

Being the way I am, I get different reactions from people. I get more obvious and blatant reactions from people in all ways — sexually, psychologically and philosophically — and I always get it straight up because I attract that sort of thing. Jon is always telling me I take people on a really weird level, but it's because I get different reactions from what other people get and especially now.

Remember, I went round for years, people were laughing at me. Now everyone comes up and says, you're Boy George blah blah. I'm not talking about fans, I'm talking about builders and people that would have spat on me a year ago. That to me is strange, but I was aware of it a year ago as much as I am now.

I watch people, I'm really interested in their characters. I watch the way bus conductors give tickets to women, I watch the way they walk, the way they hold their beer. I'm really interested in things like that and I think people are basically very sort of fickle and false. And that's what I sing about, I look at people and think, God you're so fuckin' . . . so disgusting a lot of the time.

To me, somebody going, Oi gi' us a drink, being really aggressive, and somebody mincing *hey-low*, is identical. If you said it to either of them, they'd say there was a difference but it's exactly the same. I think all things in excess are revolting. People say I'm really excessive but I'm not, I think about things and discuss them. I don't just say I'm right and that's that, I'm interested how people feel.

Do you still go out and about as much?

I can't go out anywhere now. When we were in Holland I thought, great, I'll go out and get some shopping, I'll go to the deli and get some coffee. But everywhere I went people were coming up to me and singing 'Do Vu Really Vant To Hurt Me'. There are things I enjoy more now, like eating out and seeing my family. I like my own company a lot of the time as well, to think about things.

Did you have a strict Catholic upbringing?

Not really. My mother lost her faith very early because she had a child from a man she wasn't married to, so she went off, had to leave Ireland and come to England. So she lost any respect she had for it. She believes to be a good person you have to prove it yourself — it's not clutching to Rosaries or getting on your knees, it's basically doing something worthwhile.

My mother runs an old people's home and in her own way she thinks she's close to God and I think that's a great mentality.

If you want to prove you're religious or Christian or just a good person, you have to go out and do something, don't just talk about it. I hate all that. Religion has more to do with eccentricity than it has to do with people, the way it looks is more important than what it actually represents. I've always found it interesting, the way religion and the monarchy are all about dressing up — it's like a fancy dress taken really seriously.

HAS THE success in America been a surprise?

Our music is very traditional, you don't have to sit back and go, wooo — isn't it weird! One thing Jon pointed out about America was when I was singing they listened to me and when it came to a part of the song they liked, they'd clap. It's like I'm a singer there, not freaky George.

But there's two sides to it. Like, the Dominion, for me, was fun. I've collected 500 dolls, I can't move in my room. Kids have made teddy bears, dolls, everything. I've got an enormous trunk full. Everyone keeps telling me to give them to children's homes but I can't bear to. I want to keep them, like souvenirs. In that way I'm very childish, I still collect every cutting, I keep everying, the drawings kids send of the band, the picture they send of themselves — the lot. I've collected pictures for years I've got about eight albums, pictures of everyone I've known over the years, hundreds of photos. I like to remember how I felt at a certain time.

How do you feel when *The Face* pull out an old picture of you and Jeremy Fantayzee from a few years ago?

I don't mind it being shown but the reasons why it's being shown are pretty pathetic. It's like everyone is trying to pick up pics of George — George without make-up, George with his hanky on the beach. George with his fuckin' trousers rolled up in the sand . . . It's boring. It's some tossy photographer digging up old pictures from when they weren't interested in you that annoys me. People's attitudes annoy me more than the pics; it's like, heh heh heh, we've got a piccy of George and Jeremy, aren't we clever. I hate that sort of attitude.

I mean, I've got millions of pictures of Jeremy — I've got a picture of Jeremy in suspenders and stockings at my 18th birthday party. I've kept that. I've got pictures of people that nobody's seen.

Do you get nervous if you're out and someone notices you and all of a sudden you're An Object Of Attention.

Yeah, I do, and when that happens I treat everyone around me badly. On this English tour I was obnoxious to everyone in the band. I got frightened because people were screaming and attacking me everywhere. I got very into myself and I couldn't be emotional to anyone, whereas in America I didn't get affected in that way. In England, I was so concerned about what was going on I couldn't give anyone my time.

There's girls that follow the band around and if I'm nice to one and not the others then they get offended. It's so difficult. There's four girls that followed the band right around the world, they travelled across America in Greyhound buses and, yeah, I'm flattered by that.

How can you ignore that? How can you? How can you ignore the fact that someone's taken hours to dress up and come around to see you? OK so they're getting you out of bed in the middle of the night. I can be like the big bad wolf sometimes and refuse to answer, but usually I'd go and say hi, it's so easy to do.

DO YOU have plans to move outside music?

My main thing is that I want to be a songwriter for other people. That's already happened with 'Do You Really' being recorded by Rita Coolidge, Ippy Doo and a couple of Germans — it's a start.

Mikey always says I'm a real family man, he doesn't think I'm capable of being a solo performer and if Culture Club as a unit can write songs for other people, then great. I don't know. It depends what happens, we might get sick of each other in a few years.

One thing I always admired about Bowie is the way he stopped while the going was good. I think you can get into traps where you are dying but you won't give up. I've always admired men and women who grow old gracefully and I think I'd like to do that. I don't want to carry on as a has-been trying to get people to listen.

I think the next LP will be really good because some of the ideas for songs are fuckin' great. There's one called 'Cameo Chameleon' which is like blue grass, a song I wrote at school, with total Crosby, Stills And Nash type harmonies, it's really weird for us.

There's another song I wrote at school, I wrote a lot of my songs there because I was listening to everything. My room is just like a rubbish tip with books, bits of paper and rubbish with songs that I've collected over the years.

There's one I wrote called 'What Is Love' and it's complete scat — which must be my favourite type of singing. (He clears his throat and begins to sing.) *"When cats catch rats they eat 'em/When spiders catch flies they die/When I met you, you swallowed me too and if you're hot you'll find out why/What animals need taming while missionaries die/While birds of prey hover around all day/That is why . . . what is love."*

Nobody is a great song writer, all my favourite songs have been written by nobodies — like 'Concrete And Clay' I think is brilliant, and certain songs that I think are brilliant that other people hate. Some of the stuff Jon hates from the Philadelphia soul period, I love it.

Would you say you've always been obsessed with music?

Not so much the music, but things like the reason I love Helen so much is because, y'know that song *"Oooh, and the preacher, the preacher accidentally silenced me . . ."*, that's what she reminds me of and I work off that, I get ideas for things.

I like voices. I like Ella Fitzgerald, I've listened to her since I was really young. But then I also liked people like Steve Harley and Marc Bolan. I think Adam Ant is so much like Steve Harley, that whole phrasing, and that's why I liked Adam because he reminded me of Steve Harley. I really loved all that.

But the thing with me is I always liked so many different things that really pleased that 'Church' is Number Two because, even if it doesn't get to Number One, it is such a different direction and the next song will be different to that.

All the singles have been different in their own way. Like, people said 'Time' was like 'Do You Really', but I don't think it was. 'Time' will do much better than 'Do You Really' in America because it's more American. But we didn't write it to conquer America. Just like we didn't write 'Do You Really' to conquer the world. I didn't even want it released as a single to be quite honest. I had an argument with Jon in this very place and I said, it's not a single, it's an album track. Jon told me I was talking shit and I was — that in itself is proof that I don't know what is good for the band. But that's a good thing about this

CONTINUES PAGE 49

LPs
LONG PLAYERS

AOR SPECIAL!

Meatloaf Pic: Joe Stevens

ROCK FOR ROCK'S SAKE

(Turn it off for God's sake)

MEN AT WORK

Cargo *(Epic)*

MEAT LOAF

Midnight At The Lost And Found *(Epic)*

A PARLOUR GAME; "Locate That Song Where is the best place to listen to a Buck's Fizz record? — in a confectioner's. Duran Duran — travel agency: Altered Images — nursery: Kajagoogoo — manicurist's: New Order — straitjacket. The place to listen to Meat Loaf would be in a butcher's and the place for Men At Work a waiting room, but they really do have a lot in common.

They are both rock for rock's sake bands, which means they have no shame and no brain. They both have *HOME TAPING IS KILLING MUSIC — AND IT'S ILLEGAL* stamped on their boring sleeves — as if anyone would waste a perfectly good tape on pondscum like this! And they are both Dead Skin bands, the phoenix as asset-stripper, who have built their careers from the ashes of someone else's discontinued line; Men At Work are Sting before he read Koestler, and Meat Loaf is Springsteen before he read a book.

Men At Work tend to get haughty and say naughty things about British cultural imperialism when they are compared to the boys in bleach, but boy, have they got their nerve! If I was to dress up in a blue wig and winged spectacles and run around shrieking "Hello possums!" at all and sundry, I should expect to be called a Dame Edna Everage impersonator — and similarly, if a person sings songs about being depressed and lonely in a quivering jerry-built jamaican voice he must expect to be accused of going for the SingalongaSting market.

The perfect Police parody was done years ago by the marvellous HeeBeeGeeBees — 'Too Depressed To Commit Suicide' — and it went *"What a dreary life it is this...teaching/Feel like a peach melba without the...peach in/I was so depressed I started...screeching/Feel like Debbie Harry's hair without the...bleach in...Guess I chose the wrong career/Like the Dane in that play by Shakespeare."*

Compare that, both wonderfully literate and laughable, with this so-called serious song by Men At Work, 'High Wire': *"It really isn't too much fun/Sitting waiting round for the night to come/It's almost time to put on my coat of cool/I may be an idiot but indeed I am no fool."* Can you credit that? Have they actually started speaking English in Australia yet?

Not for nothing are the singularly unattractive Men At Work pictured sitting on little lavatories on the inner sleeve, because all of the album seems to be about their nasty little functions — dishwashing, insomnia, worry, rebellion, dypsomania; they don't need a recording contract, they need an agony column. On 'It's A Mistake', their anti-nuclear bomb song, they sound mildly complaining, like they've just run out of Vegemite. All their taste and talent would seem to have gone into the choosing of their name — they really are Men At Work, and you get used to their music without ever liking it, irritating and unstoppable just like the drilling on your doorstep.

FROM THE Bruce by nationality to the Bruce by nature — Meat Loaf, the wild man of Weightwatchers! Meat Loaf is the end product of 200 years of McDonald's, the Ugly American, the archetypal American, a fat slob with a loud voice and no visible means of reasoning, and the seam he mines is the stupid, sweaty, strident side of the young, long gone Bruce Springsteen, all crying and craving and cars.

His songs are called things like 'Razor's Edge', 'Keep Driving' and 'Wolf At Your Door' — *"I won't be broken/I'll fight till I drop/Blood burning hot in my veins/But they won't be satisfied/Until they take everything."* Phew! — Meat Loaf has seen the future of rock and roll, and he was in the Hall Of Mirrors at the time.

Whereas Men At Work are about as mellow as the Rue Morgue, Meat Loaf is in a constant state of All-American hysteria; his voice is the bellow of the circus freak finally pushed too far, very like that of Paul Williams, the midget of the Paradise. He gets the best musicians money can be wasted on — sounding for all the world like the most uninspired bar band that ever had pennies thrown at them — and he feeds you rock's rich tapestry until it's coming out of your ears. If you can think of a cliche about a woman or a car, you can bet anything that Meat Loaf's already had it custom made into a mock opera and murdered it in a studio.

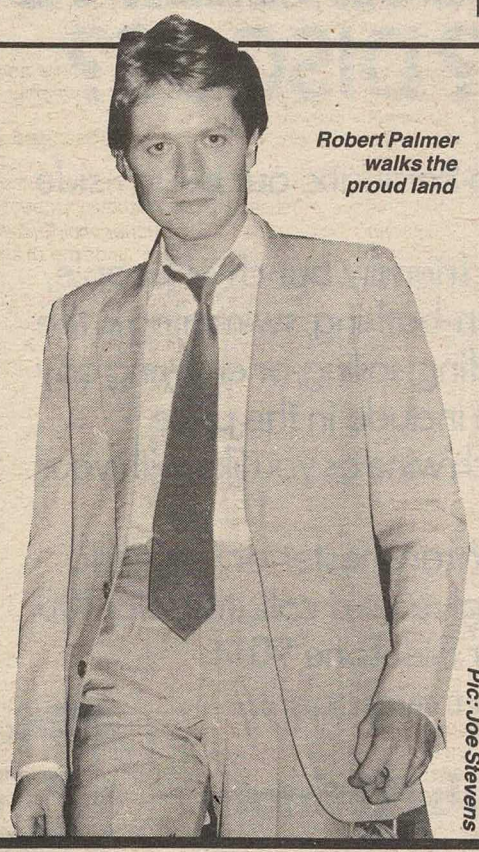
Only someone as physically horrible as Mr Loaf — makes Cyril Smith look like Lorraine Chase — would parade such an endless posse of broads through his records, making them duet soppily with him; Karla De Vito, Ellen Foley, Cher and now some tomato called Dale Krantz Rossington plays Fay Wray to Loaf's Kong.

The songs all have their lyrics all smeared all over the sleeve, which is the worst mistake that Loaf has made since the day he tried his first triple cheeseburger, because the record contains a rendition of 'The Promised Land'; you can't believe how pathetic this song, 20 years old if it's a day, makes everything else look. Not that it adds to Loaf's stature at all; he sounds silly singing it, as though the only reason he wants to get to California is to be initiated by Judy Maazel into the mysteries of the Beverly Hills diet.

People like Loaf because he'll never turn moody and record a 'Nebraska', he'll keep on churning out the amateur hour Americana and he'll never turn around and shove all the rock cliches in your face and hold them there like an ether pad until they make you sick. He is rock's variation on the jolly fat boy, the *raunchy* fat boy, and like a big fat life jacket his fans can cling to him amongst the wreckage of the rock dreams.

Like Men At Work, this is music for grown ups who think they're still young: if you've been a faithful rock fan for 20 years, never doubting, never thinking, there should be a rule that the record company have to present you with one of these records free, no charge, for services rendered — for garbage swallowed and rubbish hallowed.

Julie Burchill



Robert Palmer walks the proud land

Pic: Joe Stevens

SOFT SOUL SOPHISTICAT

ROBERT PALMER

Pride *(Island)*

WHEN HE gets up in the morning his muscles ache and his emotions are strange, far off, unrecognisable things, but the fine jets of water from the shower, the fresh sweet smell of the soap brings the automatic sophisticat man back to life.

He slips into his elegant, casual clothes and he feels good, feels right. He moves through his day of empty leisure and unrequited glances, he feels at home in a world of faceless glamour, amateur hour dalliances. And if it all gets a little facile, he looks around and says "Well that is life...that is the way it is. It is rich and it is fine. Who am I to try and change it?"

So he goes out into his smooth, flash surrounds, glides through them in sports cars, through cocktail bars and late night restaurants and always there are girls; girls with wicked come ons, girls with warm smiles, girls with strange habits, deceitful girls, elusive girls. They tear him apart, they wrack his thought, they are his downfall and they are his saving grace.

Welcome to the new Robert Palmer album. For a guy who cut his teeth on the sweat and gristle of post-boom Brit blues, for a guy who was born in *Batley* f'rchrissakes, Palmer's role model as Nassau dilletante/playboy has more than a fair whiff of *nouveau riche* about it. He also approaches his records in a very leisurely fashion, you don't get the feeling that his work in the studio is allowed to put too much of a strain on his lifestyle. This has advantages but it also has disadvantages — the most galling being the infuriating inconsistency of every album since 'Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley'.

But for all that he can't be easily written off — on the occasions that he cuts through the bluff and gloss Palmer can produce a gleaming pearl of maverick blue-eyed soul.

In the main 'Pride' is a movement in the right direction, there is an all round toughening up in the sound. There's a more positive sense of direction than the confused perspectives of the last two albums, and Palmer has carved himself a much more satisfactory niche with 'Pride'. Having worn out his electro romance with the irascible Gary Numan on 'Almost Live' that side of things is subsumed more into the full sound — and at its best the music on here is very rich, finding time to accomadate all manner of tropical rhythms and the customary soul references within a strong sinewy funk.

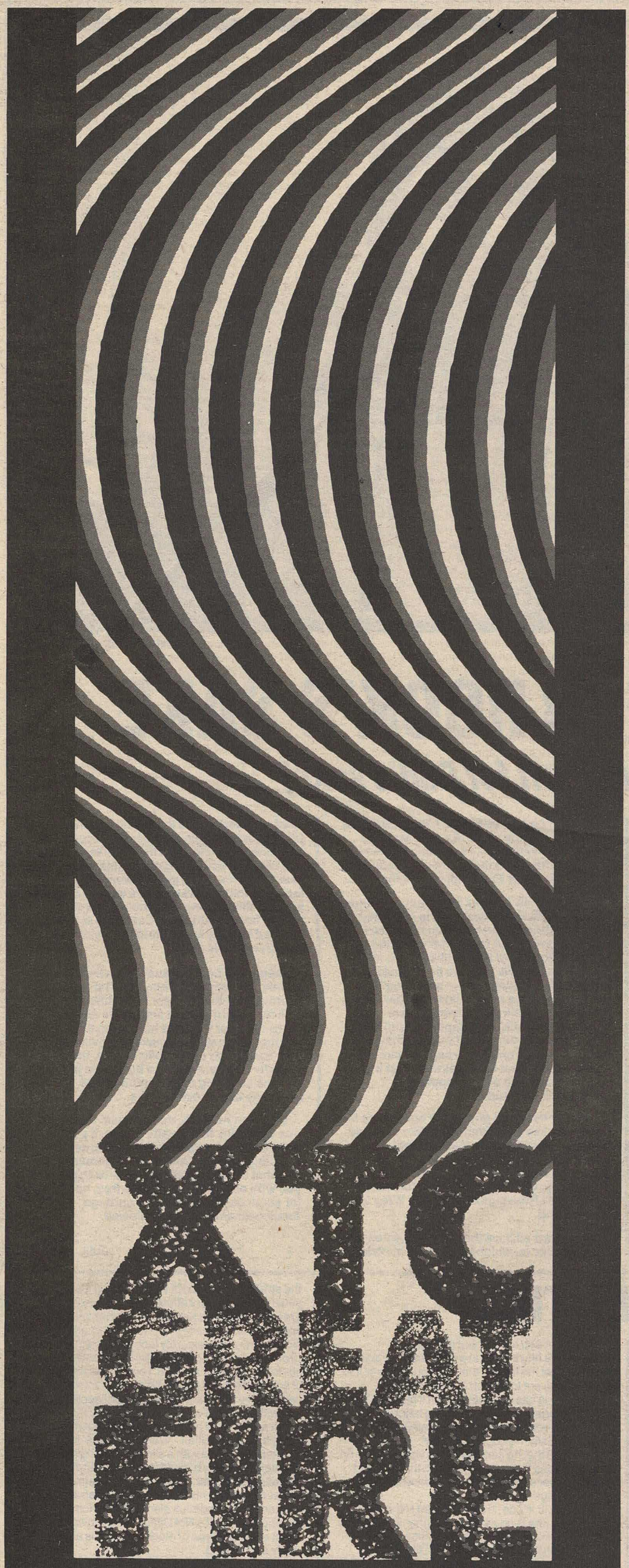
With everything ship shape, and cushioned more comfortably than he has been before, Palmer launches off with 'Pride', which isn't quite the masterstroke of humour and ingenuity I guess he imagined it to be. It's a lament for a lover lost to the strange attraction of aerobics, and it's a bit of a yawn of a song, very effete, very ho hum. 'Deadline' is Palmer at his best, a sharp attractive pop piece finely crafted, it flatters his image in the nicest way — the leisurely lecher falling for women "from behind", it's got a fine hookline and is an obvious choice for a single. I could take a whole LP of songs like that; I mean, he's not gonna change dammit, we may as well have him dissecting his ego with style and wit.

But artists have pretensions and elsewhere it's a very hit and miss affair. 'Want You More' is turgid, an interesting idea with a slinky spiralling melody counterpointed by a cauldron of steel drums — but ultimately it falls flat. 'Silver Gun' is an atrocity, Palmer wrapping his larynx around a refrain sung in Spanish, in a hideous electro-flamenco melange, while 'It's Not Difficult' is a typical lads chant about the type of model girl who is always ready and waiting.

At the opposite end of the spectrum you get two excellent cover versions of The System's 'You Are In My System' — blistering knuckle funk — and Kool And The Gang's 'You Can Have It (Take My Heart)' — warm, juicy soul with Palmer's earthy rasp particularly suited to the song.

'Pride' then is a typical Palmer LP — one part pop-soul brilliance, two parts under-achievement and one part embarassment. The sophisticatman will continue to rove but perhaps he has discovered a solid enough base here for him to soon produce the album he is really capable of.

Gavin Martin



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TWISTED SISTER

You Can't Stop Rock'N'Roll *(Atlantic)*

TWISTED SISTER are the HM band some critics (me included) would love to love. On stage they are *massively* crass — every cliche in the book is extravagantly parodied, every detail of appearance, gesture, and musical and lyrical convention is amplified to satirically gonzo proportions. So whilst the fans at the front are going ecstatically Nuremberg, we cool scribes at the back snigger into our drinks at this mighty conceptual joke. Maybe their debut LP is the ironic punch-line. If every successful HM platter of the last few years were fed into a computer, 'You Can't Stop Rock'N'Roll' would emerge as the result. It's the perfect identikit HM album.

I could quote all day from the lyric sheet to demonstrate the range of overblown, misogynist, adolescently macho, pompously self-assertive and crashingly banal attitudes on show. Some of the songtitles say it all: 'The Kids Are Back', 'I'll Take You Alive', the hit single 'I Am (I'm Me)', 'The Power And The Glory', and the title-track itself.

As for the riffs which it's basically all about), they're very average, and the guitar solos won't give Richie Blackmore and Michael Schenker anything to sweat about. Twisted Sister's resident mastermind, Dee Snider, has a powerful voice, like Paul Rogers without the warmth of intermittent smoky tenderness. Drummer A.J. Pero and bassist Mark 'The Animal' Mendoza (ex-Dictators) pound the beat like a squad-car load of community policemen.

Just about every track is an anthem to HM solidarity, giving a live set full of potential show-stoppers. Best of these is the obligatory biker song 'Ride To Live, Live To Ride', a direct descendant of Steppenwolf's 'Born To Be Wild'. The latter is occasionally performed by Blue Oyster Cult, whose 'On Your Feet Or On Your Knees' still remains unchallenged by any HM output since its release in 1975.

BOC have been too obviously smart to enjoy a consistently comfortable relationship with HM fans, but Twisted Sister aren't going to go *too* far in toying with their audience's expectations. They have built up a live reputation by reviving the spirit of early Alice Cooper, however they're not about to let things get out of hand on vinyl, the *real* dollar-earner. "Play it loud, mutha'!" demands the inner-sleeve; "Play it safe, sucka'!" is more to the point.

Mat Snow

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS

The Last Supper *(Charly)*

WHAT ARE we to make of this two-record set from the Brothers Bolleaux? A matching pair of curly edged ashtrays or plantpot holders; the thought hovers maliciously for an instant before critical common sense returns.

The sleeve reproduces Leonardo's 'Last Supper' with photos of various dead celebrities — Elvis, Hendrix, Morrison, Dean, Monroe and the gang — pasted over the heads of the various disciples. There is an automobile and a hypodermic syringe on Jesus' plate for reasons I cannot comprehend. I cannot find the faces of the Beatles upside down in the background, but I shall keep trying, and I haven't licked strategic spots on the cover...yet.

We are told the Brothers are another 'Jock' McDonald venture and we marvel. I shrink from attempting to fathom the depths of such a man's thoughts but if I proffer the titles of some of the eight pieces here, the casual reader many obtain a flavour of the fare on offer: 'Save Our Souls', 'Horror Movies', 'Reincarnation Of', 'Enchantment'. There are pictures of Satan on the record labels. Here are samples from the lyrics of some of the works — imagine them sung in a light Scottish accent over an electro / disco beat: *"Save our souls tonight, my mind's in endless flight / Soon your face will decay, soon your body will rot away / Do not, I repeat, do not adjust your stereo! I will tell you a tale of terror and of dread."*

On the title track, the great Mr. Mac intones, *"First you must honour your God! Second you must honour his name!,"* as though he's Malcolm McLaren calling the shots in some celestial squaredance; honour your partners, doe-see-doe, grab that Holy Ghost and away we go!, style of thing.

The more accessible themes are in the aforementioned 'Horror Movies', wherein the Caped Caledonian lists his favourites of the genre and tells of his delight in watching them on TV of a Friday night. Well it's better than hanging round graveyards, in my opinion.

On 'The Act Became Real' there is a devasting indictment of the current US President for being an old movie-actor. Did YOU know that?.

"Will he try with human beings, guinea pigs, to achieve his means?" Neat rhymings like that abound on this collection.

The last track is a reworking of the theme of the Velvet Underground's 'The Gift', where Jock's accent veering wildly from the highlands to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean with lots of swearing, references to celebrities of the day and much talk of 'J. Arthur Ranking', will ensure total radio silence for this one, in perpetuity. A pity, because it does raise a twisted smile on first hearing, even if subsequent plays generate only profound lassitude.

Ray Lowry

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THE BILLY THAT TIME FORGOT

SHOCKABILLY

Earth Vs. Shockabilly *(Rough Trade)*

IF 'Earth Vs. Shockabilly' — a fair description of this group's standing on the American sleaze bar circuit — is the record to bring Eugene Chadbourne to wider attention, fine. Typically, though, it's one of the weakest he's been associated with, even if the most consciously 'outrageous'.

Chadbourne is one of the last unclaimed guitar heroes left on the planet. He looks a little like Randy Newman, a resemblance his predilection for log-cutter shirts tends to magnify, and his guitar playing is a wackily disturbing, blistered amalgam of Derek Bailey, James Burton and Arthur Smith (in order of importance). He sings in a voice as gnomically unkempt as he dares.

On this record, the trio Chadbourne heroically trouped around the most off-limits venues in America (as described in his diary feature for *Collusion*) lays waste a handful of arbitray icons of rock yesteryear and sneaks in a few harebrained originals, of which the idiotic 'Wrestling Woman' is about the best. 'Are You Experienced' and 'Purple Haze' are blithely unrecognisable; '19th Nervous Breakdown' isn't funny enough *(everybody* demolishes old Stones numbers), and only 'Tennessee Flat Top Box' and a fiendishly spooky 'People Are Strange' — which actually amplifies the death-gabble of The Doors to telling ends — seem more than undisciplined cut-ups.

Grotesque salvos of fuzztone, galloping drum parts and lurid psycho-pixie vocals decorate the songs in a random splatter. Certain felicities of execution get too hidden by the overall ugliness to explode out.

In a way, Shockbilly are on a fool's errand. In moving off from a staring-block of rock 'n' roll rampage they only collide with the scores of idiot punk and proto-avant garde groups who do mutated covers with the same doltish bravado — and without the apologetic irony.

Good to hear Chadbourne in an 'accessible' format, but seek out 'There'll Be No Tears Tonight' (which is a similar and far more effective and affectionate shot at C&W), 'School' with John Zorn, the preposterous '2000 Statues' or the splendid 'Don't Punk Out' with Frank Lowe. 'Earth Vs. Shockbilly' isn't very dangerous.

Richard Cook

WEAPON OF PEACE

Rainbow Rhythm *(Safari)*

AH, WELL, rainbows are said to exist halfway between the angels and the dirt, and 'Rainbow Rhythm' is no exception. It's got the texture of an angelic do-gooder's soul, and just a hint of the pleasures of nookey, but not enough excess in either direction to make it really interesting.

Weapon Of Peace's debut LP was built on an unremarkable but competent reggae style. Now they're flirting with South American rhythms and the change of direction seems to throw their sound out of sync. The emptily insistent drumming seems to float up to the melodies, instead of regulating them, and the lyrics seem strangely unrelated to the tunes. Instead of seizing the rich opportunities offered by fusion music for creating a new musical form, Weapon Of Peace have let a superficial smoothness substitute for making a committed, unified, musical statement. Level 42 and Shakatak spring to mind as comparisions.

Taking on board the epic South American Salsa tradition is one thing. Trying to link it with a completely different set of experiences, through the vocals, is another. The former has completely overwhelmed the latter. It's no coincidence that the best track, 'Blues And Greens', is unified because it's an unpretentious, celebratory, dance song.

Peace and racial harmony is presented with an unconvincing tunelessness, and the sort of yukky liberal platitudes that make all the media attempts to cast male CND supporters as effeminate nincompoops seem to be John Wain role-playing.

Salsa rhythms cannot be made to underpin the Brylcreaming of the personal as political without a lot more work on the issues involved.

Amanda Root

LIGHTNING STRIKES

BRYAN ADAMS
Cuts Like A Knife *(A&M)*

This album is a prime example of American rubbish. To point this out is to ignore neither that much of the finest music of this century has been American, nor that Bryan Adams himself happens to be Canadian. From the Petty/Springsteen school of Enlightened Rockists, Adams looks like a cross between Petty and Sting and produces a noise akin to Springsteen writing the worst songs of his career, committing suicide and — as a final act of vengeance — willing the demos to Foreigner.

The American charts right now seem to busting wide open to an awful lot of new music, which raises hopes that rock bores like Adams will find their meal tickets expiring within the near future.

Charles Shaar Murray

MICHAEL GALASSO
Scenes (*ECM*)

Nine of them, performed on violins. Galasso eschews hoedown and reel for a wintry roundelay that skirts old Europe like one of Henry James' travellers. Pizzicato figurines move sombrely across the bowed lurch and a scent of Arcadian distances lingers close at hand. Pithy, sometimes unexpectedly moving. Colour purple.

Richard Cook

TAMIA
Senza Tempo *(T)*

More immediately accessible than Meredith Monk, but lacking the American's conceptual clout, this attractive album of multitracked voice solos comes from Paris on singer Tamia's own T Records. I wonder if she lives anywhere near electrognome Bernard Szajner — if they ever get together we've got another French Revolution on our hands! Except for the most ambitious (and least successful) track 'Out Of Air', she's no demented diva seeking solace — like Diamanda Galas — in sonic S/M. There's an agreeable folksy plaintiveness in the rest, an endearing distillation of vocal technique that deserves a better-quality pressing than the copy I've got.

Felix Jay

DIONNE WARWICK
The Best Of: 1972-1978 *(Warner Bros)*

Beginning in the grey era right after Ms Warwick left Spectre and took up with the likes of The Detroit Spinners, Holland/Dozier/Holland and Thom Bell, with dreams of becoming a pop star, and ending with her halfway down the road to cabaret, 1973-'78 was not exactly a golden era.

It was however, infinitely better than what was to come later.

Lloyd Bradley

EDDIE RABBITT
Radio Romance *(Mercury)*

If this really is a radio romance, I'd stomp on my tranny and become an emotional recluse. The music combines the drive of Cat Stevens with the stunning insights of Toto — *"the sun still burns, the earth still turns, and the winter still follows the fall"*. Eddie Rabbitt has tailored his sounds for the somnific AOR — American Originated Rubbish — market. They deserve each other.

Impure pop for then people.

Ziyad Georgis

little Steven and the DISCIPLES OF SOUL

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ALBUM & CASSETTE TC/AML 3027 EMI AMERICA

Goatee it Lester! *Pic: Jean Marc Birraux*

BOWIE: LESTER DANCE!

LESTER BOWIE

All The Magic! *(Epic)*

LESTER BOWIE'S ensemble is one of the world's great groups, and although 'All The Magic!' is not *quite* the elemental force they must be capable of summoning, its qualities are still so manifold as to silence criticism. So effortlessly joyful, so radically swinging, so cheekily passionate . . . Lester has assembled the most vibrantly wakeful tribute to his traditions.

There are two records. The first is the group performing a studio translation of the basic live set, an irreverent cut-up cornucopia of Great Black Music. The R&B swagger of 'Let The Good Times Roll' beside the unswerving gospel dignity of 'Everything Must Change', the Bourbon Street fantasy in 'For Louie' (Armstrong) against the ragged squitter of Albert Ayler's 'Ghosts'.

With the great Phillip Wilson spurring on the rhythm section with drumming of ingenious dexterity and illumination, Bowie's trumpet and Ari Brown's saxes spear and jig and growl around the searchlit corners of the tunes. The singers, Fontella Bass and the literally monumental David Peaston, bring it all back home in accents of gleeful relish.

Bowie's 'Trans Traditional Suite', which sandwiches Peaston's majestic vocal feature inside two fitful sprays of schoolless jazz playing that is extremely close to the edge, is the most explicit statement a jazzman can make in deference to his roots: the earth is uplifted into the stars. The ageless spirit is renewed. it's a fabulous achievement.

But there are points to disappoint. Manfred Eicher's usual giftwrap production cocoons the sound in a silken sheen that isn't truthful to a unit that wears its gutbucket credentials with pride. The vocalists are too politely deployed — in concert, Peaston's 'Everything Must Change' is one glorious hosanna, and here it seems comparatively reserved — and sometimes the leader's arrangement is a degree too lighthearted. The reading of 'Ghosts' completely forsakes the tragic utterance of Ayler for a carnival gait that jars unconvincingly.

Bowie's own playing is as quirkily brilliant as always, although the penchant for mannerist tricks is starting to get the better of him. It covers the entire second record, which is all solo Bowie — "trumpet and other sounds". As long ago as 1968, with the scabrously witty 'Jazz Death?', Bowie was experimenting with the solo horn. These pieces are like shavings from the block of hot trumpet terminology, splashed with a little watercolour and a satiric lip.

'Dunce Dance' is a fool capering to a bass drum. 'Miles Davis Meets Donald Duck' is about what it says. Bathwater bubbles in 'Thirsty?', and there's a sour sadness about 'Almost Christmas' where the lone horn sings against a carillon of bells.

As a showcase for that inimitable sound, furred to a rasp at the edges and sceptically piercing any sentimental flab it encounters, it's a perfect notebook on Bowie's skills; yet it appears curiously static, an unresolved collection of ideas. As a solo turn from an AEC member it doesn't possess any of the eloquent severity that Roscoe Mitchell always brings to his one-man recitals.

Despite that, 'All The Magic!' is a major work. In terms of emotional content, intelligence, commitment and — above all — purpose, it is so far ahead of most of the music described in these pages as to embarrass all other contenders. In the few minutes that encompass 'Everything Must Change' and the subsequent 'T. Jam Blues', Bowie's group are saying more about the power of music to inspire and *make new* than anybody else. We must acknowledge once again this Great Black Music.

Richard Cook

BACK TO CRASS ROOTS

CONFLICT

It's Time To See Who's Who *(Corpus Christi)*

PRIMARILY a live band, Conflict have built up a large grass-roots following crossing many inter-punk barriers without ever really attracting any above-ground attention. so a few eyebrows were raised when this album went crashing straight to the top of the Punk chart, showing a healthy army out there still wilfully intent on ignoring media trends.

Oh, the crisis of categorisation; to attach a label of 'punk' onto anything these days is to see it wilt under a barrage of nostalgia-tainted jibes of how the original fire has long since burned out, how there's little warmth left in the embers of redundant cliche and the ash of the hollow mohicaned image.

Yet a little actual *listening* to such as this debut Conflict album reveals flames of suprisingly spirited ferocity, flames feeding on fresh fuel; a harder, dryer brand perhaps, dug from the forests of anarchist commitment.

Undeniably there are acres of unlistenable vinyl dross churned out daily under the banner of punk. Heavy handed, tedious riffs and empty-worded mouthings are unforgiveable, regardless of how fast they're played or how nattily attired the player may be. Or, in the case of One Way System, the number of tattoos and pierced nipples they display; now they *are* irredeemably BAD, but their pathetic stance shouldn't cloud the feeling of sheer uplift that Conflict's 'It's Time' gives.

Dealing in the realms of absolute raging fury, Conflict build from an anarchist view-point to smudge distinctions between the political and the must-danceable. And at their best it works, the link being forged mainly by the guitar of Steve Conflict. From the mind-numbing raucousness of 'Blind Morons' to the tempered menace of 'Exploitation' he never forgets the concept of keeping a tune. He and the solid rhythm section give a musical depth to the short sharp vocal assaults snarled out in an often incomprehensible stream by front-man Colin.

Lyrically Conflict give more than a passing nod to their mentors Crass. Targets such as meat eaters, nationalists, soldiers, music biz sharks, policemen and the perennial enemy 'governments' are all set up to be knocked down in line after line of superficial invective leaving no room for choruses. Taken on their own lyrics can be pulled apart for their shallow tunnel-vision, but with the furious musical accompaniment they gain a brutal vibrancy.

However, for all its spirit, 'It's Time' still stays in the confines expected by Christi's following. They've grown to a formidable force underground but seem content to stay at the top of that tree rather than take this angry protest to a a wider audience. Their tendency to merge, musically, into a manic blur occasionally comes across on vinyl as being merely unadventurous — a stumbling block to a larger public.

There's enough landmarks on this first outing, the fighting 'You're Nicked' and biting 'No Island Of Dreams' for instance, to show there's a power here that shouldn't be blithely dismissed.

Tony D

ZZ TOP

Eliminator *Warner Brothers*

WITHOUT wishing to wake Messrs. Gibbons, Hill and Beard from the slumber in which this album was seemingly pieced together, they must be patted on the back for the simple achievement of recording a completely unremarkable and eminently forgettable set of songs.

Assuming this lot ever had any integrity — at best a dubious assumption — it has certainly been thrown wind-ward as they dredge up the "hard-loving man needs hard-loving woman" syndrome complete with D.I.Y. guitar runs and trips round the drum kit. I mean, no-one sings *"She's so fine, she knows what to do"* anymore — no-one that is, except Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top. Even as I write, he's on about some mate of his busting out of Alcatraz with machine guns blasting.

Come on now boys, it's all been done before by better men than thee.

Ceri Evans.

MAN PARRISH

Man Parrish (*Polydor*)

THE FIRST track on this album, 'Hip Hop, Be Bop (Don't Stop)', was a big-selling import single last year, and is now doing well on a British release. It achieved a certain cult status, along with 'The Message', and The Valentine Brothers' 'Money's Too Tight To Mention'. And there the similarity stops.

'Hip Hop' is an intensely dull record, comprised almost entirely of Rockers Revenge cliches; the clap-trap, the echoing synthesisers, every trick on it has been used more effectively by Arthur Baker. The album amplifies the point. We get two versions of 'Hip Hop', just in case we didn't like it the first time round. We also get a surfeit of vocoders. Parrish's treated voice sings duets, pretends to be an alien, and generally makes a fool of itself throughout the eight tracks of this brief album.

On side one, between the 'Hip Hop's, is 'In The Beginning/Man Made'. Those of you familiar with the Stranglers' 'Meninblack' ramblings, or the early recordings of Pinky and Perky, will recall how irritating synthesised squeaky voices soon become. 'Man Made' itself mimics the Kraftwerk steals of 'Planet Rock'; but where that record at least attempted to *rework* 'Trans Europe Express', 'Man Made' merely plagiarises 'Man Machine' witlessly. This is not to say that Parrish does not regard himself as a funny guy. 'Six Simple Synthesisers' extols the virtues of his instruments in the form of a Sesame Street counting song, all the way down to *"one large computer putting out a pulse/It can play Stravinsky, Brahms or Bach or Holst"*.

The only decent track on 'Man Parrish' is a little ditty called 'Together Again'. A duet between Cherry Vanilla and an occasionally vocoded Parrish, it combines OMD's 'Genetic Engineering' with something approaching the Waitresses' updated girl-group sound. For one brief moment, the album's FUN.

Now, if *that* was the single . . .

David Quantick

TONY CROMBIE AND HIS ROCKETS

Re-Launch *(See For Miles)*

THE TAPESTRY of rock'n'roll remains incomplete *sans* the name Tony Crombie wrought on its fraying fabric. I say the *name* deliberately, for it is this merely which merits inscription, conjuring up as it does the portrait of a morose delinquent in the Edwardian style from perhaps Barking huddled behind his overcoat and acne, somewhere between Terry Dene and Brett Ansell with maybe a touch of the Cecil Gee's thrown in for good measure. His music is altogether another matter.

And so sadly is he. Back in the mid '50s Crombie is a jazz drummer and vocalist of moderate reputation who forms his Rockets for the barely accountable purpose of rendering a British equivalent of Bill Haley's brand of big band rock'n'roll. The end results are mostly as horrendous as this sounds.

Mr Crombie delusively imagines that the essence of this unlikely US import is inclusion of the word "rock" in a song's title. To this end he suggests but without providing the wherewithal 'We're Gonna Rock Tonight', 'Teach You To Rock', 'Rock, Rock, Rock', 'Let's You And I Rock', adapts 'Molly Malone' for 'Sham Rock' and 'I Do Like to Be Beside The Seaside' for 'Brighton Rock', 'Rock 'n' Roller Coaster', 'London Rock', utter inanities like 'Rock Cha Cha' and 'Rock Shuffle Boogie', plus of course 'Short'nin' Bread Rock', his sole hit and a tune I admit a partiality to aged eight, though it barely survives a hearing today.

Some of the instrumentals on side two are better, with Crombie reverting to jazz on such as 'Rex Rocks' and 'Piakukaungcung', while the band's rendition of 'Dumplins' compares favourably with versions by Doc Bagby, Byron Lee and the Dragonaires and Ernie Freeman when in the mood; though the emasculation of Johnny Burnette and company's 'Lonesome Train' into a Guy Mitchell whistlealong is without either point nor taste.

Stitch it up your archives.

Penny Reel

GOOD KIDDANCE

RICH KIDS

Ghosts Of Princes In Towers *(EMI)*

FIVE YEARS on, The Rich Kids' one and only LP comes up for a second time and smells surprisingly fresh. Well, I'm not *really* surprised because I've given the record fairly regular dustings off since its original release in 1978.

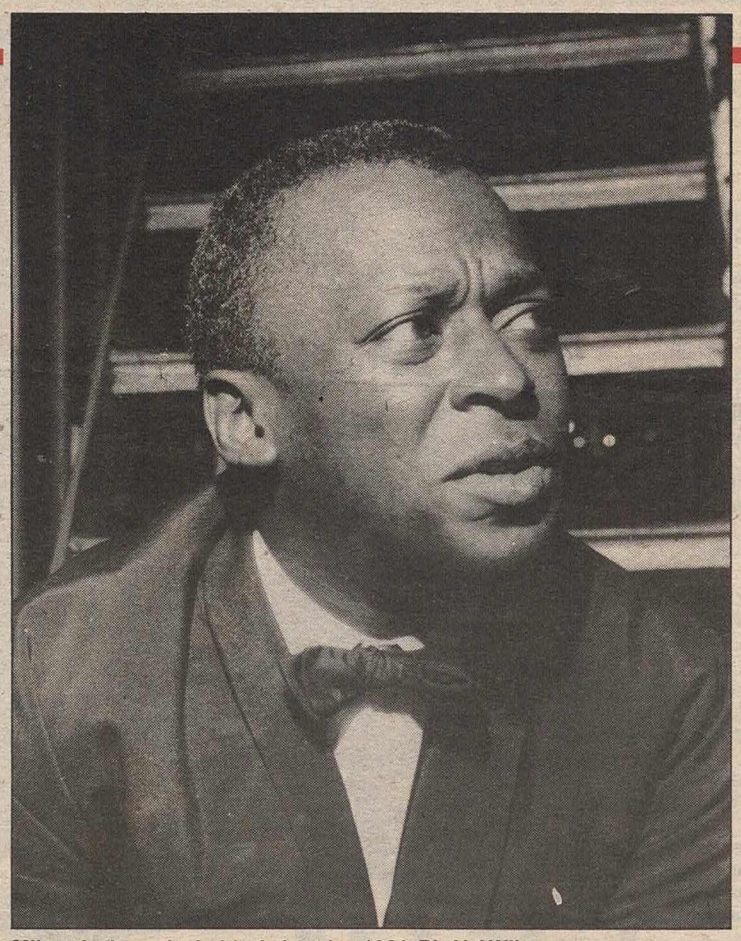
Formed by Rusty Egan, Steve New, Glen Matlock and Midge Ure, the group was inevitably the subject of much ballyhoo at the time. Just as inevitably, the album itself failed to meet people's sky-high expectations, and the general verdict was better luck next time. As we now know, there *was* no next time. Although the individual Kids have mostly been fairly active ever since.

"You don't need money to be Rich," pronounced Midge on the original sleeve, and the group took it from there. The music was power-poppy guitar rock'n'roll, Mick Ronson-produced, with a stylish and youthful swagger. In the end, they were just another group who came along, made their noise and quietly disappeared before things got too boring.

There must be a moral in there somewhere.

Paul Du Noyer

Ghosts of New and Matlock past. *Pic: Pennie Smith*



Miles, the bow-tie daddy, in London 1961. Pic Val Wilmer.

MILES DAVIS ● from page 21

("I'm Miles, I can put out anything") — clearly this music was indicating that something was wrong with the progenitor, that he was not indulging himself or tapped out or merely confused. That he was sick of soul.

Which of course, providing you believe it, still doesn't solve the problem: *is this good music or not?*

'Agharta', his latest, recorded live in Japan, offers few clues, is the usual hodge-podge we have come to expect, so I am going to further complicate the Miles conundrum by answering all the questions raised above with some more:

1. Is this music good or bad?
2. If it's bad, does Miles know it?
3. If it's bad and he knows it, is he
   (a) just telling his audience to get fucked;
   (b) fulfilling contractual obligations;
   (c) groping for something he is at present incapable of fulfilling;
   (d) putting out product because like Dylan, John Lennon etc he simply has nothing better to do and can't admit he's washed up?
4. If this music is good, does that mean that Miles is trying to tell us something we may not want to know (cf. latent anguish theory)?
5. If this music is good, is it also good for us?
6. If it's good and the effect of that goodness is to depress us, should we keep listening?
7. If it's bad, are reviews like this not the worst possible medicine for Miles' afflictions? Should we tell him he's jiving himself, and effect a boycott until he relocates himself?
8. If it's bad, why am I so much more fascinated with Miles in a state of decay than I was when he was making one fine, solid, mainstream album after another?

I WON'T pretend to have the answers to any of those questions, but I will say this: the very fact that they had to be posed makes this music more interesting and provocative than nine-tenths of everything else being released today.

For Milesophiles, I'd suggest that you go back to two early albums for the precedent to his current dilemma: to 'Miles In The Sky' for a preview of the spaciness that made 'Bitches Brew' almost too airy and some of its followers almost invisible; and to an album that has been called at various times 'Jazz Track', 'Frenzy' and 'Elevator To The Scaffold'.

That was the soundtrack to a French thriller that Miles laid down with some European nobodies way back in 1958, it was completely different than anything else he was doing at the time, and in its deep-night sense of terminally disconsolate moodiness has remained a classic over the years that prophesied the artist's recent psychic plunge.

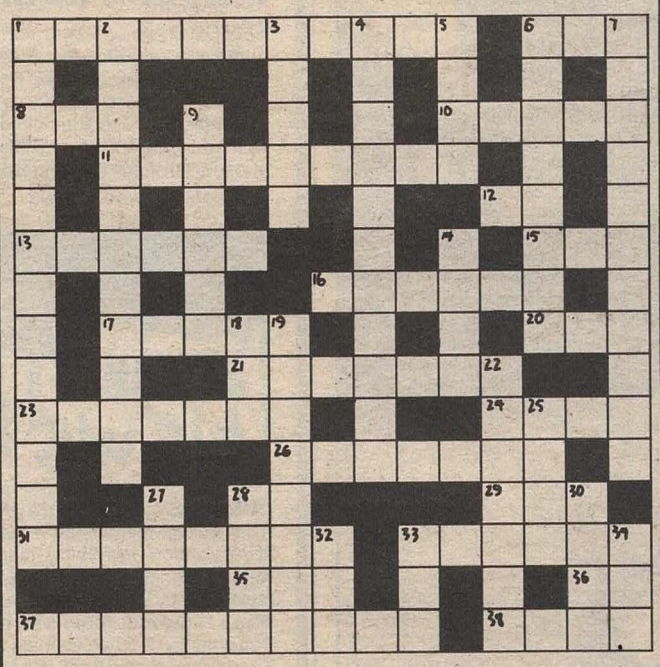
As for all this new Miles music, I sit here at the end of 'Agharta' with a rubbery weight at the bottom of my heart which the former dredged up. I'm no masochist, and nobody could ever call Miles maudlin, but I'm not sorry.

I have finally learned to think of Miles' most recent music and what he has done to his art as taking a jewel, a perfectly faceted diamond as big as the earth shining brighter than ten thousand suns, suppose you took that jewel and with implacable, superhuman, malevolent hands *crushed it* in on itself, compressed by a force beyond comprehension until it was half its original size, black all over and a cold and unbreakable lump.

I think of that diamond as the emotional capacities of Miles' music, as Miles' heart; my theory re the musical personality of Miles Davis is that he has committed upon himself, his heart, just exactly what was done to that diamond, for reasons having to do with great, perhaps unbearable suffering.

In Patti Smith's words, his music now to me is *"a branch of cold flame,"* and I think that, crushed as that heart is, the soul beyond it has not been and cannot ever be destroyed. Like Graham Greene's "burnt out case", perhaps that is all that is left. But in a curious way that almost glows uniquely brighter in its own dark coldness; and that, that which is all that is left, is merely the universe.

NME XPRESS



compiled by **Michele Noach**

CLUES ACROSS

1 Nearly two decades on, this is a promise and not a threat from Emily's observers (3,5,3)
6 The Old Council (3)
8 They could have made cash from chaos, but Virgin did instead (1,1,1)
10 Not drunk (nothing to do with the DKs) (5)
11 Banshees sidekick can cure tears (9)
12 Clothing establishment. Very '76 (1,1)
13 Cultish (think sunglasses) '50s movie. Made now, Brooke Shield would probably have taken the lead part (6)
15 Eno takes ages unravelling this one (3)
16 Awe-inspiring land of 11 across (6)
17 Rip Rig in Bill Nelson's world? (5)
20 Vyvyan's riot squad hamster (1,1,1)
21 See 33 across
23 Doing it at the Savoy! When jazz was the bag! (7)
24 Judy's time of life (4)
26 The crime of the century was releasing this single in 1975 (7)
28 I'll have a salt beef on Cooder, hold the mustard (2)
29 Erich — Stroheim, director who made an appearance in *Sunset Boulevard* (3)
31 The Marine Girls get idle (4,4)
33 and 21A It's good to see Bauhaus are interested in her diverse political activities (4,2,7)
35 ' — Woman', Ms Reddy gets obvious about her gender (1,2)
36 Bad abbreviation (2)
37 See 4 Down
38 It must go on, sang he. Unfortunately it did (4)

CLUES DOWN

1 The brotherhood of Dexys (3,6,4)
2 The shape he's in? Is anyone really interested? Probably (4,7)
3 Ms Harris, a singer. Maybe. Once (5)
4 and 37A Ecclesiastical wanderings dedicated to Freud from Oh Dowdy (6,2,3,6,4,)
5 One of Polanski's milder adventures (4)
6 Reshuffled Subway Sect who traded good tunes for a bracing street cred. (8)
7 See 34 Down
9 Adi Dva (6)
14 Glorified siliconed Warhol disaster (4)
18 As in Tombi. As in dance for your life (3)
19 Lee Dorsey's girl. Sweet potato equivalent (5,3)
22 A man with a nervous tic and curiosty about what lies behind the door (7)
25 Piccadilly's sore point (4)
27 *"When you're looking through the — of hate"*, Reed despairing (4)
28 Eruption couldn't stand it at their window. John Foxx studied Europe after it (4)
30 One-time associate of 27D whose once haunting voice is now just a ghost of what was (4)
32 What's missing from th' Fall Guy (3)
33 Once he hissed, the man who hisses no more (3)
34 and 7D Motorway man (but forget Yorkies) grieves a loss (3,7,4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Secondhand Daylight, 10 Vibrators, 11 and 24D Neon Lights, 12 Eye, 13 See 19A, 14 Savoy Brown, 15 Etta, 16 and 18D Rolling Stones, 17 Clive, 19 and 13A Night Nurse, 21 Devo, 23 Club, 25 Rio, 26 and 35D Essential Logic, 28 and 32D Iko Iko, 29 (Rusty) Egan, 30 and 40D is This Love, 31 Kid, 33 (Jethro) Tull, 36 Duchess, 39 Only You, 43 Egg, 44 See 2D, 45 Video, 46 Uncle

DOWN: 1 Seventeen Seconds, 2 and 44A Cabaret Voltaire, 3 Noakes, 4 Hoots Mon, 5 Nashville, 6 and 9D Dandy In The Underworld, 7 London Calling, 8 Glenn Tilbrook, 9 See 6D, 18 See 16A, 20 Gist, 22 Oh Well, 24 See 11A, 27 Lust, 32 See 28A, 34 (Midge) Ure, 35 See 26A, 37 Cook, 38 Sham, 40 See 30A, 41 U Roy, 42 Fry

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SOUNDS AND PRESSURE

DULY completed and anticipant upon early summer release is 'Moving Forward', the latest LP from Grove polemist King Sounds.

Recorded in various stages during the past year and longer, the set is the well hailed raconteur's third, most exhilirating album to date, containing nine songs and bearing more than ever influence of his close working association with Yabby You.

Of the music's genesis, Sounds says "when we (alongside Aswad) went to Sunsplash in 1982 I laid five tracks at Tuff Gong, and we laid the other five in Hammersmith in April 1982. Dubbing of horns and harmonies was also done here.

"And I go to Jamaica and voice and mixed at Dynamic with Geoff Chung."

Musicians on the sessions included Aswad drummer Angus and Jamaican bassist Little Roots. Other accompaniment was provided by the singer's regular group The Israelites and horns from Michael Bammy, Dean Fraser. Vin Gordon, Tan Tan . . .

Harmony vocals on the set were provided by Ken Boothe, B B Seaton, the Rasses trio of Jennifer Lara, Vivien Clarke and Bunny, plus Claudia Fontaine and more in lieu of songs such as 'Count It All Joy', 'You Never Took Me', 'Active Today, Radioactive Tomorrow', 'Who Feels It Knows It', the title track and even an instrumental 'Pa Da Pa Da Pa Daa' to close the set.

Since starting work on the album and its eventual completion, Sounds toured Africa with Aswad, taking in Senegal, Sierra Leone and Zimbabwe.

"Zimbabwe was great," he says. "The people loved us and we got good reports in the daily papers. My albums sell well there."

And also spoke of his decision to concentrate on LPs in the future.

"I express myself better in an album. Only an album can tell my tale." **Penny Reel**

King Sounds: moving forward.

MAYDAY DECAGON

TEN OF South London's hardest posses congregate in competition at the Ace in Brixton this Sunday afternoon for a Mayday DJ festival. Appearing are **Mr Palmer** vs **Welton Youth** vs **Colonel Floxley** vs **Lorna Vincent** and **Ricky Ranking** vs **Baby Welly** and **Champion** vs **Jah Black** vs **Prophet Ranks** vs **General Morphey** vs **Night Life** vs **Daddy Willy.** Sounds are provided by **Jah Life** and to cool off the evening **Come Natural** live onstage. Tickets from the box office 01-274 4663.

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing from a semi-frequency — new doth the sun appear . . . this Friday at the London University Union in Malet Street, WC1 is held an African evening with Gasper Lawal Africa Oro Band live onstage and supported by Bristol percussion and dance outfit Ekome from 8pm . . . **the mountain's snows decays** . . . also on Friday and Saturday too is a two evening show at the Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street, W8 starring Jamaican folklorist Louise Bennett: the honourable Miss Lou. The event starts at 5pm and support is provided by Danse L'Afrique and Pepsi Poet. Tickets from box office: 01-603 4535 . . . **crown'd with frail flowers forth comes the baby year** . . . a Bank Holiday Show & Dance takes place this Saturday — 8pm till 3am — at the Coliseum Suite, Manor Park Road, NW10 featuring onstage performances by lovers outfits Storm and Natural Mystic. Sounds by Jama International and Prediction. Tickets: 01-908 4101 . . . **my soul, time posts away** . . . and at the Riverdale Hall, Lewisham, SE13 on Saturday — 7pm to 2am — is a night of love and harmony featuring Tad Hunter, Raymond & Claudia and toaster Tippa Ranking. Dancing to Viking Disco — reggae and soul + Black Phoenix — soul and jazz funk. Guests to include Tony Williams, JB, Bunny Lee and Jim Daddy. Tickets: 01-732 0027 . . . **and thou yet in that frost which flower and fruit hath lost** . . . small island gathering at the Commonwealth Institute re above address on Saturday from 7.30pm to 1am for Tempo Calypso '83 starring Arrow from Montserrat, Crazy from Trinidad plus Marabuntas Soca Band, Sheer Control dancers, Ebony steelband and the sounds of Lord Sam Soca Wax. Compere is *No Problem*'s Malcolm Frederick. Tickets from box office . . . **as if all here immortal were, dost stay** . . . and late at the Apollo Club, 375 High Road, Willesden, NW10 on Saturday is a pre Mayday Jamboree with music by Java Hi-Power and Smokey "T". Details 01-459 4509 . . . **for shame! thy powers awake** . . . meanwhile, out of town on Saturday at the Upton Lee Hall, Wexham in Slough in tune to the sounds of Majestic and Young Lion Sound + Complex International. Session 8pm until late. Rate £2.50 at the gate . . . **look to that Heaven which never night makes black** . . . and at the Palais in Nottingham on Saturday night and Sunday morning is the second national Reggae Allnighter from midnight to 8am starring Janet Kay with special guest Victor Romero Evans. Sound interval by Sir Coxsone . . . **and there at that immortal sun's bright rays** . . . each and every Saturday night at 100 Glenarm Road, Clapton, E5 is a blues session with mellow raving to the smooth sounds of Playboy International Hi-Fi — reggae, soul and calypso. Fee: £1 . . . **deck thee with flowers which fear not rage of days!** . . . finally, on Sunday is a Mayday special at the Tabernacle Community Centre, Powis Square, W11 with Metronome steelband plus Shadow sound system. Bar and food (rotis) available. The event commences from 4pm until 10 and admission is £1 . . . **One Love** . . .

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TUFF GONG

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SPANDAU BALLET, whose current tour includes two prestige London shows this weekend at the Royal Festival Hall (tomorrow, Friday) and Sadlers Wells Theatre (Sunday), have now added a second show at Sadlers Wells — it's on Bank Holiday Monday, May 2. It's been arranged in order to film a special programme for American TV, due to the group's growing impact across the Atlantic. Tickets at £5 and £4.50 are available only from the theatre box-office.

Linda Lewis on the road

LINDA LEWIS is to play her first British concerts for three years, following the release this week of her new Epic single '(Close The Door) Take Your Heart'. Dates so far set are at Tolworth Recreation Centre (May 20), Slough Fulcrum Centre (22), Watford Bailey's (23-28), Plymouth Theatre Royal (30), London Lewisham Concert Hall (June 3) and Worthing Marine Pavilion (4), with more still being confirmed.

Now based in London again after living in America for the past two years, Linda will be joined by her sisters Shirley and Dee on backing vocals, plus a six-piece band whose line-up includes three members of funk outfit Freehand — Maxine Nightingale's brother Glen (guitar), Johanne James (drums) and David Lugay (bass). Rest of the personnel is Mick Parker (keyboards), Tom Blades (guitar) and Jan Pulsford (keyboards).

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN have added a second date at London Royal Albert Hall at the close of their upcoming tour — it's on July 19, the day after their original show there. Tickets are £6, £5, £4, £2.50 and £2, available from the box-office and usual agents. Also by post from Echo And The Bunnymen (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — add 30p per ticket booking fee, and enclose SAE.

THE THOMPSON TWINS have added a second night at London Hammersmith Odeon to their short tour next month, due to heavy demand — it's on May 12, and tickets at £4 and £3.50 are on sale now. But owing to European TV commitments, they've had to cancel their May 5 show at Glasgow Tiffany's, and this won't be re-scheduled until their next UK tour in the autumn — so ticket holders should apply for cash refunds.

CHINA CRISIS have slotted another date into their British tour schedule, announced two weeks ago. It's at Southend Cliffs Pavilion on June 2.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS have slotted in a last-minute extra London date, to round off their UK tour. It's at Brixton Ace this Saturday (30), and it replaces the venue's previously announced show for that date by Carmel and Laurel & Hardy.

MAZE featuring Frankie Beverly, who begin their string of UK concerts next week, have added another date at the end of their schedule — it's at Oxford Apollo on Monday, May 16. As already reported, their new album 'We Are One' is issued by Capitol this weekend.

Pallas rock while Paris burns

PALLAS are going out on a four-week college and club tour, aiding promotion of their new single 'Paris Is Burning'/'The Hammer Falls', released this weekend by Cool King Records (through Pinnacle) — and there's also a 12-inch format with an extended version of the A-side, plus a bonus track 'Standing On The Edge Of Time'. Their album 'Atlantis' is scheduled for mid-August, by which time they will have finalised a major label deal. More dates are still to come, but those already set are:

Dundee University (tomorrow), Glasgow University (Saturday), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (May 4), Portsmouth Polytechnic (5), Weymouth Dorset Institute (6), Plymouth Polytechnic (7), Stoke Wagon & Horses (8), Southend Zero Six (9), Huddersfield Polytechnic (11), Dunstable Queensway Hall (13), Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns (15), Birkenhead Sir James Club (16) and London Marquee (27). They are also the special guests of Uli Roth & Electric Sun at Birmingham Odeon (May 20), Newcastle City Hall (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (23).

Goaldiggers event

THIS YEAR's Goaldigger Pop Five-a-Side knock-out soccer tournament takes place this Sunday (1) at the Fulham Football Club, k.o. 3pm. Teams competing for the Elton John Challenge Cup are Madness (two teams), The Jets, Mickie Most, LBC, Modern Romance, Gillan, Jah Wobble's Tornadoes, Capital, Musical Youth, Darts and Blue Zoo — and each team is allowed one professional player. There'll also be a match between Amazulu and a team of girl soloists. Tickets are available on the day priced £2 (seated) and £1 (standing under cover), and all proceeds go to the Goaldiggers Charity for under-privileged children.

PRINCE CHARLES & The City Beat Band have switched the date and venue of their London show, announced two weeks ago — they now play Victoria The Venue on May 14, instead of the Lyceum Ballroom on May 12. Their gigs in Manchester (13) and Birmingham (15) remain unchanged.

LONDON loses another live venue this weekend, when the Moonlight Club in West Hampstead ceases to present nightly gigs — which it has been doing for several years. The final gig is on Saturday (30), after which the Moonlight becomes a disco.

SEX GANG CHILDREN top a strong four-band bill at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, May 15. The other acts are Brilliant, Crown Of Thorns and Play Dead. Promoter is Derek Block, and all tickets are £3.

BOD SETS THE STYLE

MONOCHROMES ON THE MARCH

THE MONOCHROME SET are playing a number of selected dates next month in support of their new album 'Volume! Brilliance! Contrast!', for release by Cherry Red in mid-May — and preceded by the single 'The Jet Set Junta', which is coupled with 'Love Goes Down The Drain' and 'Noise'. They visit Birmingham Aston University (May 6), Kingston Polytechnic (14), Sheffield University (16), Derby Blue Note (17), Bristol Dingwalls (19), Liverpool Warehouse (20), Coventry General Wolfe (21), Hull Dingwalls (27) and Oxford Exeter College (28). They'll be supported at Sheffield, Bristol and Liverpool by The Resident Aliens, led by original Monochrome Set bassist Jeremy Harrrington.

HANOI LAUNCH NEW ATTACK

HANOI ROCKS set out next week on their first full-scale British tour, tied in with the release of their first UK domestic album 'Back To Mystery City' — although their three Scandinavian albums have been available for some time as imports. It's issued on May 16 through IDS, as is the single 'Malibu Beach', and production was handled by Overend Watts and Dale Griffin of Mott The Hoople fame. A major London show at the end of the tour is currently being finalised and will be announced shortly — meanwhile, the rest of the dates are:

Hanoi's MIKE MONROE

London Marquee (May 2), Bristol Dingwalls (4), Coventry Warwick University (5), Sheffield Dingwalls (6), Liverpool Dingwalls (7), Colne Francs (8), Leicester Horsefair (9), Manchester Gallery (10 and 11), Hull Dingwalls (13), Aberdeen The Venue (15), Edinburgh Nite Club (18), Glasgow Night Moves (19), Newcastle University (20), Lancaster University (22), Scunthorpe Berkeley (23), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Bradford Caesars (26), Birmingham Mermaid (27), Portsmouth Polytechnic (28), Rayleigh Crocs (30), Swindon Solitaire (June 1), Brighton New Regent (2) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (3). Support act on many of these dates is The London Cowboys.

Winwood set for July gigs

STEVE WINWOOD will be undertaking a ten-concert UK tour in mid-July, his first ever as a solo artist. The British dates come at the tail end of a European tour, opening in Norway on May 27 and taking in nine countries. He'll be featured on guitar and keyboards, backed by a six-piece band, and the British shows are currently being finalised by promoters Alec Leslie Entertainments — details will be announced shortly. Winwood, whose last album for Island was 'Talking Back To The Night' in 1982, will record a new LP after the tour.

TOM JONES: IT IS UNUSUAL

TOM JONES (remember him?) undertakes his first British tour for nearly a decade in the early autumn, climaxing in two nights at London's Albert Hall. He'll be bringing over his American band and vocal group, and a new single and album are expected to be released to coincide. Dates are Cardiff St. David's Hall (September 11 and 12), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (13), Manchester Apollo (14), Newcastle City Hall (16), Glasgow Apollo (17), Blackpool Opera House (18), St. Austell Cornwall Coiliseum (23), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (24), Brighton Centre (25) and London Royal Albert Hall (26 and 27). Tom's return to the green, green grass of home is promoted by Gordon Mills in association with MAM.

tour NEWS

Yardbirds, Caravan: Marquee reunions

THE YARDBIRDS are re-forming specially to appear in London Marquee Club's 25th anniversary celebrations on June 22 and 23 — although now without the late Keith Relf, they'll be featuring several of the star musicians who passed through their ranks. A second reunion features the original Caravan line-up, who appear there on July 28 and 29. Another special is by Jim Capaldi on June 3, together with star guests from the many bands with whom he has worked. And there's an intriguing event on May 12, when the headline act is The Skyline Drifters, a name which hides the identity of one of the country's top concert attractions.

Also newly booked for the Marquee birthday season are Ireland's Mamas Boys (May 11 and June 15), Martha & The Muffins (May 19), Rock Goddess (May 20 and 21), The Vibrators (22) and Sad Cafe (25) — and Girlschool will be playing three consecutive nights in late June, dates to be confirmed.

Completing the latest confirmations are Zaine Griff (every Tuesday in May), The Truth (May 6-7), Pallas (27), The Alarm (28-29), Roman Holliday (June 4-5), Twelfth Night (9), Solstice (10), The Enid (17-18) and Stray (24). Australian band The Divinyls now play the club on May 23 and 26 (not 26 and 27, as previously announced).

● The proposed reunion gig this Saturday (30) by the original Manfred Mann band has been postponed, due to problems of a strictly personal nature. The gig will be re-scheduled as soon as possible, and existing tickets will remain valid for the revised date — though cash refunds may be obtained, if desired.

Fall in, Little River!

LITTLE RIVER BAND return to the UK after an 18-month absence to play two major concerts — at London Hammersmith Odeon (May 29) and Birmingham Odeon (30). Since their last visit, the band — who recently played a royal show in their native Australia for the Prince and Princess of Wales — have changed their lead singer, with John Farnham taking over from Glen Shorrock. Their most recent album to be issued here was their 'Greatest Hits' set, but Capitol will be releasing a new LP titled 'The Net' in June. Meanwhile, tickets for their UK shows are on sale now, priced £5, £4.50 and £4 (London) and £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (Birmingham).

Rip Rig & Panic and Martha & The Muffins co-headline a special show at London Hammersmith Palais on Monday, May 16 — the bill is completed by Orchestre Jazira and Laurel & Hardy, and all tickets are £3.50. This is the highlight of separate short tours by both groups, as follows:

RIP RIG, MUFFINS GIGS

RIP RIG & PANIC are playing a number of dates in support of their new Virgin single 'Do The Tightrope', released last week. So far confirmed are Derby Blue Note (May 10), Bradford University (11), Hull Dingwalls (12), Newcastle Dingwalls (13), Brighton Top Rank (15), Sheffield Leadmill (19) and London Commonwealth Institute in Kensington (June 4). Several more dates are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

MARTHA & THE MUFFINS return to the UK to support their new album 'Danseparc', just issued by RCA, the label to which they recently switched from Virgin — and the title track is being issued as a single on May 13. They'll be playing about five dates during their brief visit, including London Marquee Club on May 19 — details of other gigs to follow. The Canadian outfit are planning a full-scale UK tour in October.

FORTE FORTIFIED!

MEZZOFORTE, the Icelandic jazz-funk outfit who have been figuring stongly in the UK charts with their single 'Garden Party' and album 'Surprise Surprise', have now had their full British tour confirmed by Concorde management. Their first five dates were reported by *NME* two weeks ago, and these are now incorporated into their completed schedule, which comprises:

Watford Bailey's (May 30-June 4), Middlesbrough Town Hall (June 5), Glasgow Pavilion (6), Aberdeen Fusion (7), Edinburgh venue to be advised (8), Liverpool Dingwalls (9), Stourport Severn Manor Hotel (10), Croydon Fairfield Hall (12), Bournemouth Academy (13), Chippenham Goldiggers (15), Southampton Guildhall (16), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (17), Margate Winter Gardens (18), Lincoln Theatre Royal (19), Worthing Pavilion (22), Birmingham Snobs (23), Swansea University (24), Leysdown Stage Three (25), Northampton Derngate Centre (26), Derby Romeo & Juliets (27), Doncaster Romeo & Juliets (28), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (30), Purfleet Circus Tavern (July 1 and 2), Manchester venue to be advised (5), Newcastle Dingwalls (6), Hull Dingwalls (7), Newmarket Cabaret Club (8), Braintree Essex Barn (9) and Windsor Blazers (10-16).

LEAGUE FOR HOGMANAY?

THE HUMAN LEAGUE and Orchestral Manoeuvres are likley to be among the headliners at the big ten-hour festival to be staged at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on New Year's Eve. As reported as long ago as January 15, the event is designed to see in 1984, the year of George Orwell's classic prophecy — "more than a concert, more like a space-age fair with science fiction overtones", explains the promoter. Also in the running is disco-funk star Prince, who's already blown out two proposed UK visits this year. A finalised line-up won't be announced until later in the year, but many tickets have already been sold for the festival, which runs from 4pm to 2am.

THE PINK HALF

VICIOUS ACTION ON THE STAGE

VICIOUS PINK PHENOMENA, who raised a few eyebrows with their recent revival of 'Je T'aime' on the Warehouse label, make one of their rare ventures onto the tour circuit next month. Dates so far confirmed are at Manchester Hacienda Club (May 5), Rayleigh Crocs (7), Reading University (10), Birmingham Snobs (12), Loughborough University (14), Bournemouth Academy (19) and Bath Moles Club (20). Further dates are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

TWELFTH NIGHT: TWELVE NIGHTS

TWELFTH NIGHT, now in the forefront of the progressive rock movement, are to headline a two-month club tour. They'll be promoting their recent 'Fact And Fiction' album and introducing new material — and to coincide with the outing, their 1981 independent album 'Live At The Target' is being reissued, with distribution by Pinnacle. Many more gigs have still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are:

Wokingham Angie's (May 1), London Fulham Greyhound (4), London Woolwich Tramshed (5), Watford Verulam Arms (12), Witney Rock Gala (15), Thatcham Silks (16), Oxford Pennyfarthing (19), Staines Town Hall (21), Reading Target Club (June 2), Stafford Riverside Centre (3), Dudley J.B.'s (4) and London Marquee (9).

KRAFTWERK will not now be touring here this spring, even though some ticket agencies have actually been taking reservations for projected London concerts. It seems their new album won't be completed for some time, so their visit has been put off until early autumn.

MARILLION, who've just completed a major UK tour and are high in the charts with their debut album 'Script For A Jester's Tear', are the latest act to be confirmed for this year's Glastonbury CND Festival (June 17-19).

NICO is to headline in concert at London Brixton The Ace on Tuesday, May 17. It will be a special showcase for her new album 'Drama Of Exile', issued by Aura Records this weekend.

THE ALARM have cancelled three dates in their UK tour, reported last week, due to US tour commitments as support to U2 — though they hope to re-schedule them later. They are Hull Dingwalls (May 17), Bradford University (June 3) and Coventry Polytechnic (5). And their gig at Glasgow Night Moves is brought forward from June 2 to May 17.

CHERRY RED Records are presenting two showcase nights at Kingston Polytechnic next month, involving artists signed to the label. They feature Ben Watt, The Marine Girls and Felt (May 13); and The Monochrome Set, Helen McCookerybook and Kevin Hewick (14). Tickets are £3 (advance) and £3.50 (doors).

record NEWS

62-track Stones compilation

READER'S DIGEST have put together another of their massive compilation sets, and this time it's 'The Rolling Stones — The Great Years'. It chronicles their career from 1963 to 1971, featuring no less than 62 best-sellers from that period, including eight No.1 hits. The collection is available either as four albums or three cassettes, in both instances the price being £12.95 — by post only from Reader's Digest Association Ltd., 7-10 Old Bailey, London EC99 1AA. It will not be on sale in any record shops or multiple stores.

WILKO & LEW IN DISC DEAL, TOUR

WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS have signed to Magnum Force, for release on the company's subsidiary Thunderbolt label. They'll have a newly recorded four-track EP titled 'Bottle Up And Go' issued on May 20, and will be undertaking a full UK tour during June.

● **Gene Loves Jezebel** have signed to Beggars Banquet. Their debut single 'Shaving My Neck' appeared last year on the independent Situation 2 label, but this week sees the release of a new single via their latest outlet. The A-side is 'Screaming', and it's coupled with 'So Young' and 'No Voodoo Dollies', also available in 12-inch form.

● **The Photos** — who, in the days of Wendy Wu, were on the CBS label — have a new single released this week by Rialto Records, titled 'There's Always Work'. The band's current line-up is Dave Sparrow (bass), Ollie Harrison (drums) and Steve Eagles (guitar).

● South Wales trio **Two Minds Crack**, who featured on the recent 101 Records compilation 'Journey Without Maps', have now signed to the label. They are now in the studio, with producer Laurie Latham, recording a single for late May.

● **Second Image** have their self-named debut album issued by Polydor this week. It features nine tracks, most of them produced by Pete Wingfield, and including a vocal version of 'Special Lady' — the instrumental treatment forms the B-side of their current single.

● American **Shockabilly** who last month unleashed their ear-bending rendition of '19th Nervous Breakdown', have now come up with a new album. It's called 'Earth vs. Shockabilly', and it's out this week on Rough Trade.

● Five piece group **Le Mat**, variously described as "mediaeval metallurgists" and "raw pomp rockers", release their debut album 'Waltz Of The Fool' on May 13. It's on Whaam Records, distributed by Pinnacle.

● 'Unity Is Strength'/'Leggo Me Shirt Gate Man' is a new disco single by Jamaican DJ **Charlie Chaplin** (no relation to Laurel & Hardy), and he's joined on the A-side by ex-Black Uhuru lead singer **Don Carlos**. It's out this week on CSA Records, through PRT and Jetstar.

● **Patrik Fitzgerald**, currently working on a new LP for release later in the year, has his five-track EP 'Tonight' reissued as a limited edition by Red Flame (through Rough Trade).

● The new **John Watts** single, the self-penned 'Mayday Mayday', is released by EMI next Tuesday (3) —it's a track from his current album 'The Iceberg Model'.

● **The Pale Fountains** release their second Virgin single on May 6, 'Palm Of My Hand' co-produced by Greg Walsh and Alan Rankine, and it's coupled with 'Love's Such A Beautiful Place'.

● 'If It Wasn't For Rita' is the first solo single from ex-Angelic Upstarts drummer **Decca Wade**, and it's issued by EMI on May 3.

● **Whodini** release a new single on May 6 on Jive Records titled 'The Haunted House Of Rock' — and the B-side features an acapella version and a "haunted mix" of the same number. The 12-inch format contains four versions of the same title, with a total playing time of 17½ minutes.

Helen back again

HELEN SHAPIRO, the chart sensation of two decades ago, returns to vinyl this weekend with a revival of the standard 'Let Yourself Go' — it's a track from an upcoming album she's recorded with producer Steve O'Donnell, and the ten-inch format features her version of the currently popular 'Cry Me A River'. It's on Oval Records (distributed by Pinnacle), who at the same time release a single by nine-piece group THE REPUBLIC titled 'My Spies' — which has two tracks on the flip side, 'So Secure' and 'Don't Believe'.

● Virgin release another five 12-inch compilation EPs on May 6. They each feature four of the best known tracks by the acts concerned — who are **Sparks, The Skids, Magazine, Devo** and **Penetration**. They all sell at normal 12-inch price.

● New York six-piece **The Waitresses** have their latest single 'Make The Weather'/'Bread And Butter' issued by Polydor on May 6 — also available as a 12-inch with two extra tracks, 'Square Pegs' and 'The Smartest Person I Know'. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Bruiseology', due out later in May.

● As previously reported, 'The Former 12 Year Old Genius' is the title of the first album on Virgin by Kid Creole cohort **Coati Mundi** — and release of the 11-track LP has now been set for May 6.

● **Zerra I** are an Irish duo who've worked with the likes of The Cure, Siouxsie & The Banshees and U2. Now comes their debut single 'The West's Awake', a new arrangement of a traditional Irish song. It's on the Second Vision label, with distribution through IDS and The Cartel.

● Originally a hit for Bill Withers, 'Lean On Me' has now been recorded by **Steve Booker,** whose version was produced by John McGeogh (ex-Banshees, Visage and Magazine) — and he also plays guitar on the track, with ex-Skid Russell Webb on bass. This is one of the first two releases on the new Ram Records label, the other being 'Move That Body' by **OPM,** available initially in 12-inch featuring both regular and extended versions. Ram, who intend to concentrate on "current chart sounds with international appeal", have signed a distribution deal with Pinnacle.

CRAMMED DISCS COME TO TOWN

CRAMMED DISCS, the Brussels-based label responsible for the likes of The Honeymoon Killers and Hermine, have opened London offices and concluded a UK distribution deal with Pinnacle. The first two albums under the agreement are out this week — 'One By One' by Amsterdam based *Minimal Compact* and 'Douzieme Journee' by Belgian and American collaborators *Benjamin Lew & Steven Brown.* Upcoming in two weeks are the 12-inch EP 'Subtitled Remix' by *The Honeymoon Killers,* the seven-inch single 'It Takes A Lifetime' by *Minimal Compact* and the 12-inch single 'Malimba' by new duo *Zazou Wemba.*

STEVE WINWOOD (left) and JIM CAPALDI

JIM CAPALDI, the former Traffic drummer and vocalist, releases his new album 'Fierce Heart' on WEA International on May 6. He co-produced it with his former Traffic colleague Steve Winwood, who also plays guitars, keyboards and synthesiser. Van Morrison guests on one number, and a Dutch group named Solution act as backing band on some tracks.

THIN LIZZY, who last month announced that they would be releasing their single 'This Is The One' on April 8, have now abandoned that — and instead issue the title track from their album 'Thunder & Lightning' this weekend, through Phonogram. It comes in both 7" and 12" forms, and the B-side remains the nine-minute live version of 'Still In Love With You'.

SUNFIRE, the three-piece group who last week made their UK chart debut with 'Young, Free And Single', now come up with their first album. It's on Warner Brothers, and bears their name as its title.

THE UNDERTONES release a new single on EMI this week — it's a track from their current album 'Sin Of Pride', titled 'Chain Of Love'. The B-side is a previously unissued track called 'Window Shopping For New Clothes'.

THE KORGIS have a compilation album issued this week by Rialto Records, distributed by Pinnacle. Titled 'Best Of The Korgis', it comprises 12 tracks drawn from their three previous albums on that label.

IMAGINATION release their first single for six months on May 13 on R&B Records — it is 'Looking At Midnight'/'Follow Me', and it comes in a special poster bag. The 12-inch format has a different B-side, a specially remixed dub version of the A-side. As reported last week, their dub album 'Night Dubbing' is issued on May 6.

ALVIN STARDUST, who's just started an extensive UK tour, has a new single released by Stiff this weekend. It's his version of 'Walk Away Renee', originally a hit for The Four Tops.

STEPHEN BISHOP has recorded the theme song from the new Dustin Hoffman film *Tootsie* — titled 'It Might Be You', it's released by Warners this weekend. It was one of the nominations for Best Original Song at the recent Academy Awards.

PETER GABRIEL and GENESIS are among acts featured on a batch of 11 double-play cassettes issued by Charisma, under the banner of 'Two For The Price Of One'. Two back-catalogue albums are featured on each tape, and the other acts involved are The Nice, Lindisfarne, Steve Hackett, Van Der Graaf, Clifford T. Ward, Peter Hammill, Brand X, Hawkwind and Rick Wakeman.

BOB DYLAN is understood to be forming his own record label, though it's not clear if he intends maintaining his association with CBS as distributors. He has apparently invited Little Richard, who was his first idol in his early days, to guest on the first LP.

SINGLES out this weekend include 'The Girl Is Fine' by FATBACK (Spring Records through Polydor), 'You Move A Mountain' by JERMAINE JACKSON (Motown), 'Don't Stop That Crazy Rhythm' by MODERN ROMANCE (WEA) and 'Morning' by AL JARREAU (Warners). Albums out this weekend include 'Information' by DAVE EDMUNDS (Arista) and 'Kihnspiracy' by the GREG KIHN BAND (Beserkely through Elektra/Asylum).

SANDIE SHAW is back on vinyl with a new single 'Wish I Was'/'Life Is Like A Star', which she co-wrote with Don Gould, while the producer was Pete Bardens. It's out now as a foretaste of her upcoming album 'Choose Life', her first for a decade, set for May 21 release. The label is Palace Records, distributed by IDS.

THE BEAT and their Go-Feat label are no longer with Arista, but that company is still releasing a remixed version of their 'Can't Get Used To Losing You', which first appeared on their 1980 debut album 'I Just Can't Stop It'. The B-side is 'Spar Wid Me', the extra track on the 12-incher is 'Mirror In The Bathroom', and both versions are out this week.

PATTI SMITH has her classic track 'Because The Night' reissued by Arista this week. The seven-inch format has 'Gloria' as the B-side, while the 12-incher features three tracks — 'Redondo Beach', 'Dancing Bear Foot' and 'Free Money'.

RUSH have a new single out through Phonogram this weekend, to coincide with their upcoming UK tour — it's the double A-sider 'Countdown'/'New World Man'. The 12-inch format has an extra track, a live version of 'Spirit Of The Radio', plus an excerpt from an interview with the band.

THE FUN BOY THREE's new single, issued by Chrysalis this week, is 'Our Lips Are Sealed'. There's an Urdu version of the same number on the B-side — and the 12-incher also contains a third version of that song, a remix. A limited edition free single will be available with the seven-inch.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS are releasing a picture disc of their current single 'Nightmares' — it's on Jive Records, and comes as a limited edition of 10,000. As reported, the band's second album 'Listen' is out this weekend.

PINK FLOYD this week release a single from their chart-topping album 'The Final Cut' through EMI, titled 'Not Now John'. The B-side is 'The Hero's Return — Parts 1 and 2' and, although the first part is on the LP, Part 2 is a previously unissued track. The 12-incher includes both the single and LP versions of the A-side.

BLUE ZOO have their new single '(I Just Can't) Forgive And Forget' issued this weekend by Magnet, in both 7" and 12" formats. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Two By Two', which the band will promote by way of a major UK tour.

JON & VANGELIS release their single 'And When The Night Comes' on Polydor this weekend — written by the duo, and produced and arranged by Vangelis. It's a foretaste of their third album 'Private Collection', due out on May 27.

CHINA CRISIS, shortly to embark on their biggest UK tour to date (announced two weeks ago), release their new Virgin single on May 6 in both 7" and 12" formats — 'Tragedy And Mystery'/'A Golden Handshake For Every Daughter'. They're currently working on their second album, for release later in the year.

GRAND PRIX have signed to Chrysalis and have their first single for the label 'Give Me What's Mine' issued on May 6, with an album to follow in the summer. As reported last week, they have landed the support spot on the upcoming Iron Maiden tour and — at all venues in the schedule — will give away with each programme a flimsy-disc containing three new Grand Prix tracks. Those unable to get to one of the gigs should write for their copy to grand Prix 'Flimsy', 16 Jacobs Well Mews, George Street, London W1H 6BD.

Flicknife treble

FLICKNIFE Records release three singles this week, with distribution by Pinnacle. There's the first single on this label by *The London Cowboys,* 'Street Full Of Soul'/'Lets Get Crazy', produced by Glen Matlock who also plays bass with the band. *Major Accident,* currently touring the UK, have their debut single 'Flight To Win'/'Freeman' on release. And there's the latest offering from East London outfit *Erazerhead,* 'Warewolf'/'Zombie', the latter title being a re-recorded version.

● The London Cowboys are touring extensively in May.

● Maintaining the current demand for reggae disco singles, Trojan are this week issuing what they regard as three of their finest recordings as 12-inch singles, distributed by PRT — 'Ghetto-ology'/'Walking Through The Ghetto' by **Sugar Minott**, 'Me Chat You Rock'/'It's Me' by **U. Brown** and 'If I Didn't Want Your Loving'/'Version' by **The Majesterians**.

● Britain's fourth largest trade union NALGO has commissioned Leicester ten-piece **The Apollinaires** to record a single 'Put People First', as part of the union's campaign against cuts in public services and privatisation. It's available at £1 from NALGO Publicity Department, 1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ.

● Lincolnshire five-piece **Still Life**, formerly on Regard Records, have signed with the new FunZone Records label — launched by former Motors and Bram Tchaikovsky manager, Richard Ogden. Their first single via this outlet is 'My World', out on May 13.

● **Duet Emmo** — who are, in fact, a trio — released their first single 'Or So It Seems' in February. This weekend, they have their debut album issued by Mute Records, bearing the same title as the single.

● Supermusic of York have launched a new label called Mega Records. First release this week is the single 'The Gent' by Doncaster band **The Gents**. Distribution is by Pinnacle.

NEXT WEEK IN NME

WILD MEN OF ROCK SPECIAL

THE GUN CLUB
FEATURING JEFFREY LEE PIERCE

Bad mouth Pierce raises his spookabilly head from a Norwich swamp and shoots mean Ricky Cook a line about his punkacountry music and suicidal reputation.

TWISTED SISTER
FEATURING DEE SNIDER

Loud mouth Snider staggers about on the only things bigger than his ego — his 16 inch platform boots — and tries to convince menacing Davey Dorrell that heavy metal can make you rich, famous and obnoxious.

RIP RIG & PANIC
FEATURING GARETH SAGER

Satchel mouth Sager disrupts afternoon tea in a quaint Bristol café to swap insults with little Donny Watson.

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BUDDY GUY
JUNIOR WELLS
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HAMMERSMITH ODEON
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TERRAPLANE
d.j. Alan Freeman
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All Gigs marked * ½ price to Ace Cardholders.

Tickets on Sale Now — at Red Records + Premier Box Office London Theatre Bookings + Rough Trade + The Cage in the gear Market (Punk Gigs only) — Kings Road — ALL SHOWS DOORS 7.30 pm

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Friday 29th April 7.30pm
GASPAR LAWAL
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Thursday May 12
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Brilliant
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SUNDAY 15th MAY 7.30pm

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mile end / stepney green

Friday 20th May £1.50
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TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

APRIL
28 JoBoxers
28 Miles Davies
28 The Adicts
29 Mahogany Rush
29 The Monochrome Set
29,30 Jimmy Cliff
30,31 Steve Hackett

MAY
1 Bo Diddley
1 Belle Stars
2 Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul
2,3,4 Santana
5 Spear of Destiny
5 The Chi-Lites
9 Philip Jap
9 OMD
11,12,13,14,15 Johnny Mathis
12 Prince Charles & The City Beat Band
12 Thompson Twins
13,14 Dionne Warwick
14 The Higsons
15 Sex Gang Children
16 Rip, Rig & Panic
16-29 Liza Minelli
17,18 Rush
18 Spider
21 The Fall
21 Rush
21,22 London Blues Festival
23 Kissing the Pink
23 ULI Roth
26,27,28 Iron Maiden
28 Aswad
29 Little River Band
29 Gary Glitter
29 The Undertones
30 Clock DVA
30,31 Kajagoogoo
30,31 Robert Palmer

JUNE
2,3 Weather Report
4 Rip, Rig & Panic
4,5 Motorhead
5,6 King Sunny Ade
7 China Crisis
7 Magnum
11 Jah Wobble, Shriekback
19 Elvis Costello
24,25 Curtis Mayfield
26 Rod Stewart
30 Mezzaforte

JULY
18 Echo & The Bunnymen

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If your interested in tours to see other bands please contact us.

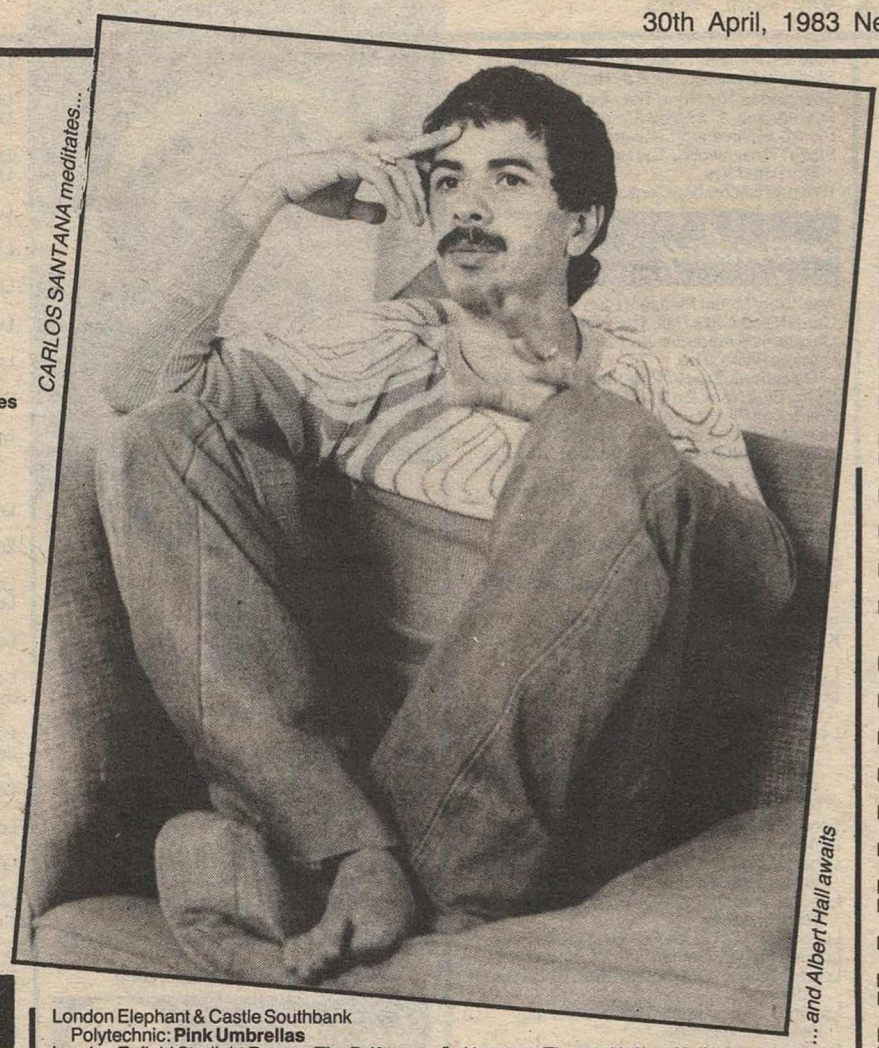
nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 28th

Aldeburgh Suffolk Wine Bar: **The Directors**
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Black Slate**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Bournemouth The Academy: **Sisters Of Mercy/Ghost Klub**
Bracknell SouthHill Park Arts Centre: **Surfin' Lungs**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Abrasive Wheels/Expelled**
Brighton Coasters: **Red Lipstique** (until Saturday)
Brighton New Regent: **King Kurt/The Asteroids**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Ricky Cool**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cleethorpes The Submarine: **Nine 'Play Hendrix'**
Croydon The Cartoon: **En Route**
Dartford Flicks: **Roman Holliday**
Derby The Olde Avesbury: **Pete Thompson & Alan Bell**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Steve Hackett**
Feltham Airman Club: **Tamarisk**
Frome Merlin Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Short Blues Line**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Belle Stars**
Glasgow The Perfect Beat: **22 Beaches**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Horizontal Brian**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Dagaband**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **The Plastic Heroes**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Warm Snorkel**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Nashville Teens**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Swinging Laurels**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Tom Robinson Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Incantation**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
London Barnes Bull's Head: **Art Themen/Bob Sydor**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Clockwork Lemon**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Maury Coles/Mark Hewins/Nick Stephens/Roger Turner**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Adicts/The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker**
London Brixton The Fridge: **True Life Confessions/Roy Hutchins**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Electric Bluebirds/Radio Moscow**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Catford The Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Vision**
London City Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Slim Gaillard**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mr. B Plays Basie**
London Crouch End King's Head (Culture Bunker): **Painted Veil/Glass Ties**
London Duke of York's Theatre: **Marc & The Mambas**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tim Haines Heartwave**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Outboys/Fall Out**
London Fulham King's Head: **Frankie & The Flames**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Down All The Days/Le Change**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Miles Davis**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Turkey Bones & The Wild Dogs**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town The Forum: **JoBoxers/The Chevalier Brothers**
London Marquee Club: **Alexis Korner Blues Night with Bill Wyman/Charlie Watts etc.**
London Middlesex Polytechnic (Cat Hill): **Kabbala**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Eggsperts**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Dirty Strangers/D'Rango Slang**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Republic**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Larry Coryell** (until Saturday)
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **National Interest/Jenny Lecoat/E=MC2/Restriction**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Roy Williams Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Kenny Ball Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Agent Orange/The Alarm**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Silent Swim/Ittaenicles**
London W.1. (Gt. Portland St) Cock Tavern: **David Tipton**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dog Dog Dog**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Quadrant 4**
Manchester The Gallery: **John Otway/The Organisation**
Newcastle City Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Bo Diddley**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **21 Strangers**
Northampton White Elephant: **The D.T.'s**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Spear Of Destiny**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Eamann Mallon Band**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Mike Cooper**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **The Press**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Portsmouth Pier Gaiety Bar: **Pigbag/Laurel & Hardy**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Dancing Did**
Preston Clouds: **Second Image**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Lurkers**
Reading Target Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Rochester Art College: **Dancette**
Scarborough Taboo: **Terraplane**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Natural Roots**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Spider/Raven**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **The Vanderband**
Sunderland Hero's: **Cagesplay**
Todmorden Sourhall Cabaret Club: **The Houghton Weavers**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Wrathchild**
Whitley Bay Royal Banqueting Hall: **Jet Set Dance**
Wokingham Angie's: **Short Stories**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 29th

Barnsley Moorthorpe Club: **Room 101**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **The Dancing Did/Zerra 1**
Birmingham The Junction Inn: **Headbolt/Alfie Noakes**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Hybrid**
Blackburn Rishton New Inns: **Spider/Raven**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Alvin Stardust**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Beckoning**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Parole Bros/Train Spotters**
Cheltenham Shaftesbury Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Roman Holliday**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Derby Sinfin Moor Social Club: **Duo Nova**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Chase**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Incantation**
Durham Dunelm House: **East Side Torpedoes**
Feltham Football Club: **New Model Army/Joolz/Impact**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Black Slate**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Swinging Laurels**
Glasgow The Venue: **China White**
Gloucester Newent May Hill: **Red Ice Cosmic Blues Experience**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Pendragon**
Halifax Hoppers: **Roy Harper/Ik**
Hanley The Place: **Bitter Suite**
Harrow Rockspur Arms: **The Legendary Luton Kippers**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Mirror Crack'd**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Questionaires**
Hull University: **Nine 'Play Hendrix'**
Ipswich The Harlequin: **Emergency Exit**
Ipswich The Old Times: **Nagamatzu**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **The Enid**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Sinatras**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Barnes Bull's Head: **Tommy Whittle Quintet**
London Bow The Wellington: **The Gymslips**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **National Interest/Jenny Lecoat/E=MC2/Restriction**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Monochrome Set**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Vision/The Flying Barclays**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ricky Cool**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tokyo Olympics**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Quadrant 4**
London Duke of York's Theatre: **Marc & The Mambas**
London East Dulwich Old Cherry Tree: **Ken Wood & The Mixers**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Pink Umbrellas**
London Enfield Starlight Rooms: **The Drifters**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Fred Engles/Tony Maude/John Russel**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Duke Kelly Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **John L Blues Chronicle/No Sweat**
London Fulham King's Head: **Salt with Stevie Smith**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Moontler**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Le Mat/Doctor & The Medics**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Frank Marino & Mahogany Rush**
London Highgate The Gate House: **Foggy**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Pat Smythe & Guests/Sandra King**
London Marquee Club: **Alexis Korner Blues Night with Bill Wyman/Charlie Watts etc.**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **JB's Blues Band**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Weapon Of Peace**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Muskrats**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pete Thomas Jivin' Jump**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Spandau Ballet**
London School of Economics: **The Seychelles**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Ken Sims Dixie Kings**
London Sydenham Grove Centre: **Replaceable Hedz/The Evidence/Chris Cardale etc.**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Jimmy Cliff**
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: **The Modern Dance Band/High Fidelity**
London University Union: **Gaspar Lawal Africa Oro Band/Ekome**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The 3 Johns/A Bigger Mercedes/Mai Pen Ra**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Praxis**
Loughborough University: **Spear Of Destiny**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Fourth Generation**
Manchester The Gallery: **Terraplane**
Matlock Crown Hotel: **Phoenix**
Newark Bridge Centre: **English Accents**
Newcastle City Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Philip Jap**
Newick Village Hall: **Morrissey Mullen**
Newtown Theatre Hafren: **Neil Innes**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul**
Nottingham Asylum: **Pinski Zoo**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetos**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Retford Porterhouse: **Second Image**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Silverwing**
Sheffield University: **Roy Hutchins/John Hegley/Podomffski & The Popticians**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
Sunderland Mecca Centre: **Caffrey**
Wigan Tiffany's: **Wrathchild**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Reactors**
Workington Carnegie Theatre: **Tom Robinson Band**
York University: **John Martyn**



CARLOS SANTANA meditates... ... and Albert Hall awaits

saturday 30th

Birmingham (Smethwick) Galton Club: **The Au Pairs/The Man Upstairs/Pigtown Fling**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Hybrid**
Blackpool Opera House: **Leo Sayer**
Brighton Zap Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald & Anne Clark/The Oblivion Boys/Starbeats**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Chase The Fade**
Bristol Granary: **Larry Miller Band**
Bristol Hope Centre: **Earth House**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Subhumans/Dead Mans Shadow/Reality**
Cardiff University: **Pendragon/Solstice/Liaison**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colchester Essex University: **The Dancing Did/Screen 3**
Colne Francs: **The Adicts**
Couldson Cane Hill Social Club: **The Directors**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Mainsqueeze**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Ritual**
Coventry Wariwck University: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Rhythm Method**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Alexei Sayle**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Tony McPhee Band**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul**
Gateshead The Ravenshill: **Sweetheart Contract/Brainiac 5**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Philip Jap**
Grizedale Theatre In The Forest: **The Houghton Weavers**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Scarabus**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Toucan Trolls**
Hanley The Place: **Kaiser**
Harlow Benny's: **Second Image**
Hastings Rumour Club: **The Choir/Seance**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Urban Mix**
Hertford The Woolpack: **Gothique**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Howard Jones**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Victor Drago**
Hull College of Higher Education: **Bushfire/Bocks O'Phroggs/Brian**
Hull Dingwalls: **Bo Diddley**
Ipswich Royal William: **Emergency Exit**
Keighley Gooseye Bar: **Room 101**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Roy Harper**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Winter Quarters**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Roman Holliday**
Leicester University: **Spear Of Destiny**
Liverpool Lincoln Inn: **The Membranes**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Farm**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Fugitive**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Fourteen Karat Soul/Mr. Clean**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Loughborough Hotel: **The Morons/African Dawn**
London Brixton St. Matthew's Meeting Place: **Dudu Pukwana & Zila**
London Brixton The Ace: **A Flock Of Seagulls and support**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson/Modern Dance Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Quadrant 4**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Inmates/Stylee**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ricky Cool**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Passion Blades/Stereo Insoles/Nervous Days**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Shea/Kissed Air**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
London Harlesden Coliseum Suite: **Storm/Natural Mystic/Jama International**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Republic**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Ruby Turner Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Pat Smythe & Guests/Sandra King**
London Leicester-Square The Comedy Store: **Roy Hutchins**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Southern Comfort**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **National Interest/Jenny Lecoat/E=MC2/Restriction**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Dick Charlesworth's City Gents**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Duke Ellington Anniversary Concert with Midnite Follies Orchestra**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Hugh Rainey/New Era Band**
London School of Economics: **Orchestre Jazira/Supercombo**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Cambridge City Jass Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jeff Russell Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theare: **Jimmy Cliff**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Milton/Pauline Melville/Pete Murry/Jan Ponsford/Terry Disley**
London Twickenham West London Institute: **Dave Kelly Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Case/Frankie Flame & The Flames/Stax Century**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Carol Grimes Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Black Symbol**
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: **Neil Innes**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Sinatras/Starting Red**
Milton Keynes Peartree Centre: **English Rogues**
Newcastle Ashington Rugby Club: **21 Strangers**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Swinging Laurels**
North Ormsby Pavilion: **New Model Army/Joolz/Testament/Consequence/Avarice**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **The Belle Stars**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Sisters Of Mercy/Laughing Clowns**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Plaster Caster**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
Rotherham Clifton Hall: **Flash Cats/The Strollers/Rhythmaires**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Enid**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Tom Robinson Band**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **The Mosquitos**
Warrington Red Lion: **Terraplane**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Blackfoot Sue**

sunday 1st

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Spider/Raven**
Bath Theatre: **Alexei Sayle**
Birmingham Odeon: **Jimmy Cliff**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Colston Hall: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime: **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **John Martyn**
Chester Gateway Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Colchester Embassy Suite: **Irrelevant Time**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Stylistics**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Enid**
Gt. Chesterford Station Club: **Trux**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kettering Rising Sun: **The D.T.'s**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime: **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Roundhay Park: **New Model Army/Joolz**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Style Council/The High Five/The Farm/Levi Tafari/Everyman Theatre Group**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**

CONTINUES OVER

THREE major tours get under way this week, and the first group to hit the road are LITTLE STEVEN & THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL, who are in action at Norwich (Friday), Dunstable (Saturday), London Hammersmith (Monday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday) — and it's a particularly interesting act because Steven, who fronts a ten-piece band, is none other than Springsteen sideman Miami Steve Van Zandt...Then there's IRON MAIDEN, not everyone's cup of tea, but still a huge box-office property both at home and abroad — and they'll be supported by Grand Prix when they open their extensive schedule at Hull (Monday) and Preston (Tuesday)...and if you regret the marked absence of Duran Duran dates at present, you can always turn to KAJAGOOGOO, who begin their debut tour at Margate (Tuesday) and Norwich (Wednesday). And among other newcomers to the circuit are SPIDER, THE DRIFTERS and PHILIP JAP, plus the welcome return of LONG JOHN BALDRY.

One-off concerts and special events of note include the re-appearance of FRANK MARINO & Mahogany Rush, who play London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday...The first live set by THE STYLE COUNCIL, as part of a charity show in Liverpool on Sunday...and the evergreen SANTANA turning up again for three nights at London's Royal Albert Hall from Monday. Then there's PIGBAG in Portsmouth on Thursday, MARC & THE MAMBAS continuing their London stint on Thursday and Friday, SPANDAU BALLET playing three more prestige shows in London at the Royal Festival Hall (Friday) and Sadlers Wells (Sunday and Monday) and BAD MANNERS topping an open-air May Day show in East London's Victoria Park on Sunday. This week's 25th anniversary highlights at the Marquee Club are ALEXIS KORNER's all-star blues nights (Thursday and Friday) and Canadian singer LEE AARON (Wednesday). Last but not least, there's JIMMY CLIFF — see over the page.

KAJAGOOGOO

London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Creatures**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Finchley Torrington: **The G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Freehand/Playn Jayn**
London Hackney Victoria Park (open-air): **Bad Manners/Black Slate/Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/Scarlet Party/Case**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Worried Parachutes/Take Us Two**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Belle Stars/Roman Holliday**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ruffhouse All Stars**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Islington Sadlers Wells Theatre: **Spandau Ballet**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **The Drifters**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Peckham Bonanza May Day Show: **The Republic/Abacush**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Bo Diddley/The Pirates/King Kurt**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theare: **Quilapayun/Boys Of The Lough**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **National Interest/Jenny Lecoat/E=MC2/Restriction**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Chris Smith-Ronnie Ross Quintet**
London W.2 Carisbrooke Hall: **Eleanor Rigby & The Grave/The Exchange/Smooch/The Innfluence**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dance Hall Style**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Manchester Ashton Metro Cinema: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Newcastle Playhouse Threatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Alvin Stardust**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Howdy Boys**
Nottingham Palais (all-nighter): **Janet Kay & Her Band/Victor Romero Evans**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Maria/Backliner**
PeterboroughKey Theatre (lunchtime): **Negative Response**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Two Beggermen/Abalon**
Purley Cinderella Rockefeller's: **Second Image**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Incantation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Roy Harper**
Shepperton The Goat: **The Nashville Teens**
Southampton Compton Arms: **I.Q.**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Stoke (Threapwood) The Highwayman: **The Man Upstairs**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Cloud**

monday 2nd

Abertillery Mount Pleasant Club: **Tredegar**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **The Stylistics**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Yah-Boo!**
Dartford Flicks: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughan Toulsouse**
Derby Blue Note: **Bo Diddley**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Enid**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Benjamin Zephaniah/Pepsi Poet/Danse L'Afrique**
Glasgow University: **Chasar**
Harlow Playhouse Theatre: **Tom Robinson Band**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Toucan Trolls**
Hitchin The Regal: **Roman Holliday**
Hull City Hall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Spider/Raven**
Keighley Victoria Hotel: **New Model Army/Joolz**
Leicester Horsefair: **Philip Jap**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Lucy Show**
London Battersea Arts Centre May Fair (11am-6pm): **Fourteen Karat Soul/The Versatiles/Sunset 6/Black Tulip/Harvey & The Wallbangers/Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Artery/Pulp**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Child's Castle Folk Club: **Julie Felix**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Marino The Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rich Bitch/Small Talk**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Voltz/Fair Warning**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Islington Sadlers Wells Theatre: **Spandau Ballet**
London Kensington Witchity (Red Box): **Disco Volante/The Other Man**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Eddie Thompson & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Santana**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London Stratford Green Man: **No Known Cure/Lybra**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Blueberries**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**

JIMMY CLIFF is in London (Friday and Saturday) and Birmingham (Sunday)

Middlesbrough Musicians Collective: **Plan Of Actin/Dog Flesh**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
Poole Arts Centre: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Carnage**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Bad Brains**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **John Martyn**
Southport Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
St. Albans City Hall: **Spear Of Destiny**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Thatcham Silks: **The Dirty Strangers**
Wakefield Pussycat: **Alvin Stardust**
Wolverhampton The Arches: **Vendetta/The 7th Plague**
York The Bay Horse: **Hearts In Rhythm**

tuesday 3rd

Birmingham Odean: **Little Steven & His Disciples Of Soul**
Brighton New Regent: **Bad Brains/Carnage**
Canterbury College of Art: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Cardiff Western Hotel: **The Hope/Hybrid**
Colchester Essex University: **Tom Robinson Band**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band/Kathy Stobart**
Exeter University: **A Flock Of Seagull**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Spider/Raven**
Glasgow The Venue: **The Pastels/Peter McArthur & The Salvadorian Gogo's**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Benjamin Zephaniah/Pepsi Poet/Danse L'Afrique**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Spear Of Destiny**
Kingston The Dolphin: **Fugitive**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Prohibition: **Farmlife**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Alvin Stardust**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Of the Heart**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dekka Danse/Recognition/Cane Administration**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bill Reynolds Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Rhythm Method**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Time Dance/Private Collection/The Duplicates**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Acedemic Hamiltons/After Dark**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Virtues/J. Brain/Boop Boodle/Eye-dols/A. But (upstairs); Blow Monkeys/The Anonymous Sisters (downstairs)**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Heartbeats**
London IslingtonPied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Danny & The Nogoodniks/1000 Mexicans**
London Leicester-Square The Tribe (Subway): **Twisted Nerve**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bo Diddley**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Santana**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Wait/Dancette**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Orchid Waltz**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Kajagoogoo**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Carnage**
Preston Guildhall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Copycat**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Philip Jap**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Steve Hackett**
Torquay Princess Theatre: **Jesper Carrott**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 4th

Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Spider/Raven**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quintet**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Hanoi Rocks**
Dublin Stadium: **John Martyn**
Gloucester Barge Semington: **Pendragon**
Guildford Surrey University: **Toucan Trolls**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Johnny Crystal**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
Ilford Oscar's Club: **Trilogy**
Leeds Brannigans: **Bad Brains/The Crash**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Rize**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Howdy Boys**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Chi-Lites**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Other Man/Disco Volante**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Shriekback**
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: **Outbar Squeek**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Host Of Toasters**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Domino Bros. with Geraint Watkins**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Gerry Eastman Quintet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bonsai Forest**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Twelfth Night/Double Agent**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Street Princess/English Rogues**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Furniture/The Committee**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Blueberries**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Lee Aaron**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Reactors**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Santana**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bruce Boardman Band**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Middlesex Polytechnic: **New Model Army/Joolz**
London Tufnell Park Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Boy's Own**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul**
Manchester (Hulme) The Hussar: **The Floating Adults**
Manchester The Gallery: **Philip Jap/Gammer & His Familiars**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Talk Dark**
New Romney The Seahorse: **King Kong & The Empire States**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Steve Hackett**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Kajagoogoo**
Nottingham Asylum: **Seventh Seance**
Nottingham Notts. County Football Club: **Tom Robinson Band**
Preston Clouds: **Alvin Stardust**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Swinging Laurels**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Mainsqueeze**
Skegness New Embassy Club: **The Stylistics**
Southampton General Hospital: **Dancette**
Southampton University: **Spear Of Destiny**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swindon Solitaire: **Long John Baldry**
Torquay Princess Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**

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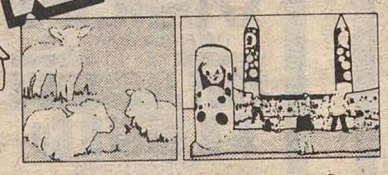

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MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGE 48

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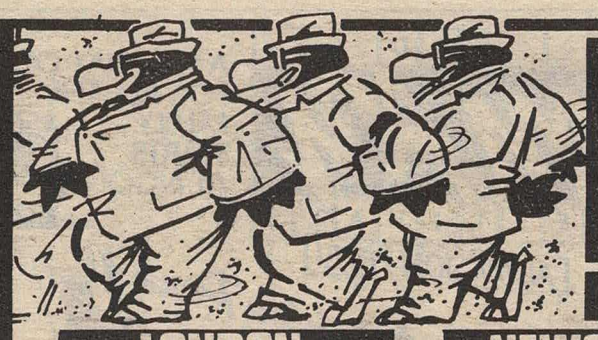

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SWINGING LAURELS
MON 2
SHOWCASE NIGHT
REBEL
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THE ADDICTS
WED 4
GOTHIC
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REGGAE NIGHT
TALISMAN
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SAT 7
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THE PENCILS
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KING
SAT 7
LONG JOHN BALDRY

LIVE

THE THREE TOPS
Islington Merlin's Cave

TOP OF the bill, from working down 'pit to working the boards, from coalface to microphone, from Superpit to Supersoul, Johnny 'Guitar' Langford and The Three Tops...

Hear the Tops sober and they've got what other bands appear to have only when you're drunk. Three singers.

They blag lyrics to 'Karl Marx's Wife' from Katherine Whitehorn's aching tangle of loss and lust *Cooking In A Bedsitter,* they cop the vocals of a butcher Rubettes for 'English White Boy' and splice the rhythm of 'Secret Agent' with Marxist slide guitar. 'Brenny' Brenny and 'John' John dance like two Spanish anarchists circa '36 — the arms they've been sent don't work. Phew!

They finish and have done with their new single, 'Men Like Monkeys', as close a perfect match for Spector's wall of noise as you could get, if only The Supremes had been three steelworkers from Petrograd.

The Three Tops blend the political with the imbecile and win. Declining rate of profit? You hum it, they'll play it.

X Moore

JONI MITCHELL
Wembley Arena

LONG BLONDE hair, acoustic guitar, songs about clouds and roses and romance.

In the late 1960s, Joni Mitchell epitomised the new breed of singer-songwriter; less psychedelic than dyspeptic, they concocted anthems for the Woodstock generation from white nouveau blues, bad poetry and ego-stained, pink ink anguish.

But while many of her contemporaries stayed trapped within the genre, their reflectiveness dwindling into self-regard, Mitchell embarked on a career as daring as any in modern pop. Her music grew catholic, taking in facets of rock and jazz, and her lyrics became less fanciful, replaced by a tougher, allusive style that laced emotional insight with irony and passion. Her LPs were a kind of growing up in public; each delved deeper into her strengths and obsessions, her paradoxical role as a woman star in the male rock world, and cut to the quick with their revelations of hard-won awareness, anima rising.

But now the doubts which fuelled her self-analyses have been swept aside for a celebration of *"solid love"*. Her happiness itself is not the problem — though, as Tolstoy said, happy families are boringly alike — rather, that she's chosen to express it in rock'n'roll. And Joni Mitchell is just not very good at rock'n'roll.

'Wild Things Run Fast', her latest LP, made this clear; and her Wembley show underlined how gauche Mitchell can be when she tries to rock out. I mean, would you buy a Leiber and Stoller song from someone wearing *plus-fours*!

Her 'Baby, I Don't Care' was a fraud, the same kind of cultural slumming as Jackie Kennedy doing the Twist. And her band were terrible. A vicious hard-rock kicking of Song For Sharon' was the nastiest mess I've seen since *Raging Bull*—the ref should've stopped it in the first eight bars.

Mitchell's few solo spots were a different story, tales with the sting intact. Her jazzy phrasing retraced old tunes with new inflexions, and she re-established the quiet intimacy that marks her finest lyrics. 'A Case Of You', her tangle of loss and lust, and 'Amelia's' ghostly probing of *"dreams and false alarms"* were the highlights — a pin-drop tension, and all the wincing truth of open-hearted art, the wit and the wounds laid bare.

Then the band came back, Mitchell reverted to Raunch Chic, and I wished I'd stayed at home. Her husband can't be blameless, an archetypal rock'n'*rollll* bassist who was way too high in the mix and looked like he should have married Genya Raven. As Tolstoy also said, never trust a man in leather trousers.

At the end, Mitchell did solos of 'Both Sides Now' and 'Woodstock'. I thought at first it was self-indulgent but she sang superbly, turning them into troubled accounts of middle-aged disillusion. The final effect was of a remarkable *anti*-nostalgia, a sudden chilling dread at what we have already lost. Cruise missiles in The Garden.

Graham Lock

JONI MITCHELL PIC BY BLEDDYN BUTCHER

TRACIE PHONES HOME

SOUL URCHINS

TRACIE & THE QUESTIONS
Kingston Poly

THERE IS a naivety about the Respond package that is echoed perfectly in the school disco ambience of its first night, an idea of simplicity that could have been designed as a cynic-baiting device and which seems already to have provoked the predictable reaction. What its advocates have realised though is that, behind its contradictions and its hints of coyness, there is an energy that it would be sad to demean.

Weller seems to have arrived in his inevitable role as elder statesman of youth, feeding energy and inspiration from the optimism and aspiration of the young Respond hopefuls, conferring in return the value of experience and the awesome commercial whack of his seal of approval. Now, though, with no more than an encouraging slap on the back from its mentor, the Respond package stands alone, quivering slightly in the public eye.

Vaughn Toulouse (shunning performance for a DJ's role until the release of his own Respond single) hits a sure soul groove with an invitation to move; a tentative shuffle ripples through the assembled faithful, the virtual beginners backstage gulp and the show begins with a backward glance at its '70s soul source.

The essence of the occasion, that nervous excitement, is the central attraction of the Respond package. This is the continuation of a crusade for hope that's been often brilliant, sometimes sadly desperate, as Weller has striven for a spirit of young Britishness with a basis of belief and a central core of optimism. Now the question is raised . . . and The Questions answer with a tentative but sweet soul set that indicates an ability but falls short in establishing an identity. The problem still remains as outlined by X Moore oh so many weeks ago, The Questions are lacking only in the boldness to play their ace card (Paul Barry's voice) with enough confidence to truly inspire. If they're not going to end up as another Apocalypse, stuck amidst the remnants of yesterday's Jam (and the danger signs are there in the over-Wellered phrasing of 'The Price You Pay'), they'll have to take a harder stance and raise a higher shout.

The solution lies in that flash of life and spirit of daring that is in the air around Respond. Once The Questions truly catch its fire, it *will* take them to the top.

Tracie's solo interlude is a touching moment as she gets past the initial awkward tremor of 'The House That Jack Built', picks up her courage and belts out the second line with a swell and a smile. From that point on there's a growing power behind the proceedings, and with Tracie's added charisma the second Questions set hits a surer tone.

There is a ringing in the air that lasts beyond the echo of the final note and it says 'This is just the start.'

Don Watson

POSSE CAT VAUGHN THROWS SMARTIES TO THE MASSES RESPOND PACKAGE PICS BY BLEDDYN BUTCHER

SILICON SIGNALS TO THE DEAF

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK
Hammersmith Odeon

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark are a triumph of packaging over content. The same principle that determines the lavishly striking sleeves by Peter Saville extends to their stage-set and to the inflated overload of second-hand conceptualism with which they attempt to give their enterprise intellectual weight. There's a yawning gap, in more ways than one, between what OMD are and what they'd like to be, as the live show makes all too clear.

The first two minutes are very spectacular. A fanfare, sonar blips and a roaring cacophony — then blinding white lights reveal a high-tech set of walkways, platforms, dinky red megaphones, flags, an illuminated map of the world and loads of other guff which spell out the concept MODERN MASS COMMUNICATIONS.

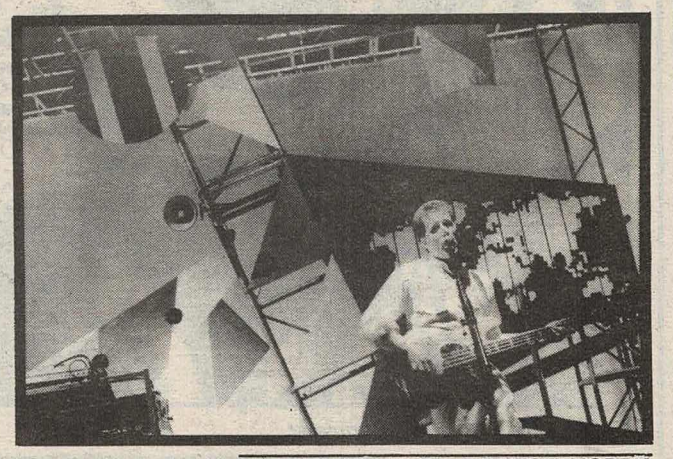
On comes the band, antiseptically smart in crisp black and white, to the adulation of a youngish (guesstimated average age 17) audience who remain on their feet throughout. Messrs McCluskey, Humphreys, Cooper and Holmes line up in a row and accompany 'ABC Auto-Industry' with semaphore, deaf and dumb sign language and an autocue machine. You get the drift? As Chris Bohn pointed out in his review of 'Dazzle Ships', OMD are covering, in their tinny and superficial way, territory more thoughtfully and imaginatively charted by Laurie Anderson and Kraftwerk in 1975's sublime 'Radioactivity'.

What all this clutter conceals is the fact that musically OMD haven't moved an inch since 'Red Flame White Light' and 'Electricity' brightened up the airwaves four years ago. A robotic Eurodisco backbeat still underpins a one-fingered melody, washes of samey synth atmospherics, and Andy McCluskey's hideously strangled voice. There is no basic difference at all between those early Dindisc singles and 1983's 'Telegraph' and 'Genetic Engineering', just a decline in quality.

Soft Cell, Depeche Mode and Human League have left the Liverpool electro-popsters far behind. But OMD still have the knack of a neat silicon toon, and faint echoes of Phil Spector and even film-score composer Michel Legrand in their set hint at a potentially more dramatic pop sensibility.

As it is, grandiosely soaring sound effects may provide spurious escapist fulfilment, but the appeal of being both humbled and exhilerated by sheer scale wears off after a while. And that is even more true of half-baked, pseudo-intellectual ballast. OMD should cut the crap and play to their strengths. Just common sense really.

Mat Snow



OMD PIC BY LEON MORRIS

LIVE

A CERTAIN RATIO
Derby Blue Note

WHEN THE snotty, thin boys of A Certain Ratio discovered the percussive delights of Donald Johnson three years ago, they could hardly have imagined themselves as they are now. From drummerless, pasty-faced, plaintive Moss Side hipsters (see their dour but strangely compelling debut single, 'The Thin Boys'/'All Night Party'), Johnson's baldly physical Afro exertions took them overnight to the agoraphobic disco of 'Shack Up', the parched dance of 'Flight'.

It was largely due to Johnson that Ratio continued to be seen as daring experimentalists rather than staid post-industrial modernists. And by the time his sprawling percussive textures had swamped the debut album, 'To Each..', and infused a more shapely funk into its successor, 'Sextet', the covert power struggle had already been won and lost. It's hardly mere coincidence that Donald Johnson provided Ratio's only conversation with the music press in three years (re: Chris Bohn's interview last summer in these very pages) and that Simon Topping, Ratio's previous 'front' man, has now left and taken himself and his trumpet to New York.

The transition all but complete — all they need to do is smile and say cheese — Ratio now parade a glistening, pure jazz-funk. Close your eyes and you can picture the ascetic structuralism of Level 42 rarefied with a panache that leaves most Brit-funkers stranded in tedium. The macabre machinations of old are now just crow's feet in the corners of their eyes.

Kitted out like a New York Yankee, the burly Johnson orchestrates Ratio's manoevres with irresistable zest as he alternately etches out skeletal backbeats and carves up full-blooded percussive shakedowns. On every count, the Mancunian crop-tops allude to a distinctly more congenial image. Martin Moscrop's scrawny guitar now sidles rather than writhes and Jeremy Kerr's high-strung bass anchors the proceedings into a dexterous jazz groove.

The words, never a Ratio strongpoint, range from the clichéd (*"Work that body/don't hurt nobody"*) to the non-existent, until Johnson takes up the bass-relegating Kerr to perfunctory percussion duties — and introduces their newest singer, Carol. Showing more than a touch of nerves, this being her first appearance with this or any other band, the black vocalist takes some time to pitch to the Ratio's frequency. But in what must surely be a wrench towards the charts, her potentially poignant, almost forlorn vocals will invariably be an immeasurable boost.

A Certain Ratio sway with sophistication where they used to crack beneath a latent hostility and by the time they swing into the charts, the thin boys will have grown up into great men. Just as they've never promised they would.

Amrik Rai

A Certain Ratio Pic by Kevin Cummins.

MARCH THE THIRD
Rotherham Arts Centre

IT SEEMS to me that if you're on stage you've got to be *on stage;* those people out there can see you, you know. March The Third kept forgetting this, kept milling about like a street scene from an Australian film, turned a broken string into an episode of Dynasty (action/heartbreak/stirring dialogue) and made a Friday Nite Out into one of those novels that Dickens used to write for fortnightly serial publication.

When they played together they played well, but too often the keyboards player looked as worried as hell and the singer looked, worse, like somebody about to cross the M6. He kept staring at his tambourines on the floor — maybe they had the words written on them.

At one point the guitarist blew smoke across the stage from a cigarette and the whole room became like a sweaty jazzy club in mythical America (I'm lying). The entire evening, the entire band, the entire day and my entire review were saved from oblivion by a very wonderful bass player and you should go and see March The Third just to see and hear him — no fretting, no nonsense, no delusions of grandeur, just sense and grandeur. And if you think I'm kidding well look at me, I'm awake and I'm writing this, and that's proof enough. Or if you wnt allusions, he's like Bix Beiderbecke in Paul Whiteman's Orchestra and he's like the moon on an extremely dark night.

After the gig, the band admitted that it wasn't a very good night for them and they assured me that on other nights, in other places, they're much better, much tighter, and they probably are. I wouldn't go so far in my criticism as the girl who said to the sound man "I enjoyed it but it were crap", and I won't echo the broad grin of Somebody's Dad who was sitting at the side. I'll reserve judgement and tell them to shorten their set by half-an-hour. I don't suppose they'll take any notice.

I went home with my mate in a hired van! "This is a good metaphor for the whole evening," I thought, being a literary bloke.

Ian McMillan

PROFANE AS IN 'PUSSYCAT'

Pussycat Pic by Jeremy Bannister.

TWISTED SISTER
London Lyceum

EVEN AMONG the many, many metalmen, Twisted Sister are vaudevillians.

I have this suspicion they're pussycats. They say 'fuck' as much as they possibly can before and during and after songs. 'Shit' comes in a close second.

The profanity-as-punctuation, the obese macho arrogance (as in *"Twisted fuckin' Sister are gonna settle for nuthin' less than wurld fuckin' domination!"*), the living statuary posing...it is, of course, music hall, a fake working class entertainment. An updated variety — after all, vaudeville did finally overtake our own comic tradition — but one as meticulously timed and delivered as the hoariest of stand-up patters. Dee Snider bawls every word at the extremes of a voice as seasoned as that of any red-nosed trouper.

Actually, Snider does have a certain admirable stamina. Any man who opens up with *"The Marquee stank of shit — this place does too but at least there's enough space for the shit to be spread around"* and has the audience chanting *"We're sick motherfuckers!"* inside five minutes must be on somebody's case.

Maybe it's no accident that Mark 'The Animal' Mendoza, surely a refugee from *The Hills Have Eyes,* is their bass player. He used to turn out for the excellently hilarious Dictators, and if anyone can take over Handsome Dick Manitoba's mantle, Snider can.

Twisted Sister are doing their best to make US metal gormless again, although their transatlantic background still seems to lead them into the flavourless streamlining that has rusted American steel.

A mild amusemnt can be garnered from trying to grasp unfamiliar titles from the chanted choruses: one at first seemed like 'Killer Cruise' to me, then I thought it was 'Kill Recruits' (aha! Psychotic anti-militarism to be sure — maybe I have misjudged these boys?), then 'Terry Boots' — perhaps a parochial stab at the terraces? It turned out to be 'Tear It Loose', which seemed the least interesting of all of them.

This is at least magnanimously structured stupidity. The 'verse' lines in Sister songs are spewed out in an incomprehensible ragthroat-speak before they stumble into slow motion to let you moronically pick out the tag line, *"Run-For-Your-Life"*. Each word is accented in a miraculous unison of the players. It's like teaching buffalo to tap dance.

But just as I wait for the lethal assault, the hammer blow...they betray us. They say we're great — no, fuckin' great. They ask for *and receive* a round of applause for WEA records. They bring on Lemmy and say *he's* great. They play a weedy, distended 'It's Only Rock'n'Roll' and it is, it is.

I came here prepared to square up to metal murder and I get... pussycats. I'll have to wait for the *real* hard stuff. The metal season's only just starting. Twisted Sister are babies.

Richard Cook

BURNING MARTYRES NIGHT
Hammersmith Saint Paul's Church

LIKE THE final reel of a Hammer *Dracula* flick, the witching hour found a magnificent Gothic Revival church playing host to the mobile Batcave extravaganza. Fuelled by a brimming chalice of maiden's blood (plastic cup of filthy red plonk), we braced ourselves for the night's offerings.

So take a pew for the first episode of the aborted TV series *Teenage,* a Jon Sa(va)ge/Peter York/Julian Temple collaboration dedicated to the proposition that teenagerdom expired circa 1977. Quite how the still palpably twitching manifestation of teen sub-culture watching the show fitted into this scheme of things was not explained. The suavely glib Peter York — our very own cut-price Tom Wolfe — breezily guided us through the history of '50s Edwardiana (Teds), entertainingly illustrated with old newsreel, press clippings and excerpts from movies such as *The Blue Lamp* and *Cosh Boy.* It was implied that all this was mythology and that in fact it wasn't like this at all — pretty much a case of setting an argument up in order to knock it down. Perhaps future episodes would have been more constructive.

More socialising — *everyone* was there, my dear — to the accompaniment of The Batcave soundtrack of Sweet, Bauhaus, Cramps etc and videos of The Birthday Party and old '40s–'50s sci-fi/horror flicks. Then Specimen hit the stage. Ziggy meets The Psychedelic Furs — Specimen revel in their larceny of trash. True children of glam, they flesh out crunching anthems with lashings of leather, mascara and blissfully unsubtle ghoulishness. Marc Almond lookalike Ollie Wisdom adopts the mantle of Lux Interior as he yelps and snarls, whilst a quartet of Johnnies and Kevs churn out a Dr Phibes/Spiders From Mars blast. Evil genius David Cunningham swivels the sound-desk dials to haunting effect. Graveyard dry ice and the shadow-play of lightshow on pillar and vault enhance the sense of occasion.

It should have ended there. The Specimen repertoire — 'The Tomb', 'Wolverines', 'Stand Up Stand Out' etc — is schlock played with great panache, ultimately just a good laugh and a pleasureable regression to one's 1973 self.

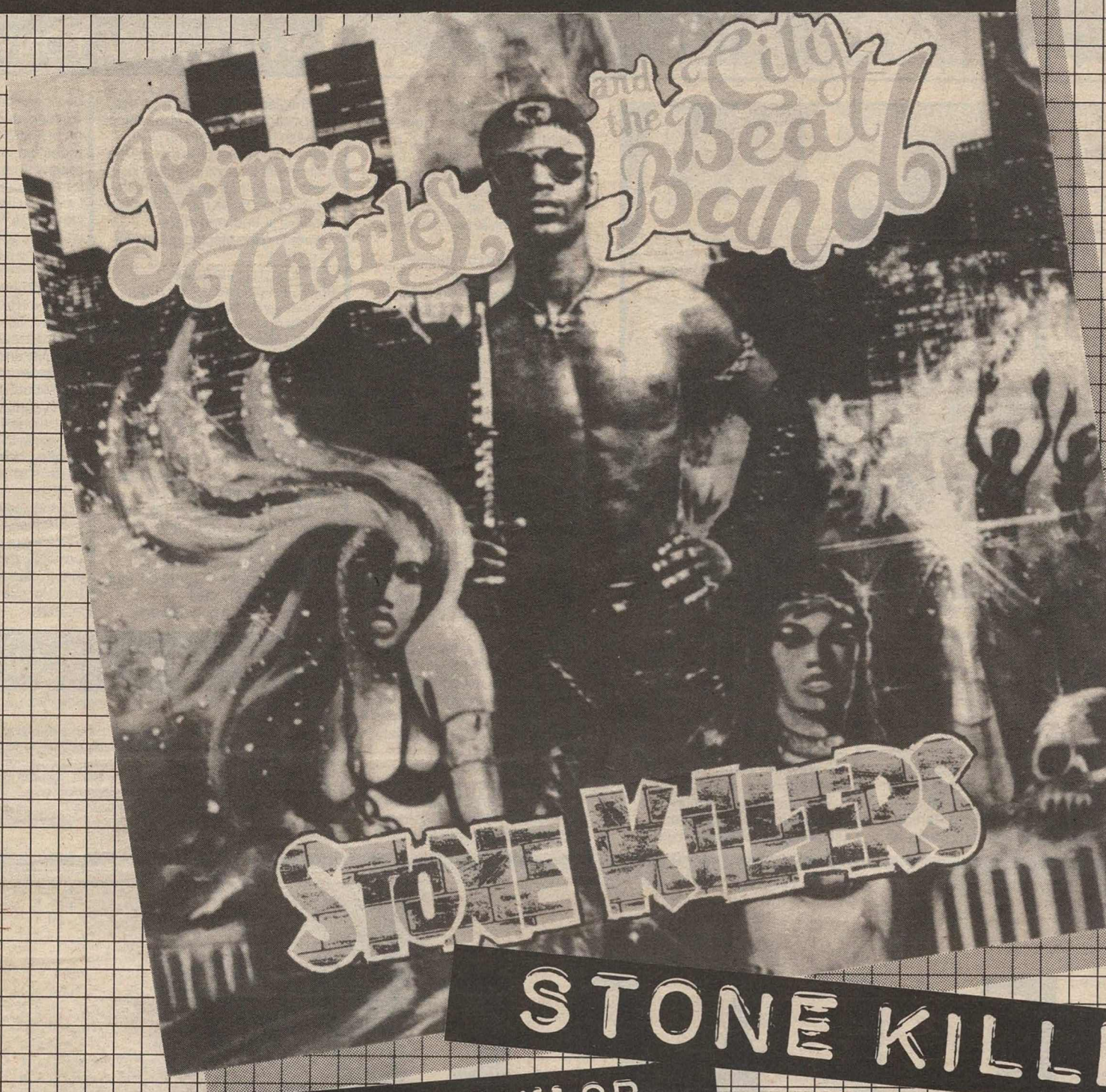
One-time partner of the great Judy Nylon in Snatch, Patti Palladin has probably more to say than Specimen, but is also more ponderous and demanding. Ten seconds into her set and the evening's barmy magic had entirely dissipated.

In her style and preoccupations, she brings to mind Patti Smith, Lydia Lunch and the photographer Diane Arbus. To the 'Venus In Furs' accompaniment of bass, drums and two violins, she chants bleak requiems for tragic existentialists. *"Siamese lovers, condemned to lose"*, she screeches. The angst seems forced and the erotic romanticization of degradation is somewhat melodramatic. Painfully Noo York perhaps, but the occasional moment tempts me to investigate further.

But all in all, lots of fun. We must do this more often.

Mat Snow

PRINCE CHARLES & THE CITY BEAT BAND.



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WORKERS' PLAYtime

MARK SPRINGER, Rip Rig & Panic's ivory man, makes out a strong case for the personality of the acoustic piano, while forsaking what he identifies as soulless and largely uninspiring electronic keyboards. Read Springer's thoughts before lashing out on that sparkling computer-synth, and consider The Joanna Option.

INTERVIEW: TONY BACON

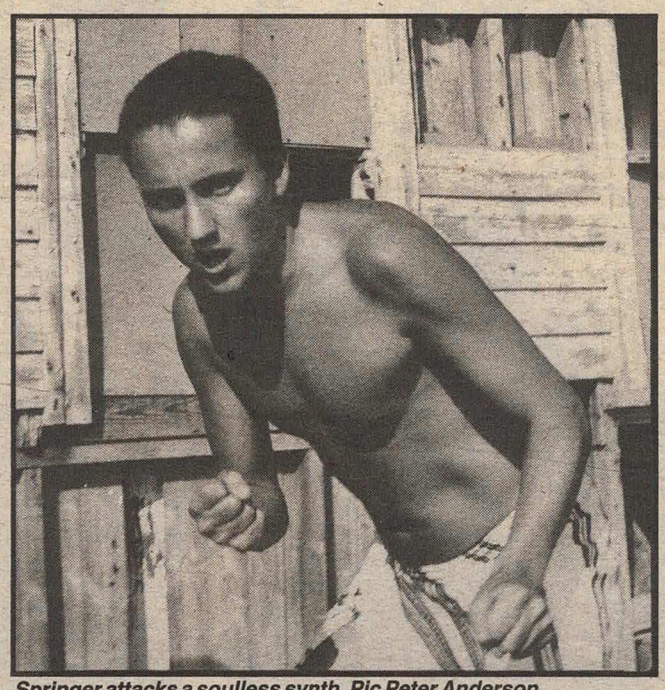
IT WOULD be impossible to play what I play on an electronic instrument, it's as simple as that, and one only has to listen to the music to realise that. There's no way that any electronic instrument that's been invented would vaguely be able to deal with what I'm actually playing on the instrument — the response, sound and timbre of the piano, the variations of touch, everything that goes into making it a piano.

I believe my musical expression, whatever I do with music, comes across as a more human thing — my connection with the acoustic piano feels more natural to me than any synthesiser would. Also I've been playing for a long time.

Fashion has never dictated to me, I always go by my feelings, and my feelings are such that at this point I couldn't play anything electronic — there's nothing on the market to express what I want to express.

The acoustic, resonating quality of an instrument is completely different to any instrument that's amplified. The piano is designed to amplify itself, naturally, acoustically, as opposed to electronically.

I would say that if people enjoy playing pianos that they should not be fobbed off with electronic instruments, they should attempt to try to get hold of acoustic instruments when they play concerts — they shouldn't be dictated to by promoters. If you want to play an acoustic instrument, well then go ahead and play it. Insist on it, if it's in contracts and so on, *insist* on it.



Springer attacks a soulless synth. Pic Peter Anderson

I think I'm incredibly fussy when it comes to sound and instruments. The thing is, if someone wants to start out on acoustic instruments, the piano's a good instrument to begin with. It'll teach you a good deal about the theory of music, it's there in front of you. It's a good starting point, even if you don't mean to continue. I'm all in favour of people veering away — if they're going to use electronic keyboards and so on, they should check out Sun Ra and Varese and so on, listen where there's some brilliant things happening. Take it further, and don't do this clichéd, stereotyped nonsense that they're coming up with.

The main reason to play an acoustic instrument is that ultimately one will get infinitely more feedback, more return for one's effort. There's no genius involved with piano playing, or any instrument — you've got to work and practice. It doesn't come overnight, you've got to stick with it. You've got to devote a certain amount of time to practising the instrument.

Each piano's completely different, but there are characteristics: Bösendorfer, my favourite to play, has a mellow but rich tone, especially in the bass; Steinway has a much more piercing, metallic kind of sound, which does cut through if you're doing concerts with orchestras and so on, it does have more carrying power.

I can't afford to have one of the pianos I'd really like — I've got a Yamaha. If you can't afford the ideal, Yamaha come up with a good second best. In some ways I don't think of the Yamaha as being better or worse. I think of it as being different. It has its own characteristics, some of which are good and some of which are bad in comparison with a Steinway, or a Bösendorfer.

It's impractical to take a piano with you for concerts — I know at certain places I'm gonna get a good piano, but they're few and far between. The only time when I will *insist* on having a good piano is when I'm recording.

I've been fobbed off with a Yamaha electric grand a couple of times for concerts. I don't like it at all, I really don't like it. I'd rather play a completely redundant old synthesiser-cum-organ than this supposed electric grand, because it doesn't sound anything like the idea behind it, which is that it's the instrument that sounds most like the acoustic instrument. But with me it comes down more to the feel than the sound, and that's something the electric grand just hasn't got.

The best way to buy a second-hand piano is through *Exchange & Mart*, privately. You just get ripped off if you go through a piano shop that repairs old second-hand pianos and then sells them. Forget it, they're just out to rip you off. If you go privately you can see where it's been kept. Make sure it hasn't been too damp; central heating's even worse. It should be a relatively consistent temperature. You can see sometimes if the wood's split, and if it's an upright there's a wooden area that can be removed down below — check the beams that run through the instrument to see they haven't got little woodworm holes.

Check that the pedals work, play each note to see if they're working, and then play each note once and then again to see if the repetition, as it's called, is relatively immediate. But you can't expect too much — if you're lucky you'll find a good one. Otherwise you have to put up with what you get.

Getting a teacher depends on how keen you are — I think that one can have a personal approach to music, which means that one doesn't need to have the help of a teacher. If you sit down and play and you can have ideas and experiment, buy books and read about it a bit, you don't necessarily need a teacher. But if you're really keen to learn to read music well, to learn to play pieces by other composers, then a teacher's pretty important.

I think anyone interested in playing keyboard instruments can play a piano and ultimately derive much more pleasure from it, possibly, than they would from an electronic instrument. But you have to give more to it to get more in return.

SPRINGER SIDELINE

Favourite piano: "Bösendorfer is my favourite make, but different pianos will do different things."
Favourite recorded work: "I like it all. If it sounds bad it's because the pianos sometimes have been bad — it's definitely nothing to do with the playing!"
Favourite engineer/studio: "I don't generally like studios or engineers very much. I certainly don't have any favourites. It's good in recording to find people who have an empathy for what you're trying to create."
Favourite live venue: "I've played too many to remember, really. The standard in Europe is higher, particularly in France — better pianos and acoustical quality."

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CULTURED! FROM PAGE 28

band, we argue and incorporate our ideas, we work together and talk to each other about things like that.

IT'S ALMOST a year since most of us were laughing down our inside leg when the *NME* put a London cult celeb cum fashion doxy commodity on its cover. 12 months later, the same character has been behind two classic singles and is enjoying massive international success. In America they are already comparing him to Michael Jackson and Smokey Robinson. Perhaps that's a little too hasty.

I think it's because most English bands, most great white hopes, still want to be Bryan Ferry or David Bowie. They have a sort of (sings operatic wail) in their voice. But Bowie does it so well, who needs to repeat it?

My opinion of Bowie is that he's an institution like Harrods — he's just *there*. I thought for a long time he would be back, every so often he has a Number One, that's his tactic. I think 'Let's Dance' is very contemporary; it's not original but the way he works is that he feels the situation, he picks something out of the air and that's good. He interprets things perfectly, so why should anyone else do it?

The comparisons made between me and Bowie are so obvious. People say I dress up and I'm flamboyant, I could be like him, but I don't want that.

I've always modelled myself more on Stevie Wonder. What white people do when they sing is go for a straight note, but Stevie Wonder, and other black singers, will change notes, change notes within notes and twist voices. Things like that are amazing, they do things that shouldn't be done, they start songs off slow and end up fast. Things like that I've always found really interesting.

So, George, away from the fight for gallant, superlative pop perfection, do you still find time to fall in love?

I think some things don't change and, no matter how many times you fall in love throughout your life, you never get better at handling it. You just learn to accept it, you still cry as much, you still get as lonely, you still crack up as much, walk around waiting for the phone to ring.

You still react in the same way and I think that even being successful hasn't changed it. More than ever, we can get people to sleep with us but it's not attractive to me. There are people I would have found attractive two years ago that would probably sleep with me now, but I don't want that. I want love. I want things that are solid. I think love has to be something that you fight over, smash things over and get aggressive over.

I've had one relationship where I just smashed everything I had and that's the sort of thing I like. I had that as a child — my father used to smash things. But basically it works and I need that emotion.

People have said they thought 'Do You Really' was about Kirk Brandon but it never was. I never felt that strongly about him, never have done. If I fell in love ten years ago, I can still write a song about it now because I remember everything.

SO AFTER three hours of animated chatter that went from anguish to ecstasy and back, Boy George gets up to leave. Outside the sun is shining and London's in that sort of mild, dreamy confusion that happens when it's plunged into a brief blazing heatwave.

In the forecourt, the three young girls waiting to meet the man-boy will soon be satisfied. They'll reach out small, soft, sweaty hands and he will sign autographs, exchange chatter and at the end of the brief encounter he'll stretch out his odd painted face, purse his lips and peck their cheeks.

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Isn't it about time some smart aleck reconstructed the piano and guitar so as to give women more of a chance of becoming competent at the damned thing? After vainly struggling to finger an octave and the E flat major chord, I realised that my small fingers weren't up to it, and promptly gave up. I suggest that the last bastion of macho/chauvinism will only change when the design, keys, frets are changed to allow girls/women to also play and write, and not just sing and look pretty.
A would-be musician, London SE18
But surely you realise that feminism is only part of a much wider struggle for socialist liberation? Come the Complete Socialist Transformation Of Society, all people, whatever their race, creed, colour or sex, will have bigger hands. — AG.

YUM YUM!

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And then, when they've finished eating, it's your turn.
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Ah, but we prefer turds and rotting carcasses when we can get 'em. Pop music's good these days, innit? — AG.

VROOM VROOM!

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Louis McBride, London N19
What do you mean? Tony Stewart was so impressed with those ads he immediately went out and tried to buy a naked woman, but all he ended up with was a Jaguar. — AG.

TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH

Oh dear, oh dear, Julian!
Your poor misunderstood little "artist" to be unable to get your twisted selfish diatribes through to the uninteresting (uninterested? throng — the "really nice guys" sick and tired of your type of gratuitous criticism / bitching.
So let's have a list of the people despised by the Godlike genius of Kevin Stapleton (remember him?) — or on second thoughts just include anybody who has ascended to recognition, passing Mr Cope as he slithers rapidly in the opposite direction. Do I detect a slight tinge of jealousy mayhap?
TZB, Ashley Down, Bristol
Miaow! — AG.

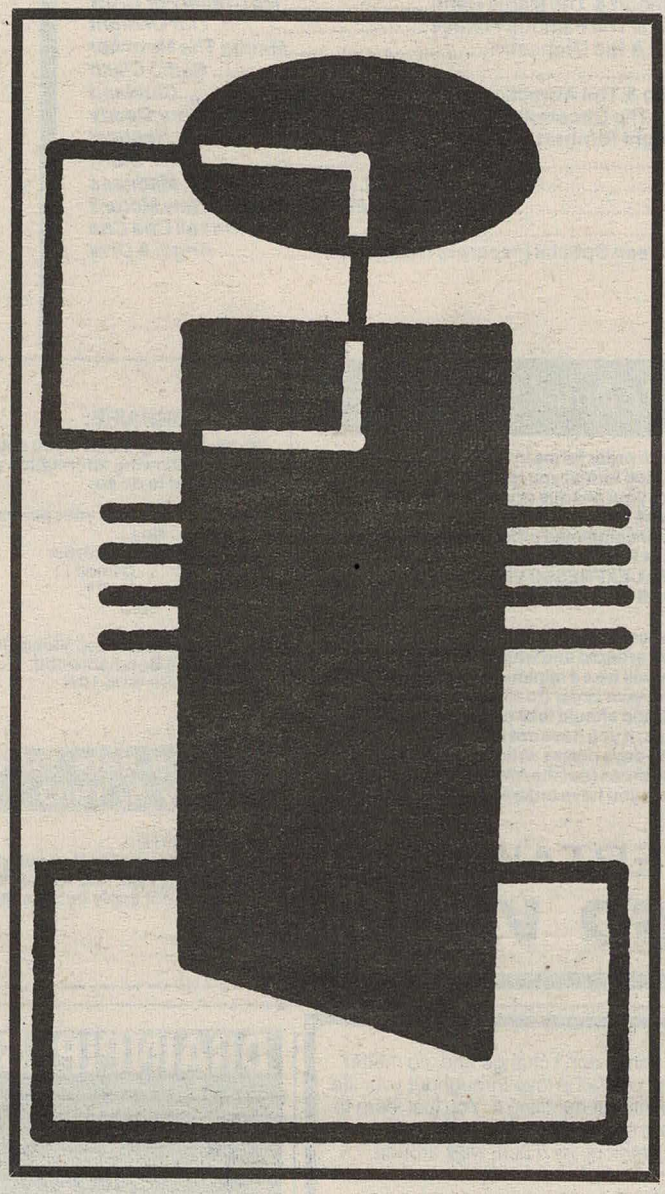
PUMPING ELMS

Congratulations to Paolo Hewitt for penning the most entertaining piece that I have read (and I hasten to add, been able to understand) in *NME* for a long time. He just sums up what an arrogant bunch of tossers the Spandau "in crowd" are. If only these egomaniacs realized what the average clubgoer thinks of them, they would soon have their egos deflated.
Basically, most people that went to Bournemouth for the Easter Weekend didn't go too see Spandau anyway. The majority of the people that I spoke to had seen them there the previous Easter and were in no particular hurry to subject themselves to another boring session from Spandau.
As for Robert Elms, who the fuck does he think he is? "The voice of the Nation's youth" (Note the howls of mirth). As for him saying "To me it's an important cultural statement" — what a load of bollocks, if he really thinks that there is some real deep meaning for all these young trendies converging on Bournemouth at Bank Holiday time, I feel sorry for him.
Quite frankly, the whole weekend reminded me of Caister all over again, and we all know what a bore Caister became. All weekend people got drunk, took drugs and generally went over the top. It was no big deal, it has all been done before.
On reflection, Spandau must be having illusions of grandeur if they honestly think that they are still worshipped by the average clubgoer. Paolo really had got it right when he said that they were a thing of the past and that they were a group for screaming teenagers. Really, if the truth be known Spandau never really have been anything musically, the only good thing they have ever had going for them is Martin Kemp's good looks and the fact that they have got a pushy manager with friends in so called "influential places"!
SH (an avid Swinging Laurels fan), Islington
PS: Since writing this letter, I have just received word, via my private squealer, that communication not only left Paolo Hewitt laughing but left him nursing war wounds after being punched, at the Camden Palace, by Spandau Ballet's hitman Robert Elms. I would just like to tell Mr Elms that we are all very "impressed" by his display of "he-man-ness" and I wonder if I'll end up with a contract out on me for writing this?
Yes, the truth always hurts. It certainly hurts a deal more than Little Bob's punches, according to Paolo. — AG.

I suggest that the next time Paolo Hewitt comes across Gary Kemp he buries a large sledgehammer deep into his puffy little head. I for one will stand up in court and swear he was provoked.
A block-voting Weller fan, Birmingham.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

He who uses a frying pan deserves death.
Anon.



THE SOFT-SHOE-SOAP-SHUFFLE

I found Penny Rimbauds's ingenuous and forthright approach to David Tinker's *A Message From The Falklands* not at all typical of 'your' "childish ramblings" as was suggested by Timothy J. Mickleburgh. Paolo Hewitt's well deserved disdain for Gary Kemp/Robert Elms was much more typical, and thankfully briefer than a full-scale interview with Spandau Ballet wowing 'em in Bournemouth. Loved it.
That aside, Ms Rimbaud's attack on the half-baked heroism and militaristic attitudes instilled at public school was sound, as was her assertion that Tinker only understood the full extent of Wilfred Owen's 'Warnings' too late. Once you're in the services you are subject to the caprice of politicians you may not have even voted for and no amount of Wilfred Owen's verse or even Andy Gill's summoning of the ghosts (dead visionaries) of Gandhi and Martin Luther King can save you from the ultimate sanction: that's death.
It's painfully simplistic to draw parallels between Tinker's voyage south, his increasing disillusionment and ensuing fate due to an inability to act upon his better instincts, and this Government leading us on the slide (they supply paper bags) into nuclear war. Follow the leader, scenario 1: Out of work — need a trade — join the navy (safer than the army) — see the world — die off the coast of a penguin colony.
Scenario 2 (now showing): Vote Conservative—they keep the peace, ask Heseltine—incident (Prince of obscure European principality is assassinated by obscure principality's Liberation Front, CIA funded? KGB armed? Cuban heeled? George Smiley's behind it?)—flatten the commies and be sure—oh, they had the same idea.
It's all right invoking the ghosts of Gandhi and MLK, if they are more permanent than Andy Gill's spectres, if they are really going to mean more to more people than eight Oscars for Richard Attenborough (dangerously dedicating his windfall to the man himself and then shooting off to South Africa and innocently? embracing apartheid) and his team, or ML King's refrain: "I have a dream" (I do too and it's not always good).
People (who they?) have got to look deeper for themselves, which is something the Tories are succeeding in suppressing. Jingoism is bad wherever it's preached; witness Colin Welland at last year's Oscar ceremony emotionally (I hope) spouting "the British are coming": following the Falklands it was obvious why the audience of ill-fitting bow-ties and plunging neck-lines winced. Patriotism is the Tories' soap box and to extend Andy Gill's metaphor of the launderette, the Tories may have won on a "soap-powder" platform in 1979 but that's no reason for Labour to compete with the same product. Nuclear detergents, I ask you? This is no time for soft-shoe-soap-shuffle, no time for hiding behind 'ghosts' or relying on dreams or achieving the vicarious ludidity of a great poet amidst a welter of insanity.
Why do we have to have the worst proved in every generation by more Owens? Stop Cruise, Stop Trident, vote Labour (make their promises stick) and perhaps Tinker, Gandhi, King, their mentor Thoreau, the Women's Peace Movement and CND will shape history peacefully instead of being submerged by it peaceably.
BAT, Brighton.
Are we arguing here? Yes, we are all subject to the ultimate sanction of death, whether or not we're in the forces; yes, one hopes that the life, work and sacrifice of Gandhi and MLK means more than Attenborough's Oscars; yes, jingoism is bad; yes, Cruise and Trident should be stopped; yes, we should vote Labour — but so must a lot of others. The question is, how do you persuade the others? I'm not advocating soapy salesmanship, merely a realisation that a lot of people do respond to publicity, be it adverse or otherwise. — AG.

THE ISSUES THAT REALLY MATTER

ANSWERS OR ACTION TIME! Why is there never a female team captain on pop quiz?
Betty Connolly, Hampstead, NW6
Come the Complete Socialist Transformation Of Society, there will be. — AG.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

Please note that Penny Rimbaud, being an anarchist, is opposed to any form of government, not just the Tories, and I'm sure she'll be mouthing off about the next government as well, whatever it is.
In her article *The Last Of The Hippies* from *A Series Of Shock Slogans & Mindless Token Tantrums* Ms Rimbaud rants on for some 60-odd pages attacking just about every branch of society and "the System" she can think of. Having portrayed an horrific picture of life in Britain today she suggests various measures to be taken. These include jamming up the locks of banks and offices with superglue, cutting down fences around government installations, redirecting traffic on building sites, and redistributing goods through the back doors of factories and shops. Surprisingly *NME* gave this book a favourable review (*Print* 5/2/83).
From time to time people have written to *Gasbag* demanding a non-political *NME*; those people have plenty of other music papers to choose from. Sound politics (such as the excellent Ken Livingstone interview) are a necessity, but when the likes of Ms Rimbaud are allowed to use the *NME* platform from which to spout unfounded accusations, it's time to stop.
Red, Selly Oak, Birmingham
Yes, well, anarchy, being an unworkable adolescent dream, is best discussed by unworkable adolescents, surely? — AG.

BOWING TO THE INEVITABLE

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING HERE, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, DO YOU MR JONES? About that BOWIE character — personally, I'll never know what you TALL, THIN, WHITE, BISEXUAL, SOCIALLY MOBILE, POLITICALLY QUESTIONABLE ART-STUDENT TYPES see in the boring old fraud. 'Fraid it would be best if we quietly disposed of the senile NAZI-dog — try him in a People's Court and exile him on Mars. Goddamit, the age of bourgeois Warholian decadence is dead! (No future, ergo no 15 minutes). Let's take Barthes' death of the artist literally. A Plea: Boycott Bowie's Tour. Yeah! let him starve a little, like proper artists.
Paolo "Betty" Della Penna, Toronto, Canada.

A double-page pull-out poster of David Bowie? You've been taken in, you fucking idiots.
Chip, Herne Bay, Kent.
PS: Bowie wouldn't know the blues if they were shoved up his asshole
Wit, style, perspicacity and a fundamental grasp of the poetic possibilities of the English language — this letter has everything! — AG.

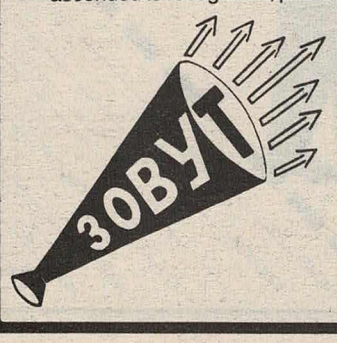
THE SANE RESPONSE

Dear Tracie, I've decided. Piss off.
The Nescafe Kid.
Brevity, pith, *puissance* . . . this one's pretty good too. — AG.

A MAN WHOSE LIFE IS PACKED WITH JOY

And now we have it; conclusive proof that David Bowie is God. Of course, Mr Murray, you handled the review extremely well, using the rock and roll terms liberally.
It's pathetic really, the double page poster — what a waste of space. But big brother is watching on my wall — oh yeah! Why have we elevated Bowie into what he is? Oh forget it — I could write all night and I don't want to be like CSM.
Tracie's become good news, shame it had to be because of Weller. If I have to read any more about that ugly twat I'll start to fall in love with him. It's like the *Clockwork Orange* brainwashing — Weller has become nadsat for 'the youth of today'. Fuck me!
Must stop swearing. I predicted however that CSM would review the new Bowie LP and of course he did. Just like he used to have an orgasm over The Who. The obligatory reggae reviews are in for good measure — what an insult. Is Mr Spencer running the show or is he on drugs?
Polski, The Cross, Nr Chesterfield.
Just what we've been wondering. — AG.
What I most love about editing *NME* is the warm understanding relationship we enjoy with our readers.—NS.

Write to: GASBAG, *NME*, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG



Andy Gill LISTENS to liberals, lefties and LOONIES

T-ZERS

***AFTER A LONG ABSENCE** from the Panto circuit, that laugh-a-minute ventriloquist act of 'George And Dee' have finally returned. Caught here in preparation for their forthcoming film debut, a re-make of* **Snow White And The Seven Dwarves**, *Dee looks almost alive (and about to take a bite at George's dreadlock).*

George meanwhile looks surprisingly cheerful after hearing that his application for the lead role in the sequel to 'Tootsie' has been turned down. Rumour has it that casting director, Adrian Thrills, was upset by George's inability to "feel like a woman". Photo: Pennie Smith.

TODAY *T-ZERS* is able to publish the first full account of how the secret diaries of **Adolf Teaser** were discovered after almost an hour lost in obscurity.

It is a drama which involved secret journeys across the heavily fortified borders of Milton Keynes, a visit to a former 'poodle walker' now residing in Soho, journeys to The Dog And Trumpet to 'talk' with ex-Dots, including the notorious "butcher of Smithfield" **Reg Dewhurst**, and a vital clue provided by one of the last known survivors from the Doti dictator's final days in the Carnaby Street bunker — Frau **Kristina Bohnski**, Doti minister for internal *affairs* and Teaser's personal masseuse.

The key figure in this drama is **Herdy Gerdy Yale,** a onetime locksmith and perpetrator of many *T-Zer* hoaxes who was born in Harvard on the day that Teaser wrote his famous, 'piece of wood' introduction to the infamous Doti Bible, *I'm Kamp*.

In 1982, Yale raised 160,000 Dot-marks — then worth about £9.00 — to buy a crate of Fostersbrau bier and the final obstacle to Doti rule in *T-Zers*, an autographed pair of Teaser's underpants. From here the story starts to unfold in a series of uncanny episodes that share a common root in the mysterious flight of Kommandant **Monty Schmidt** from the *NME* bunker only hours before Teaser committed suicide over a snippet of gossip about his love, **Ava Braun Razor**.

Although controversy rages as to the authenticity of the diaries (reports from East Doti claim that they are actually forgeries from the **Roy Carr** 'factory' near Potsjam) we are adamant that they are the original diaries; a belief backed up by tests carried out by Doti historian, **Sir Well Ropey Baker** of Wapping Lie.

Here then in full are the diaries of the man known to history as "the biggest liar in Europe".

AFTER THE fall of Britain in the battle of the Euro-Vision sing-song contest comes news from the front of an 'alternative' contest to be held in Boring, Belgium on May 26th. Dismayed by our failure to scoop the title in the real thang the selectors have opted for something a little 'softer', something that will woo the judges with its beauty and soothing lyrics: we refer of course to that natty little number by the **Pistols**, 'Bodies', performed for our great nation by the incomparable **Jock** '¼ pounder' **McDonald**. In an all out attempt to win the special award for content, **The Bollock Brothers** (reputedly distant relations to Adolf Teaser) have added certain references to the man behind this year's 'brains in drains' and 'dyna-rod murders', Mr **X Sinclair** of Muswell Hill. The track is from their forthcoming album, 'Never Mind The Bollocks...Here's The Arms, Legs, Intestines etc.' Dontcha jus' love it?!!!

On the same line *(Sorry that one's engaged — Kate Switchboard)*...er...on another line then it remains to be seen as to whether **The Bollock Brothers** will get to play at **The Batcave** in light of the mysterious occurrences at said club last week. Only minutes before the gaff opened for human consumption it was discovered that the whole place had been sabotaged...yes, sabotaged. All the mikes had been hidden beneath the stage, the amps had their fuses removed and the styli taken from the sound system. Is it the return of club warfare? Could someone have taken offence to that night's band, **Flesh For Lulu**? Or was it something arcane, uncanny...something totally macabre?...Something like...a poltergeist? Phew! Shivers down your spine, eh? All answers on a postcard of **Ava Braun Shaver** to **Adolf Teaser,** The Bunkup, Carnaby Street. Winners to be announced posthumously...

Another club with a Strange problem is...**The Palace**. Their problem is **Steve Strange**! Wharracracka! Indeed it was only last week on the first birthday of North London's fashion equivalent to the *Reichstagg (Does that mean I can burn it down? — Van Lubbe)* that **Mr. Strangelove** was spotted attacking an unfortunate young woman in the cocktail bar. Luckily he was restrained, which sadly makes that the fifth time in his short career as a recording artist that he has failed to get a 'hit'...

Downstairs things had more clout with stageshows and PA's from such meagre-stars *(Shome mishtake maybe? — Ed)* as **Leisure Process** (featuring the **G-Spots** and the entire Barnacle family), **The Bellestars, Pete Shelley, Paul Haig** and a host of other Doti characters...

Celebration of the week must go to those loveable lushes **Oily and Sullivan** who opened the now revamped **Wag club** under the name, **Club Rococo** *(Meaning 'excessively ornate' — Clever clogs Ed.)* Funny enough it was a close count when it came to the name of the club — it was nearly called **Club Milton Keynes**. Supposedly because they can't get any business and after two weeks all the faces look the same anyhow. Geddit?!!!

FROM SOHO on to Berlin where we pick up the trail of Adolf's diaries. **Yale,** in his never ending search, reached Berlin, swapped trains twice, ducked through a supermarket, left a package in a bin and found himself in the no-man's land of the Friedrichstrasse border crossing point. For a small fee he was able to purchase a copy of the East German music monthly **Melodie Und Rhythmus**. A cryptic message disguised as a colour spread on **Joan Jett** led him to a page three picture of **Boy George** and to a host of other features on **Genesis** and the like. The report on a massive peace fest in *DDR's Palace Of The Republic* featuring **Tom Robinson** was also carefully scrutinised for mis-information...

A sprint across town led him to a small record store where material by **Leonard Cohen, Jimi Hendrix** (deceased) and **Stevie Wonderloaf** (almost) was on sale. All had only just got the AOK from the *Kultur Kommitee*. What were the East Germans up to? Why was the official new wave band that the *Kommitee* recommended called **Silly?**

Why was the proposed 'No Rest For Positive Punxsters' bash at the Scala called off at the last minute? Surprisingly we *can* answer that one for you. It seems that the owner of the snooker hall upstairs took offence to the noise coming from the soundcheck and promised (in the nicest possible way) that he'd slap injunctions on their foreheads and use his cues on the queues. Snooker? It's such a genteel sport . . .

Meanwhile the campaign to bring back **Wasted Youth** is reaching pandemic proportions in Orkney (or should that read Hackney) . . . Now that's what we call a real forgery . . .

The Youth's sister band, **Crown Of Thorns** ain't quite so popular up North it seems. Having dared to venture as far as Barnet, the band found that the yokels weren't too pleased with their appearance. In fact, so dismayed were they that the band should step into their sewer farm of a town they promptly added to the lead singer's face make-up with 16 stitches of their own design . . .

MISFORTUNE SEEMS to dog bands these days — especially the woebegone **Bluebells** who only last week found that some goon had smashed his way into the back of their manager's van. Of course Glasgow *is* a rough place on a Saturday night — not quite the place for gimpy young things to be knocking about. Still, as you'll probably see on this weeks *Police Five* they had three guitars stolen (who said King Rock's dead?) as well as **Mark Wilson's** briefcase containing all of his clothes and other wierd items. A reward is on offer for any crooks who want to return the case (which is of vital importance) . . . no questions asked, nudge, nudge. Please phone 041 334 0178 . . .

Those that are together at the moment are **Musical Youth** and born again Christian **Donna Summers.** It appears that the Youth have just supplied the backing vocals on two of Miss Summers tracks for her forthcoming album.

And now a really enthralling item, compiled with your edification in mind by those lovely chaps up at Cherry Red. 75% of the people that bought their 'Pillows And Prayers' compilation were nubile 15 year-old girls. What is really surprising about the computer data (based on the 731 fan letters sent in about the album) is that 83 wanted to marry **Tracey Thorne.** Work it out for yourself if you must, but by our reckoning it means that 62¼ of them there propositions come from nubile 15 year-old girls. Surely the decline of *Smish Hats* must be on the way . . .

Another Big Red One comes in the form of a new LP from ex-**Monochrome Set** road map, **Leicester Square.** Having signed smartly on the dotted line he now intends to release an album entitled 'Play Guitar With Leicester Square' (bit cumbersome for beginners eh? Geddditt?!). Sources have informed us at the *T-Zers* news desk that said album is like 'paint by numbers' . . . but easier.

A classic item here from our Kissing Cousins in the States (and wharrastate! Gedditt?). **Debbie Harry** and another comic, **Andy Kaufman** made a joint Broadway debut in *Triffid Tanzi* . . . the play only . . . the play only lasted one night. Wharrabummer . . . !

Another bummer here. Yeah! You got it **Rod Bummer!** Sorry, **Strummer!** Sorry, **Stewpid!** Sorry, **Stewart.** Grave digger and mime artist Rod (23 years old and of No-Fixed-Groin) has just decided to play eight dates in July at a gambling resort complex in Sunny South Africa . . .

Eddie And The Hot Rods to reform! To play The Marquee! To rule the world! Or at least that's what **Steve Nicholls** (drummer with **One The Juggler** and ex-**Dyna Rod** man) claims. Who are we to doubt him? The signature looked real enough! Our Steve lie? Never . . . Hey Steve what was that you said about your mate getting us some 'real good sets of diaries'? Is that the one that works at the *Sunday Times?* He's a millionaire now, oh!

Humble wringings of *T-Zers* cloth cap and overdue apologies to the **Mighty Wah!** This column's recent item regarding the US video of 'Story Of The Blues' had its vertical hold squiffy, and el Wah tells us that there was no pressure exerted to 'whitewash' said video, and that had there been the culprits "would have been met with a Kirby Handshake" — that's a **Yosser** to you non-scousers. Meantime negotiations between Wah's Eternal stablemates **Black** and **It's Immaterial** and the Brothers Warner have broken down and both combos are currently scouting around for an acceptable dealeroonie . . .

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Published by IPC Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., SE1. Computerset by The Artwork Group, 55-63, Goswell Road, London, EC1V 7EN. Printed in England by EMAP Provincial Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gotdon & Gotch, South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationary and Office Supplies Ltd., Publishers.

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